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THE FEMINIST MOVEMENT THAT CASHES IN

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD

IF you want to see the feminist movement in America at its full worth you do not have to crowd into Carnegie Hall or Madison Square Garden to hear some suffragist orator of more or less repute discuss the progress of the "Votes

for Women" campaign. It would be better for you to stand at the intersection of New York's main thoroughfares with any of its crowded cross streets and see the feminist movement hurrying homeward at the end of a strenuous industrial day.



MRS. HARRIET FISHER ANDREWS, WHO MANAGES A BIG ANVIL MANUFACTURING PLANT
IN TRENTON, NEW JERSEY

From a photograph by Brown Brothers, New York

Go to any of the great mill towns from South Carolina up into New England and you will see still more battalions of this feminist movement. Cover the country and you will find it in an ever-increasing army representing every phase of business and industry.

The big feminist movement in America is not marked by gay suffragette flags of

vate secretaries, store-department designers and buyers, shopping agents—the list is endless. Their positions are important, and they may draw salaries of from \$2,000 to \$10,000 a year. And then there are others who may earn in their business or professions anywhere from \$40,000 to \$75,000 a year. These loom large in the feminist movement in America. To them



FAY KELLOGG, ARCHITECT, WHO DESIGNED SEVERAL OF NEW YORK'S ARMORIES

From a photograph by Brown Brothers, New York

yellow. You see it in the great office centers of New York—solid, substantial offices, in solid, substantial structures. In these offices there are broad desks at which sit the executives in command—women of keen mind and cool judgment, who cannot afford to make errors, since a single mistake might bring overwhelming disaster.

Women in command, you say?

Precisely so. In the great vortex of business that we sometimes know as New York there are many women in command—in responsible positions, as editors, pri-

we are going to give a bit of passing attention.

New York has one woman who can sit in her office in a great sky-scraper and know that she could have built the very building itself. Her name is Alice Durkin, and to take a casual glance at her you might not suspect her of being a leader in the feminist movement—a woman who can build churches or theaters, hospitals or office-buildings, railroad bridges or dig tunnels.

Miss Durkin is business through and

through. She will tell you with a laugh that she might not be able to distinguish a Corot from a Turner. Neither does she pretend to be much of an authority on first editions, yet she knows the building code of the city of New York almost by heart. For she is a master builder—a master builder in skirts, but none the less a master builder.

The men of her craft respect and even fear her. It was not so long ago that the contracts for building the new Public Library, at Fifth Avenue and Forty-Second Street, were being awarded, and every important contractor in the city submitted bids. When they were opened, Miss Durkin was found to have come within \$8,000 of the winning figure. She had lost the job, but she had gained something bigger—a large professional standing whose value could not be measured easily in mere dollars and cents.

It is that standing, plus a high degree of feminine integrity, plus a feverish desire for hard work that has ranked Miss Durkin among the big money-earners of New York, be they men or women. She is still young, an alert woman of the thirties. Yet she has had many years of real experience, having been only a slip of a girl when she went to work in the office of a contractor.

While the other girls in the office were engrossed with matinées and chocolates, Alice Durkin reveled in plans, specifications, and contracts. You might think these dry for a girl of fourteen, but to Miss Durkin they spelled fascination, for she had the soul of a real master builder. And this means that she had imagination. She saw beyond the plans and specifications a completed structure.

Some of the other girls of that Peckworth office of twenty years ago are still thinking of matinées and chocolates. Miss Durkin is not. She is heart and soul in her work. Slender, mild-mannered, well-dressed, she is almost the last person in the world that you would mistake for a contractor. There are great public schools up and down the island of Manhattan that are her handiwork, office-buildings, hospitals, houses—perhaps a hundred buildings to any one of which she can point and say:

"I built that."

"I am hoping some day to build and endow a hospital here in this city of New



BELLE DA COSTA GREENE, LIBRARIAN IN CHARGE
OF THE PIERPONT MORGAN COLLECTION
OF BOOKS, ONE OF THE MOST
FAMOUS IN THE WORLD

From a photograph by Clarence White, New York



ELSIE DE WOLFE, WHO HAS MADE A METEORIC SUCCESS OF
INTERIOR DECORATING

From a photograph by Campbell, New York

left without means and with infant children upon their hands. These women—the rank and file workers in the army of the real feminist movement—have to toil each day, whether they are weak or strong, and some of them are pitifully weak.

The hospital that Miss Durkin wishes to build will take such mothers when they break under their burdens, their children, too, and carefully house them until the mother has again the fair chance—is able to fight her workaday battles once more. Such is the dream that this woman master builder of New York sees.

It is some years now since Rosalie Loew began to gain fame for herself as an attorney of real ability, and, better still, a woman who bent her exceptional talents to the conduct of unprofitable cases—the reaching down to help the unsuccored and the oppressed among the very poor of New York. What Rosalie Loew did in the law, Dr. Emily Dunning did in the medical profession. The newspapers hailed her ten year ago as the first woman ambulance surgeon in America, but she has been much more than that—as many folk in the crowded East Side can thankfully tell you.

And her success is the success of another woman physician who occupies an important post in keeping New York in good health. This woman's name is Sara Joséphine Baker, and she has charge of the child hygiene section of the health department. It is hardly necessary to estimate the importance of her work in the real up-building of the city. And the rosters of the medical and legal professions, not only in New York, but all the way across the

York—to conduct it myself," she will tell you, then add: "It is going to be rather different from any other hospital of which I have ever known."

Then she explains. There are a great number of women in a city like New York who are widowed or deserted, sometimes

land, are crowded with brilliant feminine names; but few of these are great money-earners.

There is a profession, however, in which the making of real success invariably means the making of real money, and that is architecture. Its prizes are very few,

but they are very great. Josephine Wright Chapman, like Alice Durkin, began at the beginning. She went to work in the office of a distinguished Boston architect and started at the very bottom of the ladder—as an apprentice.

First she traced the drawings of others. Then she began to learn how to draft plans herself. She worked all day and, by herself, several hours at night. There were other apprentices in that same office, but at night they had other things to do—theaters, calling, dances. Miss Chapman sacrificed all these to ambition. Her self-imposed hours were long, but she was a full-fledged architect, with her own shingle exposed, before her fellow students had graduated from the apprentice stage.

One year after that shingle had hung out and she was eking along on "pot-luck" jobs, her first real commission came to her. She was asked to design a dormitory for Harvard University. She brought to that commission such intensity and such fidelity that others poured in on her in its

train. She began putting her handiwork all over New England—hotels, churches, clubs, office-buildings. She made her earliest reputation on distinctly commercial forms of buildings.

Suddenly she tired of this style of work—the fabricating of huge city cubicles upon strictly mathematical lines. Perhaps the inspiration of Ibsen's *Master Builder* had eaten its way into her heart; perhaps the eternal feminine within her was asserting itself. At any rate, she made a definite announcement:

"Hereafter I am going to build houses," she said. "I am going to leave my impress on the homes of America."

And so saying, she began to turn out Colonial houses, Renaissance houses, Spanish houses, although she will tell you that she would rather design for you the long, low, rambling dwellings of brick or half timber, many gabled, thick roofed, that are so dear to the English heart.

Once in a great while she has deviated from her policy of home-building to design



ALICE M. DURKIN, A CONTRACTOR WHO HAS BUILT NOT A FEW OF NEW YORK'S SKY-SCRAPERS

public institutions, libraries, churches. She designed the New England building for the Pan-American exposition, and the way she obtained that commission is a story in itself.

The Governor of each of the New England States had appointed a man to the committee which should erect that building. In due time that committee assembled in Boston to consult with architects there. Its coming was well heralded. The Boston architects sat in solemn expectancy in their offices awaiting summonses to appear before the committee. That is, all except one waited. That one bundled on her coat and hat and hurried

down to the Parker House, where the committee was just beginning to assemble. They were all at dinner.

Before they arose from that table Josephine Wright Chapman was in consultation with them, had received assurances that she would hear from them within twenty-four hours. She did. The next day they signed the contract for her to design the New England building at Buffalo, and the conservative men architects of Boston had a distinct shock. The structure she planned was one of the most costly and beautiful at the Pan-American exposition.

Seven years ago Miss Chapman came from Boston to New York. The panic times that swept over the country brought particular distress to architects. She made stout efforts to resist conditions, but the day came when reluctantly she closed her offices and left Boston. Two months later she was again in business—in New York this time. She did not have more than a month's rent in sight, but she did have other things—ability, energy, and an indomitable faith in herself. Through these and plenty of hard work she quickly brought her business back to an even larger standing than it had formerly held in Boston.

There is another woman architect in the city of New York who cannot be left out of this brief chronicle. Her name is Fay Kellogg, and her reputation for successful planning goes side by side with that of Josephine Wright Chapman. In fact, one of the most distinguished of all the public buildings of Manhattan—the Hall of Records—was largely designed by her. Her commission from her share in the design of that building ran up into very large figures. And a number of the great castle-like armories of the city are also from her designs. She herself is a feminist captain of no small distinction.

No woman in the business world has made the meteoric success of Miss Elsie de Wolfe. It was only a few years ago when she left the stage with the announcement that she was going into the business of interior decorating.

Her friends shook their heads dubiously. "She has a fine position on the stage," they contended, "and why throw away a certainty for such a gamble as interior decorating?"

But Elsie de Wolfe knew herself better



MRS. A. H. TAYLOR, AT THE HEAD OF A GREAT
MAIL ORDER BUSINESS IN BOWLING
GREEN, KENTUCKY



ROSE LORENZ, WHO ROSE FROM CATALOGUE GIRL TO BE AN AUTHORITY AMONG ART CRITICS FOR NEW YORK COLLECTORS

From a photograph by Brown Brothers, New York

than her friends knew her. She had vision, taste, acquaintance in the smart world, and first-rate business ability.

Half a dozen years from back of the footlights and Elsie de Wolfe had her own shop and the best clientele in the country, with a net income from her business of \$75,000 a year.

This is a record to match and overtop that of many men of the first order of business ability, and a record, too, that looms big in the feminist movement.

Elisabeth Marbury—Bessie Marbury, as every one knows her—is a marvelously clever woman. She is the head and inspiration of the big play-brokerage business over which she presides. She has raised

that business to a dignified profession. She is proud to say to-day that she has helped launch close to one thousand plays, and there is scarcely a prominent playwright of the modern stage whose manuscripts she has not handled.

She conducts a big establishment, having branches in nearly a dozen European cities. She keeps in touch with the authors of the north, south, east, and west. It is hard to realize what an influence Miss Marbury is on the theater here and abroad. In the estimation of a manager her approval means much. When she sends a manuscript to a producer and gives it as her opinion that she is presenting something worthy of his serious attention, that

manuscript does not wait long for a reading. Aside from play brokerage she has played a prominent part in material efforts for the improvement of the stage.

Miss Marbury has the mind of a man, in its grasp, its cleverness, its qualities of order and system, and withal the soul and temperament and sympathy of a woman.

Her achievements, her influence, her

tion. The annual income of Geraldine Farrar, Julia Marlowe, Ethel Barrymore, Maude Adams, and Billie Burke, to choose a few names at random from a long list, is equal to that of a big railroad president. But we cannot stop to give these great money-earners of the stage a detailed place here and now at the head of the real feminist movement.



MARY ELIZABETH EVANS, WHO MAKES THE CANDY KNOWN EVERYWHERE BY HER FIRST TWO NAMES

charities, her inspiration to those stumbling along the rough paths of life, radiate in all directions. Her friendships span many oceans and range all the way from the helpless and discredited to the proudest aristocracy of the social world. Bessie Marbury, like her friend Elsie de Wolfe, is a big money-earner and a brilliant figure in the feminist movement that has made good.

Art is a broad field, and one might here read into this catalogue a list of the women who are earning big money in the drama, in opera, in painting, in illustra-

Rose Lorenz represents success in a curious and unexpected combination of art and business. It is only a comparatively few years ago that she sat on a stool at a desk piled high with catalogues in one of the big art galleries of New York.

To-day that catalogue girl—Rose Lorenz—is one of the important figures of the art world. And she has never been employed save in that one establishment, of which she is now the guiding force. She probably has had a part in the buying and selling of more art treasures than any other woman that ever lived. Application, in-

telligent reading, hard work have effected the transformation.

She is authority on Italian art, Dutch art, Flemish art, the art of the Orient, the modern schools of America and of Continental Europe. Only a collector can appreciate what it is to be an authority in the art world of to-day—when art has come into its own and tens of thousands of studios vie with the men who are digging into the treasures of the past in meeting increasing demand for the rare, the beautiful, and the wonderful.

The greatest of the millionaire collectors of America to-day rely upon Miss Lorenz's judgment. She is reputed to be one of the highest-salaried women in the world. It is said that on the twentieth anniversary of her engagement as a catalogue girl the directors of the art galleries presented her with a purse of some \$20,000. Her house, which stands almost in the shadow of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, bears in its every detail the impress of her personality and of her unusual training.

A SPECIALIST IN LITERARY TREASURE

The stories of Mr. Morgan and the art world are many and interesting. Some of them are true. A good many of them are not. But the fact remains that he was a great figure not only in the world of business, but in the world of art and letters. Incidentally he was a rich man. Yet there are many rich men who are by no manner of means great men. Strip some men of their millions and the residue is not worth consideration. You could have taken J. Pierpont Morgan's last dollar from him and found him still a dominating personality.

This is not the time to recount Morgan's place in the great world of art and letters. Two things that he did for that world will redound to his credit for long years to come. One is the incomparable collection of rare treasures that he gave to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, the other the unusual library that he built in the garden of his fine old house on Murray Hill.

The library is a gem of faultless architecture. It is more important to note, however, that it is a real library. There is not another such collection of missals and original manuscripts on this continent; in the whole world few, if any, that are to be ranked with it.

To this quiet workshop in the realm of thought come students slipping back four, five, six, ten centuries, men who have exhausted the resources of the best of our modern libraries and needs must turn to the original sources of information—the writings of the masters of thought of long ago. American students have found it of great value, and an astonishing number of foreign savants make the trip oversea so that they may browse in its records.

The librarians of those two great treasure-houses of thought—the British Museum, in London, and the Bibliothèque Nationale, in Paris—do not hesitate to draw upon it for aid. And they find in the Morgan book collection a librarian who is worthy of the institution—another of the captains of the real feminist army.

It was said of Morgan that his mastery came in his unerring judgment in the selection of men. He knew how to surround himself with capability; he used the same real judgment when he came to select an adviser for the purchase and the care of his art treasures. That adviser is Belle da Costa Greene, and she has come, in the due evolution of things, to be the head of the Morgan Library.

Miss Greene's specialty is books. She knows books. All her life she has known books and loved them. When she was still a little girl she developed the dominating trait that was to be the shaping of her life—the bringing to her of a very definite form of success. She was wise enough to train herself for the work that suited her, and the result has been that her tremendously busy life has been a magnificent romp. She loves her work, and her work must love her, for it gives her a renewed and vibrant enthusiasm in it.

At Miss Greene's age the average New York girl would be having a splendid time—dinners, dances, bridge, the opera—all gloriously fascinating and gloriously inconsequential. Miss Greene prefers going back in the evening to the library to delve into its treasures. She perhaps may be doing some research work for one of the great libraries of Europe, for there is hardly a librarian in civilization that does not know her.

She may be preparing for another of the huge dispersal sales that are red-letter days in New York's world of art and letters. New York has not yet forgotten the Hoe sale, where the totals ran into those

millions that are the delight of Sunday editors. It was there that Belle Greene came sharply into the public eye. Bibliophiles, curators, and collectors from many lands were on hand. So was a woman who had not yet ceased to be a girl. Back of that woman were the resources of one of the great financiers of the land, and something more—judgment. She knew what she wanted, and what she wanted she got. And the sharpest of the art collectors knew that they had found in Belle Greene a competitor who was worth their mettle. They were rubbing elbows with a captain of the real feminist movement.

THE RISE OF A SHOP-GIRL

Do not imagine that all the leaders of this movement who are making a stir in the world of practical realities are located in New York. Go out to Chicago, down into State Street in the heart of its Loop. A great department-store rises from one of the busiest corners. The traffic policeman who stands guiding automobiles, trolley-cars, and pedestrians out of each other's and harm's way will tell you something of it.

"That's Mollie Netcher's store. It used to be strong on the shawl trade, now she's beginning to catch the automobile folks. Makes close to half a million a year out of it."

Mollie Netcher is a merchant princess of Chicago. She started as a shop-girl in the store she now owns, an apparently insignificant human item in a great enterprise. Yet the traffic policeman is close to fact when he tells you that she earns half a million a year, for she is rated as having \$20,000,000 invested, chiefly within her business.

After all, who has a better opportunity to study the detail of retailing than one of its shop-girls? Mollie Netcher—her name was first Mollie Alpinier—had rare intuitive sense. They said of her, too, that she was "all business." While the girls on either side of her gossiped about balls and parties and what this admirer said and that one did, she gave her attention to customers. Remember that the store then had what the policeman called "shawl trade," yet Mollie Alpinier was so considerate of these folk that they formed a habit of waiting five, ten, fifteen minutes to have her attend to them.

That meant promotion. The principal

owner of the store was Charles Netcher. It did not take him long to discover that the Alpinier girl had the genius of salesmanship. Three years after she went there as shop-girl, Netcher married her. They went to live in a smart new house, and Mrs. Netcher formed the habit of driving her husband down to his work in the morning and bringing him back each night. While she was out of the detail of the business for a time, her heart and mind were never away from it.

So it came to pass that after fourteen years of married life her husband died. She was left with three small children and the sole ownership of a retail business then valued at \$4,000,000, a business that had suddenly lost its helmsman and was beginning to drift unruddered. It did not take long for Mollie Netcher to comprehend the situation. She took the rudder herself. Within three years the business doubled in volume, and now Mollie Netcher is considering plans for a new twenty-story building. She says that before she is done she will have the largest store in Chicago, which will mean the largest store in the world. And men who have looked at her firm chin and sensed her determination feel that she is making no idle promise.

WHAT "CLOTHES SENSE" HAS DONE

There is a wide difference between Chicago and Bowling Green, Kentucky, and yet that little town boasts another woman merchant—whose record is, in its way, not less remarkable than that of Mollie Netcher. This woman, whose name is Mrs. A. H. Taylor, earns, it is said, more than \$50,000 a year. It may be remarked that this is a larger salary than any mere man within a good many miles of Bowling Green has ever earned.

Mrs. Taylor was born in Bowling Green, was married there, her children were born there, and she says that she is going to live there for the rest of her life. After the fashion of the women of every generation who dwell in small towns, she always made her own clothes. She loved to sew, and yet, like all young women, she desired to be well dressed. She was fortunate in possessing that rather rare feminine talent known as "clothes sense." In other words, she had real taste. Her friends soon saw that, and they began coming to her for hints as to the planning of their own frocks.

From that small beginning a large business has sprung. Like a good many other successful businesses of this day and generation, it is a mail-order house. Mrs. Taylor sends out her catalogues twice a year, and women from thirty or forty States respond with their measurements and orders. She has to-day 24,000 customers, and some of them are in the big cities. It is not every business head—man or woman—who can sleep two nights in a Pullman car, arrive in New York at daybreak, invest anywhere from \$100,000 to a quarter of a million dollars in raw materials, and start on the long trip home again after twelve hours' steady shopping. Yet that is almost a part of Mrs. Taylor's routine. And she will tell you quite frankly that she is sixty years old.

If you ask her when she is going to retire, she will shake her head and say that she does not know. She has just finished her fine new shop in Bowling Green, and she thinks that she enjoys being a captain of business far too much to step out of the fight. If ever she does want to, there is a standing offer of an even million dollars awaiting her for her business from a great concern up in Chicago—an even million dollars, to say nothing of a trifling salary of \$10,000 a year to Mrs. Taylor for the rest of her life for the use of her name. It is a name that deserves to go high on the roster of the real feminist movement.

AN EXPERT IN COTTONSEED OIL

While we are in Kentucky, let us slip a little farther south and give some passing attention to Kathryn Ballou, a twenty-three-year-old girl of Memphis, whose judgment in cottonseed oil is like unto that of Rose Lorenz in the oil that is spread over some small square of precious canvas. Just as the art collectors of New York come to Miss Lorenz to help form their judgments, so do the modern planters of the Southwest seek Miss Ballou for expert advice. She has reputation already. It was more than a year ago that she was said to have made the largest single sale ever recorded in the cottonseed-oil industry.

Cottonseed oil, as you may or may not know, has become almost within a decade one of the world's most useful products. Its uses are still rapidly increasing, and Miss Ballou has found some of them herself. As Rose Lorenz studied art, so she has studied every branch of this immense-

ly practical subject. She investigates stock conditions because there come times when cottonseed oil makes good fodder for ranchmen; she studies soap because soap-makers are commercial possibilities; she is expert on butter markets because her pet product is almost an essential of oleomargarin. These things and many others she knows, in great detail, yet she is poised and modest; when you come to ask her of herself she waives the question and talks about the other women in the great feminist movement.

REVOLUTIONARY IDEAS IN CANDY

There is a girl from Syracuse who has made an impression in the business of New York. Her name is Mary E. Evans, and she has all the qualifications of a business general. She had an opportunity to show those qualifications when she was fifteen years old. Her father died suddenly, and there was crying need for a source of income for her mother, her two sisters, and herself.

Fortunately, this girl had a simple and womanly knack of candy-making. Her old-fashioned candies, enjoyed neighborhood fame. She decided to make candies for a living.

But when she went down-town in Syracuse and tried to find an agent to sell them she met with little success. The idea that flashed into her head was so revolutionary that mere male business folk thought it idiotic.

She would place her candies in some down-town point, mark them plainly with the prices, let persons help themselves, and leave the money for her. What an absurd idea! Business Syracuse roared at it, but the girl went ahead. She called the candies after her first two names, Mary Elizabeth, and there they stood in a neat glass case in the vestibule of the University Building, the town's chief sky-scraper.

They have been on sale there a good many years in this unique fashion, and Mary Elizabeth's faith has not been shaken. Moreover, prosperity has come to her. She has gradually added to her facilities a model manufacturing plant at Syracuse, a store in Boston, and another in New York, and recently she rather astonished the business world by taking one of the largest Fifth Avenue business corners for twenty-one years at an annual rental of \$45,000. It is a big thing for a woman,

and her mother and her sisters came cheerfully to her assistance.

It is not only a big thing to do, but it is almost a typical thing—still another instance of how the real women's movement is coming into its own.

A DRUG-STORE MAGNATE

Cora Dow, of Cincinnati, literally grew up with her business. A quarter of a century ago her father conducted a small drug-store near the ancient Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton depot in Cincinnati, and you can imagine how small the store was when you know that Cora Dow, then a very small girl herself, could stand in the middle of it and reach the pill-boxes on one side with one hand and the striped stick candy on the opposite shelves with the other. The stock represented less than a thousand dollars, and the trade was dismally poor.

Yet from that humble beginning has grown in the old Ohio city a feminine captain of industry whose income is the envy of the great retailers there. The drug-store clerk found time to take a course and graduate from the Cincinnati College of Pharmacy. But she did not neglect her own store. Her trade thrived, began to grow by leaps and bounds. And a little later she found a bigger store—then another.

To-day Cora Dow is not only the best-known druggist in Cincinnati, but she is one of the best-known citizens of that sizable metropolis. In a business way, she has never ventured outside of it, but within she has eleven stores—ten retail and one wholesale. It has not all been as easy as it reads here. She was fought bitterly—fought, perhaps, more bitterly because of her very skirts. She has been blacklisted, denounced, hounded, threatened, boycotted, slandered, and sued because she persisted in doing a large volume of business on a small margin of profit rather than the old-fashioned reverse way of retailing, and each time she has emerged smiling and serene. The proof of it all lies in the fact that the commercial agencies rate her with doing a gross trade of a million dollars a year.

Harriet Fisher is the owner and manager of the largest anvil works in America, located at Trenton, New Jersey. These works have been run by the Fishers for half a century or more. The men of that

family have been prominent in the army and navy of the United States since the War of 1812. Fort Fisher is named after one of them. In the machine-shop of nearly every war-ship in Uncle Sam's fleet you will find the Fisher anvil. You will find them, too, in China, Australia, Africa, South America, Europe.

Mrs. Fisher never imagined when she married Captain Fisher that she would become an anvil-maker herself. She took up the business through necessity. Her husband was stricken seriously ill. The foreman of the foundry was not able to conduct matters satisfactorily, and she went to the works to see what she could do.

The place did not appeal to her. It was grimy and dirty, but she took hold. She ran the business until her husband was convalescent. Then they started away on a trip. The train on which they traveled was in a collision, and Mrs. Fisher was so badly hurt that she lay in hospital for nearly a year. Her husband, too, was injured. She directed her business from her hospital bed. When finally she was able to get around on crutches her husband died. After that she redoubled her efforts. She made her crutches carry her to every corner of the great plant.

For the last five or six years she has been the sole director of the big anvil works. They never were so prosperous as under her management. She has made a lot of money. Recently she has remarried and is now Mrs. Andrews. Her husband is an officer in the Argentine navy. Mrs. Andrews comes of Puritan stock, and is the first one of her blood in many generations to have any connection with a manufacturing industry.

These are some representatives of the feminist movement who are cashing in in a big way. There are many others among the big money-earners. And there are still others, like Jane Addams, of Chicago, Miss Katherine Davis, Commissioner of the Department of Correction, in New York; and Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, chairman of the Federal Industrial Relations Commission, in Washington. In the section of the country more or less vaguely known as the Middle West there are at least a dozen women who are presidents of banks—and some of them are sizable institutions—down in Georgia a considerable railroad (the Georgia, Florida and Alabama) has a woman as its president. The fame of

Hetty Green has long since spread beyond America. A woman runs one of the finest of New York's theaters, the Hudson, and another owns and manages the National League baseball club out in the old city of St. Louis.

Many of these captains of the real feminist movement in America think easily in cool millions. Their incomes run high, as investigation and the income-tax will show. Bankers solicit their accounts with eagerness, and they are called upon to subscribe heavily to charitable and educational funds of every sort. They are rarely found unwilling to give, and to give generously, to the deserving.

For it is not in mere dollars and cents that the captains of the real feminist movement of America count their triumphs. They look upon their successes as merely stepping-stones to some bigger things—not the least of them the bringing of a larger vision, of larger ideals into the great world of accomplishment—so long and so nearly a masculine world. Nearly all of them have some pet ideal tucked away somewhere within their hopes. And not one of them is willing to concede that she has gained anything by turning from the routine of home-keeping.

"A woman came to me the other day," said one of the biggest of them, "after making much persistent effort to reach me, and stated her desire to enter one of the great new professions that are just now opening to women. She had talent. I was quickly convinced of that. But she had some other things. She had a husband and two lovely children. When I had wrung that fact out of her I spent the greater part of one very valuable day in convincing her that her workshop was in her nursery. 'Children! I wish I had a thousand of them,' I told her, and I meant every syllable of that."

I am not a suffragist. I am a reporter. These are not arguments. They are facts. But facts oftentimes are more convincing than arguments. And these facts must spell to you a definite evolution in the life of the land. Woman, in a business sense, is arriving. You may mutter about the decline of the birth-rate and of the American home and still be right. That is an argument. These are facts. And the sum total of the facts is that a definite evolution in our land is bringing woman into an entirely new social position. How this will affect her long-established position—that is a problem for economists.

TO MARIAMNE, SINGING

SIGH of the slumbering wood,
Sob of the pine,
Articulate shadow of shades that brood
Under the tangled vine,
Æolian echo of forest tops,
Plaintive lament of doves,
Muted murmur of reedy stops
Low where the hermit loves—
Where have I heard such minstrelsy,
Poignant as ocean's threnody?

Thou hast a twilit tone
Caught from the trees
When Venus at evening wanders lone
Over heaven's violet seas.
Rustle of restful leaves is heard
Deep in thy velvet voice;
Dream hath its perch there, a night-bound bird,
Havened from heat and noise.
Beauty hath found in thy voice content,
And love its perfect instrument.

Armond Carroll

CUPID AND THE PUFF-ADDER

BY SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN.

PROFESSOR AMANDUS DITSON, the great zoologist, was happily engaged in dissecting the head of a cotton-mouth moccasin. This occupation, although pleasurable, involves a certain amount of concentration, since the fangs of a moccasin, alive or dead, are always ready to do business. Yet several times the professor paused with scalpel in mid-air to study the downcast countenance of his visitor, one Dick Warne, some time full-back of an undefeated Yale eleven. The venerable scientist at last finished the extraction of the last spare fang which kindly nature had tucked away for emergencies and turned to his melancholy companion.

"My young friend," he remarked, "you have sighed seven times during the past six minutes. Is the young lady who was with you yesterday in your car the cause of all of these superfluous breath-expulsions?"

The ex-footballer came to life with a start. "She's it," he remarked earnestly. "That was Dolly Madison. Isn't she a wonder?"

"Well," returned Professor Ditson cautiously, "I was engaged when we met in jumping into the atmosphere owing to a most appalling hiccup from your machine just back of my ear. Still, so far as I could determine—"

"I only wanted you to hear my new horn," interrupted Dick penitently. "The makers claim that it will always attract attention."

"It will," responded Professor Ditson positively, "I swear it. But to come back to yourself, why all this secret sorrow? Instead of sighing around my laboratory, why not marry the young woman?"

"There are a number of reasons," an-

swered the past pride of Yale. "In the first place, she won't have me and—"

"It will be unnecessary to state the others," announced Professor Ditson decisively. "I have no interest in the series of sex-phenomena known as 'love,'" he went on meditatively, "yet in your present condition you are interfering with my researches among the pit-vipers. Purely in the cause of science I feel it is my duty to take charge of this matter. Go to her home this evening, find out the reason for her refusal, and report. I'll attend to the rest," he finished masterfully.

Dick regarded him dubiously. "You're sure that this is—er—in your line?" he began doubtfully.

"Am I sure?" snorted the great scientist. "Didn't I discover the cause and cure of the phylloxera on grapes, and locate the bacterium of the hog-cholera? Just leave it to me."

That afternoon Dick motored out to the country club where he found Dolly playing mixed doubles, partnered with young Burton, who was by way of being a poet, and entirely unappreciated by Mr. Warne.

On the porch later they met while the poet was still dressing.

"I saw your father this morning," began Dick mendaciously, "and he suggested that I take you home and stay for dinner."

"It must have been by wireless," returned Dolly coldly. "He doesn't get back from Boston until to-night."

"Dear, dear," said Dick unabashed; "my mind must be going. What I meant to say was that some time ago your father indicated in general terms that I should always see that you get home safely, and—er—look after you, because he felt that I was so reliable and industrious."

"Curious," observed Dolly. "It was only last week that he was saying you gave your law office absent treatment about five days out of the seven."

"I have been very busy outside lately," Dick admitted, "working out the details of an important agreement—a partnership

iarly economical cigar, the gift of Madison *père*. The moonlight filtered through the leaves of a great white oak and made silver spangles on the opal-pink gown that adorned Dolly's lithe figure that night and from the oak's upper branches a little owl crooned softly. The conversation



"MY YOUNG FRIEND," HE REMARKED, "YOU HAVE SIGHED SEVEN TIMES DURING THE PAST SIX MINUTES"

agreement. Anyway, don't I take you home?" he continued hastily, seeing Burton looming up in the offing.

"Sorry, but I promised to go home with Mr. Burton," Dolly called back as she climbed into the latter's car. "You might come over in the evening if you will stop telling such awful fibs. Mr. Burton's got to preside at the Browning Society."

Dick spent a considerable amount of time in expressing forcefully his exact opinion of Burton, but nine o'clock found him sitting on the wide veranda of the Madisons' country house, smoking a pecul-

which had been sustained by Mr. Madison, gradually waned.

"Have you ever seen our moonflowers?" inquired Dolly at last from a hammock. "They only open at night."

"Do you know," said Dick earnestly, "that I have always wanted to meet that flower? Heard so much about it, so beautiful and—er—such wonderful perfume."

"Ours must be a different kind," observed Dolly; "they smell a good deal like furniture polish, but if you want to see them why don't you and father take a walk in the garden. I've got on thin pumps."

Dick's face expressed great pain and anguish.

"No," said Mr. Madison decisively, "no moonflowers for me. I have enough lumbago as it is without paddling around in the dew for more. I will be glad to have Dick smoke another cigar with me in

for her, and they walked through the scented silence to a tiny stone bench tucked away under a magnolia tree, starred with white blossoms and misty with languorous fragrance. Dolly stretched her bare arms out on the cool stone—arms which, in spite of tennis, were dimpled



"THE MAN I MARRY HAS GOT TO BE MY HERO AS WELL AS MY HUSBAND"

the library, if he will, but as for me, I'm going in."

"Not to-night," responded Dick promptly, "I have been smoking too much lately," and Mr. Madison departed.

"Dolly," said Dick suddenly, "come on be a sport and show me the moonflowers. You know you're not afraid of the dew—or anything else."

Dolly finally yielded to his persuasions and a few minutes later they were standing before a thicket of pale-gold flowers opened wide to the mystery of the night. Dick picked a sheaf of the luminous blossoms

deep at the elbow and molded like those yearning ones of the Phidian Sappho.

In some mysterious way, Dick's hand brushed the nearest one and lay there un-reproved. The warm vibrant touch made the blood drum at his temples as in the old days when he crouched for the signal at the opening of a great game. He leaned over until the wavy ends of the glimmering masses of hair on the proud little averted head brushed his cheek.

"Dolly dearest," he whispered.

Slowly the oval face turned toward him and from beneath long, fringed, lashes,

maddening violet eyes looked deep into his. And then—for the first time Dick kissed the half-parted lips with the up-turned corners that breathed so temptingly near. For a wonderful moment they clung to his while the lids drooped, vanquished.

Only for an instant, and then Dolly was again mistress of herself and as if coming out of a dream, slipped away from his arms, and stood looking at him strangely.

"I didn't mean that," she told him at last breathlessly. "That was just the moonlight, and those old magnolia blossoms. But I'll never kiss another man unless I'm going to marry him."

"Don't you think, dear heart," said Dick very gently, holding close a limp little reluctant hand, "that you can care enough for me without the moonlight to marry me?"

There was a long pause, and Dolly withdrew her hand. "Dick, dear, I can't," she finally replied. "You're nice and dear, and I like you very much, more than I knew I did until just now. But the man I marry has got to be my hero as well as my husband."

"I see," said Dick gloomily, "like Burton, I suppose."

"He is writing an epic poem that is wonderful," returned Dolly warmly, "and he speaks beautifully about social service and says that we should all leaven our lives with uplift work, and — and — he wouldn't ever have forced a girl to kiss him against her will."

"Let's go in," said Dick grimly.

II

THE next morning found Mr. Warne yammering at the portals of Professor Ditson's laboratory long before even that venerable early riser had appeared.

"It's all off," he announced sadly to the professor's inquiries. "Nothing doing except for heroes." Thereupon he gave a detailed account of the previous evening's proceedings expurgated in spots.

"H'm'm," remarked Professor Ditson impressively, and returned to the open countenance of the moccasin. Dick pondered this accute observation for some time.

"What do you think she means by this hero business?" he ventured at last.

"Only a normal sex-trait," replied the professor preoccupiedly. "The female ruffed-grouse, for example, would never

choose a mate that did not drum and strut around her in the spring. This young female only wants you to drum and strut a little. Are you brave, Richard?" he suddenly demanded after a pause.

"I am when I know there is no danger," responded Dick simply.

"Exactly," said the professor, "that is the way with most heroes. It's been my privilege," he went on with seeming irrelevance, "to collect for myself and the Smithsonian specimens of the deadliest serpents of the world. None of them are pleasant to look upon when aroused, and one never forgets," he continued reminiscently, "the bloated body and glassy stare of the berg-adder, the uncanny rearing of an infuriated cobra, or the silent swaying, relentless waiting of the fatal hamadryad. Yet, my young friend," he went on in his class-room manner, "the American puff-adder, which is about as dangerous as the average kitten, is in action the most horrible looking of them all."

"It's interesting and all that," said Dick in some bewilderment, "but I haven't anything to do with puff-adders."

"You will have, though," responded the professor firmly. "I have, at my house, the largest puff-adder in captivity and that snake, my boy, is going to make a hero out of you."

III

THE next scene in this drama of mixed love, heroism, and science was staged at Dolly's garden-party which her fond, albeit grumbling, father gave under her instructions on the ancestral acres of Beechwood. The lawns sloped down to the grove of ancient beeches which supplied the estate with its name. The receiving party, dressed in a way that would have made the proverbial lilies of the field take to the woods, exchanged tabules of polite conversation with several hundred guests. From a vine-covered arbor a stringed-band discoursed sweet strains at about ten dollars a string. On a lawn, green and level as a cricket crease, the younger set trotted vigorously to the mingled horror and delight of their elders.

Dick was prepared to make affidavit that Dolly had never looked so lovely. In a shimmering gown of the same elusive tint as the necklace of matched violet beryls that circled a neck, creamy-white as the petal of the wild magnolia, she wore a



"I CONSIDER HER A DECIDEDLY WELL NOURISHED EXAMPLE,"—

great corsage bouquet of Russian violets whose deep tints were reflected from the cruel sweetness of her eyes. Dick noted sinking that the magnificent bunch of white orchids he had sent was nowhere to be seen. Even the practical Professor Ditson, who also adorned the occasion in a frock coat and top-hat of the vintage of 1879, was impressed.

"I consider her a decidedly well-nourished example," he remarked privately to Dick, his eyes on Dolly.

The professor's favorable opinion was evidently shared by numerous young men who formed a phalanx around her. Closest of all was the gifted poet who watched her soulfully, occasionally murmuring presumably poetical remarks, which were evidently well received, and there seemed to be a sort of understanding between the two which much depressed Dick. Miss Madison's manner toward him of somewhat labored indifference was not at all encouraging, and moreover, Bobby Griscom was



—HE REMARKED PRIVATELY TO DICK, HIS EYES ON DOLLY

becoming a source of great uneasiness to the already perturbed lover.

Bobby was Dolly's second cousin, and although in entire sympathy with Dick's matrimonial plans, was of a dangerously frivolous disposition. He encountered Dick standing gloomily on the edge of the widening circle of Dolly's admirers.

"Say, merry old top," he remarked sarcastically, "you look like a full market on a ten point margin. Don't be so ostentatious in your joy."

"That fellow Burton gives me a sickening pain," snarled Dick.

"He is pretty near the limit," said Bobby, "but what about the old scout in the funny jeans?"

"Well, what about him?" growled Dick.

"That's Professor Ditson, the great zoologist. I suppose you want him to wear disgustingly loud socks like those," and Dick indicated the beautiful white-clocked lavender silk creations that peeped cheerily out of Bobby's new suede shoes.

"I'm not makin' any outcry about his clothes," rejoined Bobby with dignity. "It isn't everybody who has my exquisite taste. What I'm interested in is the special brand of live-stock that he's got in his pockets. I just saw his coat-tail hump up and down." With that Bobby stared determinedly toward the unsuspecting scientist.

"Don't be a silly ass!" exclaimed Dick, much alarmed, trying to hold his friend back.

Fortunately for Professor Ditson, the poet just then made a diversion.

"Indeed, indeed, Miss Dolly," he was heard to say, "I would so like to see the trysting-beech and your great-great-grandmother's initials. It is a beautiful idea that her love and constancy will be commemorated for many centuries by the life of a stately tree."

At this pearl of thought Dick made a vulgar noise to the appreciative Robert, denoting violent nausea.

"Suppose we all go and see it," continued Burton with an air of proprietorship that intensified Dick's symptoms.

Down the long slope streamed the receiving party annexing several of the trotters as they went. At the last terrace Dolly and Burton, who were leading, broke into a run, followed shriekingly by the others, and disappeared in a grove of beech trees. There the gray-pillared trunks towered like the columns of some vast forgotten Karnak and the sunshine filtering through clouds of dark green leaves became a shimmering twilight.

In the heart of the wood was a ring of green turf marking the charcoal pit of some early settler. Just beyond two beeches had grown together and thirty feet above the huge bole the twin trunks towered side by side. On the smooth gray bark a rude heart had been cut, a side on either tree. On the left half showed faintly the initials "D. S." and on the right "D. M."

"That was my great-great-grandmother Swann," explained Dolly, tracing the faint S with her pointed fore-finger. "'D. M.' was great-great-grandfather Daniel Madison. He enlisted for ten months with mad Anthony Wayne in 1776," she continued to her audience who had gathered in a half circle around the tree, with Burton well in the van.

"Go on, Dolly," encouraged Bobby

from the rear rank. He had heard the story not more than fifty times. "You're doin' fine. Give 'em the fade-away about great-great-grandmother meetin' Dan'l out here without a chaperon and kissin' him like mad. That's what they want to hear. I know 'em."

"Bobby, you're disgusting," observed Dolly indignantly. "I won't say another word."

There was a chorus of protests and Bobby was promptly suppressed.

"Well," finally relented Dolly, "before grandfather enlisted he said good-by to Dolly Swann and they fixed a tryst—"

"That's the same as a date," explained Bobby.

"For Midsummer's Eve, a year later, at this place," continued Dolly, disdaining the interruption. "He was captured by the British and imprisoned in the hulks in New York harbor but on Midsummer's Eve she came here alone. As she stood in the moonlight," continued Dolly thrillingly, "there was a sudden rustling in the bushes and out into this circle staggered a gaunt skeleton of a man in rags with a saber cut on his forehead. It was Daniel Madison. He had swum four miles to shore, broke through the British lines, and kept his tryst with great-great-grandmother. And she kissed him, and cried over him, and married him—and so would I," finished Dolly, "if I could ever meet a hero like that—and he'd have me."

Bobby had just opened his mouth to say that he was of a heroic nature and was perfectly willing to marry Dolly, when there came a scream from the great-great-granddaughter of Daniel Madison that shattered the silence like an explosion and made Bobby jump with the agility of a kangaroo.

"Sounded like the siren on the Mauretania in a fog," he confided to Jasper Jayne the next day.

Near where Professor Ditson had been standing and not two feet from the Parisian silk stockings that Dolly had inveigled out of a protesting parent, lay coiled a fearsome snake. Nearly a yard long and with a peculiar upturned snout, this reptile gradually swelled until it was bigger than a man's arm. The distended body spread the hidden orange colored scales along the neck until it actually seemed to flame.

With open mouth, the snake hissed like

the exhaust of a steam-engine, -striking fiercely meanwhile in the direction of Dolly's ankles, an embodiment of devilish brute rage and menace that turned her faint with fear and loathing. Burton's sensitive soul was similarly affected and he instantaneously withdrew ten paces to the rear. Others looked frantically for a stick or stone. Bobby began to remove his coat with the brilliant idea of extinguishing the serpent in its folds.

Suddenly through the confusion strode one redoubtable figure. With set teeth Mr. Richard Wurne grasped in one hand the writhing snake amidships, back of the hideous head, held it at arm's length, and then hurled the swollen shape into a neighboring thicket. Immediately there-

after the audience might have noticed that a certain well-known scientist entered said thicket and that thereafter the bulge in Professor Ditson's coat-tails, already chronicled was again in evidence.

The audience, however, did nothing of the sort. It was too intently engaged in applauding the reward of valor. Dolly looked at Dick with something in her eyes he had never seen there before.

"You're the bravest man I ever knew!" she exclaimed, and then—before them all—she wound her still trembling arms around his heroic neck and kissed him.

"Say, there's something blame queer 'bout all this," protested the outraged Bobby, putting on his crumpled coat. But no one paid him any attention.

OLD LANDMARKS

SOME households are there in the land
Serene in their well-ordered ways,
Where still the old traditions stand
As worthiest of their pride and praise.

The restless tides have never turned
Their feet from out the paths of home;
For crowded streets they have not yearned;
Their children have not thought to roam.

The guarded legends of their race,
Through generations handed down,
Center around the dear home-place,
Nor seek they higher life-renown.

The proud initials of a name
One stamped upon this old roof-tree,
Though all unknown to worldly fame,
Has lived here for a century.

The wide, substantial oaken chair,
The table with its leaves outspread,
The hallway portraits by the stair,
The blue wool covers of each bed,

Are treasured handicraft of those
Who sleep beyond the orchard knoll,
Within the little willowed close
That keeps this family as a whole.

On restful feet the years move by,
With work, with sleep, with hope, with faith,
Unchanged as is the changeless sky,
And undisturbed by aught save death.

Cora A. M. Dolson

AMERICA'S FAILURE IN THE WORLD OF SPORT AS AN ENGLISHMAN SEES IT

BY GEORGE NICOL

We published in the January *MUNSEY* an article of which we thought very well on "America's Supremacy in World Sports" by Damon Runyon. It was cleverly written, and we thought, fairly presented the facts and spirit and triumphs of Americans as sportsmen.

But everything is from the point of view. We fancy therefore it may interest the readers of *THE MUNSEY* to see how others see us. In this sense merely we are publishing Mr. Nicol's article and Mr. Nicol, by the way, is himself a sportsman of no mean stature.—*The Editor.*

IN the hour of victory the Frenchman is the embodiment of grace and gallantry; in defeat he is desolate. The German, though obviously delighted to find himself on the winning side, is distinctly annoyed when things go awry. The Englishman is, as a rule, quite embarrassed by the plaudits which greet his successes, but is Philosophy personified when Fortune fails to smile.

The American, on the other hand, is boisterously and aggressively elated when any fresh victory for the Stars and Stripes is chronicled, and only too anxious to find excuses for his defeats. It is for this reason that the American, though admittedly the world's finest athlete, is also its worst sportsman. American victories, frequent and brilliant though they be, rarely arouse any degree of enthusiasm outside "God's own country," for the simple reason that other folk know only too well that quite enough shouting will be done over the matter in America, without any outside help.

Now America has long since passed the day when a victory in any branch of world sport might reasonably be made the excuse for an outburst of schoolboyish cock-crowding, and it is high time she learned that modesty of demeanor towards a defeated opponent which all sporting tradition demands of a winner.

There is an old platitude which says

that the next best thing to winning is to be a good loser, but like most platitudes, it is only half a truth. For surely, so far as the ultimate end of sport is concerned, the man who has learned to accept defeat like a sportsman is a far, far better man than he whose success merely leads him to call for a larger size of head-gear. For biceps, "pots," and records aside, the germ of the idea of all sport is to teach the youth of a nation, and indeed the "old 'uns" who look on also, that inestimable virtue, the art of self-control, and if even your "world-beater" has not learned, with becoming modesty, to ascribe his successes rather to that touch of good fortune without which none of us ever achieves greatness, than to his own immeasurable superiority over his opponents, and his occasional or ultimate defeat to his own shortcomings rather than to ill-fortune or chicanery, then sport, so far as he is concerned, is an absolute irredeemable failure.

Despite Mr. Damon Runyon's article in the January *MUNSEY*, however, (of which more anon), there is happily already some indication in the world of sport that the American is at last awakening to the deeper import of sport itself, and if he only tackle the question with his usual energy and thoroughness, it seems highly probable that ere long his popularity in the eyes of sportsmen generally

will more nearly conform with their regard for his altogether astonishing degree of ability.

Even nowadays, mention of the America Cup is still received in yachting circles with a shrug of the shoulders, more eloquent than mere words; the "local prodigy" has usually to be fast asleep before a "foreign" boxer gets the verdict over him in the States; and unfortunately a "jump on the gun" seems to be a *sine qua non* of every American sprinter. The American Olympic Team of 1908, though comprising a phenomenal lot of athletes, hardly commended itself as representing the ideals of sportsmanship, the Halswell-Carpenter incident, the photographs of which confirmed beyond any possibility of dispute the action of the judges, being merely the culminating incident in a series of unpleasantnesses. However, by 1912, America had taken a pronounced step in the right direction, for at Stockholm she was represented not only by an even more phenomenal galaxy of athletic talent, but by what is of infinitely greater import, by a team the majority of which were real good sportsmen and most likable fellows.

To return to Mr. Runyon's article, however. This provides an almost perfect example of what the rest of the world most objects to in regard to American sport. It is merely a prolonged imitation of a barnyard rooster, and the crow rings sadly out of harmony here and there, by reason of the fact that one or two other cockerels, certainly not so lusty of lung, would "chip in." Now Mr. Runyon had a sufficient supply of legitimate material at his command to give the fullest meed of credit to the rest of the world and still establish an unanswerable case for supremacy, but with typical American disinclination to give the other man a "square deal," he not only omits much that would reflect against the main theme of his argument, but he also falsely bolsters up his case by quoting instances of American successes in sports which are not practised elsewhere.

For instance, billiards as played on a British make of table with six pockets is certainly a more intricate and more widely played game than the purely cannon game as played in America. Then why quote Willie Hoppe as the world's champion? Then again, when claiming to produce the best amateur rowing crews in the world at Poughkeepsie, he has certainly overlooked

the Leander eight which carried all before it at Henley in 1908 and at Stockholm last year. Once more, on the subject of cycling why this significant omission of all reference to W. J. Bailey the British and world's amateur champion who only last year in the course of a flying visit to the States made the pick of American amateurs look like novices?

On the other side of the picture it is about as ridiculous for America to claim the world's baseball championship as for, say, Spain to claim a corresponding title at pelota. Moreover, to come to sports which may legitimately be regarded as "world" sports, the American, though right at the top of the tree in many respects, certainly does not hold that position of absolute invincibility which Mr. Runyon would have us believe.

At polo, of course, we give you "best," at least for the present. Fortunately the story of the ponies never got any further than the clubs here. At track athletics, while America, judging by the results of the last Olympiad, leads the world, I seriously doubt whether, at the present moment, any amateur in the world could "live" with W. R. Applegarth who, though only third at Stockholm, has since been setting up world's records in great style. How many Americans have ever shown 14 2-5 seconds for 150 yards, or 19 2-5 for 200?

Over middle distances — well, though until we find another Cornwallis or Halswelle we cannot produce an Englishman to give the best American more than a good race, they tell a very different story in Germany, where Hans Braun's treatment in the 800 meters final will not be readily forgiven or forgotten. Suffice it to say that after training principally for the longer distance, he ran Reidpath to a foot in the final of the 400 meters, and one week later, convincingly turned the tables upon Meredith, his conqueror at 800 meters, in a match run at Berlin.

At a mile Jackson an Englishman proved himself at Stockholm, while Hutson, though not able to trouble Kohlemainen or Bouin defeated America's best, Bonhag, after a great finish for third place in the 5,000 meters run. While on the subject of track athletics, however, is it conceivable that the fame of Jack Donaldson, of South Africa, the world's greatest sprinter, has not yet percolated to America?

In field athletics, though there are a few good men on the Continent, one rarely hears of a discus or javelin in England, and on the whole the world simply bows to the bearers of the Stars and Stripes in this line.

At golf, well, certainly Ouimet was an "eye-opener," but after all it is only the American championship he has won, and he will find it a vastly different proposition to lift the coveted British trophy next summer.

At boxing, I am afraid the "colored division" have it all their own way at present among the "heavies." Lower down the scale of weights, though America with her usual fondness for gaudy labels has "ticketed off" practically the whole of the world's titles to the local product, the rest of the world, bearing in mind Carpentier, Freddie Welsh, Kid Lewis and one or two others, only smiles.

At horse racing, (hardly "sport" in the best sense, this), it is seldom indeed than an American horse wins an English classic, and in fact the wide world over, the British thoroughbred is rightly recognized as being the beau ideal of equine perfection. Then again, while Danny Maher is undoubtedly a "prince" among jockeys yet the "king" had usually "turned up" in the person of Master Frank Wootton, a young Australian who for some years prior to his retirement last year on the ground of increasing avoirdupois, made a habit of topping our winning jockeys' list.

At amateur cycling Bailey and Meredith, the British cracks, must be almost tired of picking up world's official championships by now, while each of them has a string of world's records to his credit.

Fancy, though, any one claiming poor old Frank Kramer, marvel though he was in his prime, as the present world's professional champion! I wonder what some of those fierce-mustached Continental cracks would say to the suggestion!

At tennis, though the Davis Cup has gone the way of so many other trophies, 'twas only after a magnificent struggle, and America's bright particular star "went, under" in the singles to an Australian. Wrestling is now as dead as a doornail, but Frank Gotch was undoubtedly a tough customer in his day.

Coming to rowing I suppose no one will doubt that England still leads the way with Ernest Barry, who seems unable to find opponents nowadays, so easily gained have his last half dozen races for the world's championship been, while our Leander and Varsity eights would certainly smile at the idea of Poughkeepsie comparing with Henley or Stockholm.

At swimming, apart from that "young wizard of the Hawaiian waters," the "Dook," America has certainly nothing that may fairly claim to be in the world's championship class, at least, on the results of the last Olympiad.

Mr. Runyon's friendly gibe at our cricket championship, we may accept with a smile, but his final shaft of ridicule anent the motor-boat trophy will come as a great surprise to most Englishmen few of whom knew of this "bright shining light" which represents our claim to world fame in matters pertaining to the manipulation of a "spitfire." Possibly even Mr. Runyon, however, has heard of the rest of the British Navy, the undefeated champion of the world since the days of the Great Armada!

A PHARAOH'S FAILURE

VAST o'er the sands of Egypt and of Time
Rises the overawing Pyramid.
What is the spell that makes its sight sublime?
Thought of a king's dust in its basement hid,
Of him who planned it to preserve his fame?

No, not the king's—a more stupendous power
Its monument erected with these stones.
THE PEOPLE, they who toiled here, hour by hour,
To make a landmark of their master's bones,
Immortalized their labor—not his name.

John Brown Jewett



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IDEAL CHILDREN—"CHRIST CHILD WITH BABY ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST AND TWO INFANT ANGELS"

From the painting by Rubens

CHILDREN IN PAINTINGS

(FIFTH PAPER: PETER PAUL RUBENS)

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

IT is always difficult for an artist to secure appreciation of those rare works in which he transcends his reputation. Reputation results from the general impression that is made by the sum total of an artist's labors, and may be defined as the greatest common denominator of his achievements. Works which have contributed directly to this reputation are labeled "characteristic" by the critics and are accepted by the public as definitive of all that the artist can do. And if, now and then, he produces a work that is not "characteristic"—that cannot easily be accommodated to his current

reputation—this work is likely to be neglected by the critics and ignored by the public.

Yet these "uncharacteristic" works, which contribute nothing to the artist's reputation, may be in some cases far finer than the preponderating number of creations on which his fame is based. An instance near at hand is offered by the case of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Here is a poet who was capable of such lofty and noble verse as is displayed in the series of six sonnets on the "Divina Commedia"; but he will never receive due credit for this rare achievement, because his fame is



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THE TWO SONS

From the painting by Rubens

founded on such pieces as "The Village Blacksmith" and "The Psalm of Life." Nobody who really likes "The Psalm of Life" could possibly appreciate these perfect sonnets; and very few of those who are

from securing the fame that he deserves for the few great poems which transcend his reputation and are therefore seldom read.

Almost the same fate has befallen one



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PORTRAIT OF A CHILD OF THE ARTIST

From the painting by Rubens

capable of appreciating them would have the patience to seek for such rare gems of poetic art in the multifarious pages of the author of "The Village Blacksmith." The very fact that the poorest poems of Longfellow are more widely read than any other writings in English verse precludes him

of the most famous painters of the world, Peter Paul Rubens. His finest works are his portraits, and his finest portraits are his paintings of little boys and girls; yet Rubens is rarely mentioned as a portrait-painter and scarcely ever thought of as a recorder of the charm of childhood. If



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MADONNA AND CHILD

From the painting by Rubens

one, and only one, of all the canvases—nearly three thousand in number—which have been ascribed to Rubens, were offered to me as a gift, to be enshrined forever in my home, I should select the picture of his two little boys, which is reproduced in connection with the present paper. This seems to me a nobler work than the cele-

brated "Descent from the Cross," which is commonly recorded as his masterpiece; but it has failed of popular appreciation, because, being finer than most of his paintings, it is less "characteristic" of the sum total of his labors. But in order to appreciate this unusual achievement of the art of Rubens, we must first remind our-

selves of the nature of his reputation and then inquire how he came to transcend that reputation in the comparatively few instances in which he painted children.

Rubens swept through life like a whirlwind, and the history of his career is a record of the tireless exertion of an elemental and terrific energy. He was given

his grandiloquent name because he was born on the festival of the two greatest saints of the church, in the year 1577. He was of Flemish ancestry, and he happened to be born at Siegen in Westphalia only because his father had been exiled, for political reasons, from the Netherlands. His early boyhood was spent in Cologne;



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RUBENS'S SECOND WIFE AND TWO OF HER CHILDREN

From the painting by Rubens

but, after his father's death, his mother returned to Antwerp—the quaint ancestral city whose fame was soon to be trumpeted throughout the world by the son she brought back with her.

prenticed as a painter to Adam van Noort and Otto van Veen. He was a handsome, courtly, brilliant youth, gifted in his art and popular in his personality. He was one of those born to be great, of whom



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RUBENS'S HEAD OF A BOY

From the painting by Rubens

Rubens, in his teens, was deliberately trained both to be a gentleman and to be an artist. He learned the intricacies of courtly etiquette while serving as a page to the Countess of Lalaing, and he was ap-

we feel that they might have attained eminence in any walk of life. When he was only twenty-three he realized that Antwerp had no more to teach him, and set out on a pilgrimage to Italy.



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DETAIL OF THE "HOLY FAMILY UNDER THE APPLE-TREE"

From the painting by Rubens



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MADONNA AND CHILD

From the painting by Rubens

From Titian and Tintoretto he learned the art of color, and from Michelangelo and Raphael the art of drawing. Perhaps he owed most to Tintoretto, who is his only equal among painters in sheer impetuosity of imagination; but his consciousness was more captivated by the tremendous masculinity of Michelangelo. He had not been long in Italy before his gifts, as a painter and as a man, attracted the attention of the Duke of Mantua, who gave him a position in his suite. In the company of this potentate Rubens visited Venice, Genoa, Mantua, Florence, and Rome; and his master held him in such high esteem as to entrust him with a delicate diplomatic mission to the King of Spain.

The mortal illness of his mother moved Rubens to return to Antwerp in 1608; and, secure of his own powers, he then resigned from the suite of the Duke of Mantua and dedicated his life to the service of his ancestral city. Thereafter his career as a diplomatist was just as successful, in its own way, as his career as a painter. On various occasions he was sent as a special ambassador to Spain, to France, to England, and to Holland. He was an intimate associate of kings and princes, and the success of his diplomatic dealings made him famous throughout Europe, until, crowned with honors, he died in 1640, at the age of sixty-three.

Every available moment of his unusually active life was devoted to his painting. He was enormously productive. He painted religious, historical, and allegorical compositions, domestic scenes, hunting pieces, fêtes and tournaments, landscapes, portraits—indeed, every type of picture that was current in his time. He was always at work on at least a dozen canvases at once, and while he was painting these he was imagining a hundred others. His most characteristic works display the sweep and swirl of this tremendous energy: they are vigorous, dashing, hasty, and exultant in excessive strength.

As commissions poured in upon him he was obliged to establish what may be called a factory of painters: he surrounded himself with pupils, who executed vast works from his own preliminary sketches—works which he touched up and perfected with a few final strokes of his masterly brush. His school grew so famous that in 1611 he wrote to a friend that he had been obliged to refuse over a hundred pupils.

The greatest of his apprentices and helpers was Van Dyck; but such eminent painters as Snyders and Jordaens were also members of his school.

In the work of such a man we should naturally look for masculinity; and we find it, with all of its conquering merits and all of its unconquerable defects. Rubens is scarcely equaled among painters for sheer power of imagination and strength of execution; but he is often brutal and often coarse. His exuberant healthiness expresses itself frequently in fleshly terms that border on sensuality. Because of his vigorous and unrestrained imagination, his most characteristic works are lacking in decorum and in the final touch of taste.

A MOOD OF DECORUM AND RESTRAINT

Though living in a Christian age, Rubens believed as little in the religion of his time as in the mythology of ancient Greece; and in selecting subjects from either of these sources he was interested only in what may be called the narrative value of his theme. Hence, in his religious pictures, we miss that spiritual note—that note of sheer devotion—which we find in the great Italian paintings of the Renaissance. His Madonnas are motherly enough, but they never impress us as virginal. That mystic combination of the virgin and the mother which Raphael has recorded in his "Madonna of the Grand-Duke" was beyond the scope of Rubens's imagination. Even his holy children seem too muscular and pugilistic to minister to our sense of the spiritual. There is something almost sensual in the exultant vigor of the four naked children in the picture (reproduced herewith) which shows the Child Christ and the Baby St. John the Baptist playing with two infant angels.

But, on the comparatively few occasions when Rubens painted portraits, he was obliged to tame his genius into a momentary mood of decorum and restraint. He had to work more slowly and more carefully than was his wont; and this requirement resulted nearly always in a finer finish of achievement. The defects of his habitual manner are least evident in the studious and meditative portraits of his wives and children; for in these intimate pictures he strove for a perfection that he seldom found time to seek in the vast canvases replete with active figures which demanded the assistance of his pupils.

Rubens was married twice. His first wife, Isabella Brandt, who served as the model for most of his Madonnas, was married to him when she was eighteen and he was thirty-two. Four years after her death, Rubens married Helena Fourment, when she was sixteen and he was fifty-four. Both of his wives bore children to him; and his portraits of these children must be recorded as the most delicate of all his works.

The best of all the pictures that are reproduced herewith is a portrait of his two sons by Isabella Brandt. This exquisite work is the property of Prince Liechtenstein, of Vienna, and is seldom seen by tourists, because it is hung in his private gallery. It is one of the most finished paintings in the world. Albert, the elder son, dressed in a black costume slashed with white, leans easily against massive pillars, with his left arm lightly circling the shoulders of his younger brother, Nicholas. The latter, as befitting his youth, is the more active figure of the two, and he is painted in more vivid colors. He wears a blue jacket with yellow puffs peeping through the slashes of the sleeves, and his gray breeches are trimmed with yellow ribbons. These gay colors in the foreground are offset by the somber dignity of the dress of the more reposeful figure in the background. In this perfect composition there is no hint of that extravagant au-

dacity, that vulgar violence, which becomes evident in nearly all of the most characteristic canvases of Rubens.

Another of the paintings that are reproduced herewith shows Helena Fourment, the second wife of Rubens, with her two children, a boy and a girl. This canvas hangs in the Louvre. The boy in this picture, with his decorative hat, reveals the conscious pride of masculinity, while his little sister appeals to us with a wistfulness that almost touches us to tears. Rubens never painted a more ingratiating figure than this lovely little girl who appeals so tenderly for our attention.

The reputation of Rubens is based upon such notable achievements as the dead heaviness of the body of Christ in "The Descent from the Cross," the furious tug of the figures at the ropes in "The Elevation of the Cross," the verve and energy of the "Coup de Lance" in Antwerp, and the triumphant masculinity of "The Rape of the Daughters of Leucippus" in Munich; but it is a pleasure to recognize that, in these quiet and gentle portraits of his devoted wives and children, he has ascended to a purer region which transcends the limits of his fame. As Charles Dickens surpassed himself in "A Tale of Two Cities"—as Rudyard Kipling surpassed himself in "They"—so Rubens rose far above the level of his reputation in these serene and finished pictures of his children.

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY

WEIGH me as cadence, song, melody, music;

Then hark to the scales of which voice is queen,

And candor will class my mellowest measures

With jingling thumps of a tambourine.

Scan me as rhyme, for colorful movement;

Then mark the marriage of wave and shore,

And candor will hold my happiest mating

The star-foamed fluke of a bungling oar.

Read me as message, for obvious meaning;

Then learn my full purpose in every-day prose,

And candor will judge my clearest pronouncement

An atrophied fact born of fanciful throes.

Probe me as soul that is straining for freedom;

Then turn to a senate, a farm or a booth;

Ask candor to name you the frankest self-seeker

And which, in the seeking, comes nearest the truth?

Richard Butler Glaenser

STARVE THE RAILROADS AND WE STARVE OURSELVES

BY FRANK A. MUNSEY

THE railroads are structurally a part of our national life—fiber of our fiber. They are the arteries of our very being through which courses the life-blood of the nation. We cannot do them harm without doing ourselves harm. Starve them and the pinch of poverty grips us.

The railroads were built by private capital and are owned by private capital, and yet they have little of the inherent freedom of private property. Their charters constitute them common carriers, public service concerns, and as such they are in a sense owned in common by the public and by private capital—no actual public ownership in them, dollars and cents ownership, but in the outworking the "senior partner" influence and dominancy of the public makes it amount to about the same thing.

Such a partnership between the public and private capital, the latter putting up all the money and taking all the risks, is a soft thing for the government, arrogating to itself, as it does, absolute control. Of course, it wasn't this way when railroads were built, when capital risked itself in these venturesome undertakings. If it had been—if the government's attitude towards railroads had been just what it is now, the same narrow picayune policy in force—we should have no railroads to-day except government built and government owned.

Private capital in any measure worth while would never have gone into the up-building of railroads, knowing in the outset the extent to which it would be fettered and hampered and harassed, as it knows it now.

I have no fault to find with government control as such. It is the kind of government control we have, with which I am finding fault. As a matter of fact, there is

nothing else for us but government control or outright government ownership.

With strong, able, wise government control—a kind of control that embodies constructive co-operation with railroads—we should have a far better railroad service than we could well hope for from government owned and government operated railroads. I don't believe there is any doubt about this.

Though capital went into railroad construction with the idea that railroads were private property, the change that has come about, putting them so completely under government control, was inevitable. Neither the government nor capital foresaw this change in the early days of railroad development. Indeed, it was the very vastness of this development and the incomparable power railroads had come to be that compelled public control and gave rise to the present conception of the proper relations of the railroad, common carrier that it is, to the public.

The government, therefore, cannot be charged with luring capital into railroads under former railroad freedom with the knowledge that this freedom later on would be taken away from them. Until within a little more than a decade ago there was no serious conflict of opinion between the government and the railroads.

At the outset no one ever dreamed of the power the railroad has come to be and the part it plays in our daily lives, to say nothing of its inconceivable contribution to the opening up and development of the country.

It follows naturally that changes in our laws must be made suited to this new development—a development so vast in its power that, unchecked and uncontrolled, it would in time contest for the mastery with the very government itself.

So government control had to come, but in the exercise of its control it has frightfully crippled and maimed the entire railroad business of the country. Capital has lost heart and would get out if it could do so without too great a sacrifice. Dividends on railroad shares have dwindled until they have no appeal to fresh capital. The government stakes out the lines within which capital must work, fixes its rates of income, and then says to capital, "Give us the best railroad service in the world."

All this would be well enough if the government's conditions were such as to make this possible, which is not the case. The fact is the railroads cannot give us the service we demand, pay the wages and taxes they are paying, and live on the income to which the government is grudgingly holding them down.

But the chaotic condition of the railroad business is only a little worse than that of business generally throughout the country. There is no snap and go to anything, and everything is in a blue funk. In view of these conditions, what are our chances of having good times? We hear the question all the while. It is on everybody's lips. The answer is vital. It affects our entire population, one hundred million human souls. No one is beyond the sphere of its influence. Our expenditures, our incomes, the scope of our undertakings, the scale of our living—our necessities, our comforts, our pleasures, our luxuries, our savings, and our very future—all depend upon it.

We are a temperamental, impressionable people. When we have good times we hurl ourselves on enterprise and sweep everything before us. When we have hard times and feel the pinch of poverty and see idle cars, idle factories, and idle labor, we get a fit of the blues which makes us distrust our institutions, distrust ourselves and look upon life as one weary grind.

We have wallowed in the slough of despond since the beginning of 1910, and to-day our securities, battered and tattered, find little favor with European investors. Every enterprise has felt the lack of confidence, the lack of courage, and has perforce squared itself to that grim, ill-shapen thing—the thin pocketbook.

But human nature, and particularly American human nature, cannot be kept down forever. We have had enough of the valley, with its fogs and chills, and

want to get away from it all and once more look out on the world from the sun-swept heights. And, too, we want to hear the old, old story of what a wonderful country we have, of the vastness of our resources, the colossal measure of our undertakings, the bulging of values and the song of opulence and wealth and riches—enthraling music to our ears.

Starving the railroads and hostility to capital are responsible for our business depression and industrial stagnation. The government has overplayed its hand in humiliating capital and breaking up our big enterprises. Its obvious worry lest somebody, somewhere, somehow, might make a dollar has been overdone. Continue the policy of starving the railroads and we shall continue to starve ourselves, and shall have no good times. Let the railroads make a decent living, and the wheels of enterprise will leap into activity.

But Wall Street says good times are here. Wall Street may be right and may be wrong. Things have been deadlly dull down there for so long that every one clutches at the very suggestion of hope. Hope in Wall Street is perhaps father to the wish. It looks to me as if it were in this instance. Wall Street is amazingly elastic in its conclusions. When it comes to shifting its opinions it puts a lightning change artist out of the running.

I am not writing as a pessimist. I am an optimist through and through, but optimism must take cognizance of facts. And what are the facts on which to base the hope for business activity, with our new low tariff, unless we get a *gigantic impetus* from some source or other?

It is clear that with our high wage we cannot get this impetus from such exports as come into competition with the products of the low wage of the rest of the world. And if not from exports, whence shall we get the quickening influence? The new currency law won't bring it. The new currency law will perhaps make money easier, but money is already easier than need be, both at home and abroad.

The lower price of money will no doubt benefit the farmer and perhaps stimulate him to wider activities. This will be good in itself, and may have some effect in lowering the cost of living, and then again it may not. But cheaper money to the farmer cannot and will not prove the impetus to revive business.

The lower rate of money will make it easier for borrowers, but in itself it will not be sufficient to impart activity to a dead calm, to break the grip of paralysis. Unless it so happens that the new currency bill proves to be a measure of inflation, it won't have the dynamic force to create energy, overcome inertia, and start things going. If, on the other hand, it brings about inflation we shall have a short hurrah run for our money, followed by such a reaction as will make the whole nation cry to heaven from the very hurt.

A great international war might set business going, and so might a change in our tariff—the kind of change that gives courage and confidence to home industries. But we have just had a revision downward, so there is no probability of an immediate revision upward; and there are no instances on record where revision downward, or low tariff, or no tariff, has ever re-energized anything here at home. On the ground of precedent, therefore, we haven't much to look for from our recent tariff legislation, and we are not now at war with any nation; so just what is there in sight, when we get down to the raw cold facts, to justify a belief in an immediate onrush of good times?

Agriculture cannot bring it about; war is not likely to bring it about; our new tariff is certain not to bring it about; the iron and steel trade cannot bring it about; the textile manufactories cannot bring it about; mining in all its different phases cannot bring it about; and all the scattered, smaller manufactories cannot bring it about.

It may well be doubted if anything can bring it about, as matters stand to-day, except the railroads, and the railroads can bring it about if they are allowed freight rates and passenger rates that will enable them to do business at a rational and fair profit—such a profit as will give place and value to their securities in the markets of the world.

This is what we want at this juncture to give us good times, temporary good times at least, and good times for a long run, if the policies of the government with regard to business, the tariff, the currency and in other respects are right. If these are not right it is pretty safe to assume that we, as a people, have the good sense and the patriotism, irrespective of politics and politicians, to make them right.

But just why can't agriculture give this impetus to business, and why is it that railroads alone can give this impetus to business? Briefly, the answer is this: Agriculture is a producing and selling industry. If we were growing a vast surplus beyond our own requirements and could sell it abroad, the new money flowing across the ocean would give us the impetus we need. But unfortunately we have no such surplus and are not likely to have.

The steel and iron industry, vast as it is, in the aggregate, and well concentrated as it is, cannot in and of itself revitalize business. Like farming, it is a producing and selling industry. This is equally true of the countless scattered enterprises of one kind and another. Merchandizing doesn't even produce anything. It has to do merely with barter and sale. Banking, likewise, produces nothing. It is parasitic in its very nature.

The railroad, unlike these other enterprises, has nothing to sell but service. It buys, buys, buys, and all the while buys. It is a purchasing and consuming business, which ranks next to farming in its vast scope. The wages of railroad employees have so far increased that now they call for practically one half of the gross receipts of railroads. The sum total paid out to labor by the American railroads is greater than that paid to labor by any other enterprise in any country of all the world. The railroads hold the key to the present business situation. Give them a chance and they will set the wheels of industry going. But they can do nothing for business and nothing for themselves impoverished and starved as they are by the government.

With a chance to live and to earn enough to make their securities safe and attractive to investors the world over, and they could sell them like a shot.

What we need and must have at this juncture is new money and lots of it. The railroads alone can find this new money. But it is up to the government to decide whether they shall find it or not. So far the government in its non-constructive or, if you will, destructive policy has refused the railroads a chance for their lives.

If the government would get back of the railroads and give them a lift, the railroads would get back of business from one end of this country to the other and give it a

lift—would get its great broad shoulder under business and heave it into action. Assure investors that our railroads have back of them the great American people, the good feeling and spirit of cooperation of the American people, and have back of them as well the strong, helpful hand of the government, untold money would flow into this country from abroad and vast sums of sleepy money tucked away in odd places here at home would straightway come out of its hiding and go into railway securities.

And what wouldn't this money mean to us—all this vast aggregate of new money in the coffers of the railroads to be spent for labor, for betterment, and for new undertakings? The railroads must have new rails, new cars, new engines, new ties, new bridges, new stations, better roadbeds and a thousand other things. They must add to their sidings, double their trackage, and extend their roads into new territory. All this means work for idle men and full envelopes on Saturday nights.

Indeed, the railroads would begin buying on so tremendous a scale that our steel mills and other concerns having to do directly and indirectly with railroad supplies would be taxed to their capacity and beyond their capacity. And the high pressure activity in these lines would electrify the whole country and set every spindle spinning and every wheel of industry bounding into action. And there would be no idle men, no idle cars, no shuttered factories, no depression, no blues. Activity and enterprise and achievement would grip the country from ocean to ocean and from the Gulf to the northern border.

This is not an idle fancy. It is the very thing that would happen, and such a happening is the very thing we all want. And if we all want it, why shouldn't we have it? We are the government; the government is the thing of our creation, the servant to do our bidding.

The question, then, is this: shall we give the railroads a square deal, or shall we continue to punish them for the sins of a former period, when the relations of railroads to the public were not understood as they are now? In the old days people held to the idea as a matter of course that railroads, owned by private capital, were private property. We didn't know much about public service concerns then. We

accepted the theory as a matter of course that the biggest shippers should get the lowest rates. Wholesalers bought at lower prices than retailers, so why not wholesale rates to big shippers?

But once the public service conception was fixed in our minds we saw the railroads in an entirely different light. Naturally railroad managements fought for the independence they had always had, and doubtless fought honestly, influenced by their interests. But all this has changed now. Ten years of discussion has brought capitalists and public, the fair-minded men among each, to a common understanding of the relations of capital to the people, of trusts to the people, of the railroads to the people, and of the relation of telegraph, telephone and all other common carriers to the people.

We ought to have, and I am satisfied that the American people demand, the best and safest railroads in the world. It is a certainty that we cannot have them without paying the price—railroads with every new device, every improvement that means safety and better service. And we can well afford to pay the price when the failure to do so means inferior railroads, dangerous railroads.

Forcing railroad managements into a position where they have been compelled to squeeze paltry dividends out of half-fed, half-nourished properties that they might keep their roads out of bankruptcy is a rotten policy.

Legitimate economies are fundamentally necessary to honest, able management, and whatever the government has accomplished in the way of cutting out waste and introducing first rate standards of economy is, of course, very much worth while. But to starve railroads into other economies, such, for instance, as skimping on roadbeds, skimping on bridges, skimping on rails, skimping on rolling stock, skimping on safety devices, and skimping all along the line, is quite another matter. They are costly savings to the people, dearly bought savings.

I hold no brief for the railroads; I am not speaking for myself as I hold no railroad stocks, and don't wish to hold any under present conditions. Neither am I speaking for those who do hold railroad stocks. I am speaking for idle men, speaking in the interest of better business, speaking for a square deal for the rail-

roads, for safe railroads, sound railroads.

For the government to stand back of railway labor, morally sustaining it in its demands, for shorter hours and better wages, as the government has done, at the same time denying railroads the right to increase their incomes sufficiently to meet the increased cost of operation is of the nature of confiscation, and no honest

citizen of this country believes in any such thing or would himself, with full realization of the facts, be a party to it.

Let us have peace. Let this bitterness against the railroads cease. There is nothing in all this warfare for you or for me. Give the railroads a chance to prosper and we prosper with them; starve them and we starve with them.

THE EMPRESS OF FIGURE- HEAD SQUARE

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

FIGUREHEAD SQUARE was not, properly speaking, a square at all, but a grassy triangle, lying at the intersection of three slumberous streets of the old New England seaport, and in the middle of the triangle had been planted the battered wooden image, which gave the tiny park its name.

The image represented a bulky woman of extremely fierce aspect, wearing a spiked crown. Long ago, her daily business had been to frown fiercely at turbulent oceans, from the bow of the busy Empress, Captain Simon Claghorn, master. Now, she had stood idly for seventy years in drowsy Figurehead Square; and she scowled, just as fiercely as she had scowled of old in the whaling-grounds, at the stately brick house, which Simon Claghorn had built across the street.

One bleak, gusty forenoon in November, Obed Claghorn, Captain Simon's grandson, limped into Figurehead Square. His gait was stiffened not only by age, but by his morning's scalloping. The Claghorns no longer owned great ships, and Obed was the master of an humble cat-boat. In summer, he "sailed company"; in winter, he scalloped. This morning his luck had not been very good, and the market-basket on his arm was light.

At the glistening steps of the Claghorn house, old Obed paused and glanced

wistfully down Main Street over the shoulder of his ragged jacket. Vast commotion was evident on Main Street. As many as twenty men were gathered at Pritchard's corner. There were shouts, and laughter, and bustle, and glimpses of the new blue coat of Virgil Peck, the constable, recently dignified by a uniform. Excitement was rare in Obed's drab life. He wished ravenously to know what the commotion was all about.

However, he realized that Lydia was waiting for the market-basket. If he delayed to carry it around to his kitchen-door, he might miss seeing the only arrest on the island that autumn. On the other hand, his elderly sister's strict rule forbade, of course, the use of their sacred front-door for any entrance save that of ceremonial guests, to say nothing of a wet and shabby fisherman in rubber-boots. Simple old Obed twisted the brim of his oilskin hat in an agony of perplexity.

A distant roar of mirth from Pritchard's corner determined him. He set his jaw hard, and turned the heavy glass knob, and the white door closed behind him with a complaining rattle. From her post outside, the wooden empress seemed to scowl her redoubled disapproval at the Claghorn house.

"Well, I never! Well, Obed H. Claghorn! Well, I never did!"

Miss Lydia glided into the darkened hall from the shadowy parlor. Miss Lydia seldom appeared exactly to walk; she glided, like a majestic iceberg.

"I—I hope you'll kind of excuse me for once, Lydia," faltered Obed, placing the basket gingerly on a chair.

"Why?" she demanded.

"I'm in a real hurry," said he. "There's something on the street I real want to see about. Peck's arrestin' a fellow."

His sister haughtily drew herself up to her full height. She was taller than Obed, who was bent and toil-worn.

"Running around with street loafers!" she sighed. "Can't you ever remember, Obed, that you're still a Claghorn? It's bad enough, land knows, that you can't do any better than to make our living out of a scallop-boat, but you might consider me a little, when you hanker to 'sociate with drunken men."

"I dunno whether it's a drunk or not—that's just the p'int," ventured Obed timidly.

"And can't you ever remember your brother Cromwell, bein' a lawyer up there in Canada, and doin' credit to our name?" went on Miss Lydia. "What would Cromwell and his fine French wife think, if they knew how we lived, and the sort of cheap folks you 'sociated with—Virge Peck, and scallopers?"

She was well aware that her daily reverence to their brilliant younger brother always tyrannized Obed, and it was with a satisfied smile that she watched him pick up the basket, and meekly limp with it down the hall toward the kitchen. Then Miss Lydia glided into the parlor.

A faint odor of the South Seas pervaded the Claghorn parlor. Tropical woods vaguely scented the cheerless room. Queer little boxes from Japan and queer little idols from Oahu adorned the mantelpiece, beneath which sat Miss Nabby Blain of Honolulu Street, herself resembling at that moment an outraged idol of village aristocracy.

"Yes, Obed's real vexatious," said Lydia, in an apologetic voice. "There's times it's hard to believe he's a genuine Claghorn."

Miss Nabby was a distant cousin, and at this she fingered her bonnet-strings fretfully.

"He doesn't favor any Claghorn that I

ever remember, Lydia—not one. Well, I must be going. You were talking of Cromwell out in the passage, weren't you? There was a genuine Claghorn for you—looks and all. Have you heard from him lately?"

"Not—not so very lately," hesitated Lydia.

She turned and pretended to straighten a carved bit of a whale's tooth on the mantel. Beside the ornament was a faded photograph of a handsome man, with a boyish, smiling face.

"I guess it's full a dozen years since he was on the island," said Miss Blain. "That notch in his chin is just like his father, the judge, had. Good-by, Lydia dear! Sort of settlin' weather after that awful storm, isn't it?"

II

IN the meantime, Obed had left the basket in the kitchen, and fled guiltily down the alley, toward the foot of Main Street. He was too late. Pritchard's corner was deserted. In front of the town-building, paced Virgil Peck, stroking the breast of his new coat, as with the proud consciousness of hazardous duties safely accomplished.

"He's one o' the crew o' that Maine lumber-schooner" explained Peck importantly, "that was piled up off Quinnet last night. Rest o' the hands, they took the mornin' steamer, but this rapsallion drank up his ticket money, that the humane 'ciety give him. Seems sickly, too. Name o' Smith, 'lthough I set him down for a Portergee, from his black beard. You listen, Obed, and you'll hear him yell same as a fog-horn. Tremens, I shouldn't wonder."

Obed listened hopefully at a window in the basement. Presently a plaintive whimper drifted softly through the iron grating.

"Call that a fog-horn?" Obed protested, in disappointment.

"No, that's the kid," answered Virgil Peck. "Him and his brat come ashore on the same spar. Boy—three or four years old—don't talk much."

"Poor little shaver!" said Obed.

"Oh, you needn't worry!" Virgil declared condescendingly. "If the kid's got its father's wu'thless blood in him, it ain't fit for wastin' pity onto. There he goes! What'd I tell you?"

Indeed, Peck had not exaggerated the vocal powers of the castaway behind the bars; the shrill, delirious voice had the metallic quality of a fog-siren.

"Curse you all!" screamed the prisoner. "What dog-kennel is this? Let us out! Let the child out of this hole! Can't you hear me, curse you? Let the child out!"

The wrinkles became suddenly more apparent on Claghorn's troubled face.

"Say, Virge, that's sort o' tough! Why don't you turn the little boy loose?"

"Where to?" retorted the constable irritably. "That drunken rascal, he'd only raise another holler. Come noon, I'll get the town-agent over here from the poor-house, maybe."

Obed, shifting his weight uneasily from one foot to the other, peered through the grated window of the lock-up room. He was confronted by a pair of tearful blue eyes, half-hidden by a tumbled fringe of golden hair. He could see nothing else in the dark cell.

"Why, Virge, he's a real pretty youngster—real nice lookin'! You let me take him, Virge. Don't you turn him over to that mis'erable skinnint at the poor-farm. You let me take him, till his daddy gets better. I'll give him a meal of victuals, anyhow."

Peck stared incredulously.

"You—you—great land o' Goshen!" he gasped. "What would Lydia T. say?"

"I dunno," acknowledged Obed. "I don't guess anybody knows." He glanced up and down the street. "Let's us find out what she'll say, Virge," he added craftily.

"All right," chuckled Mr. Peck, with a grin of appreciation.

He led the way into a basement corridor of the town-building, and slid the bolt of a ponderous door.

"Hey there, you Smith!" he bellowed. "Here's a nurse-girl come to look after your kid. Name o' Claghorn."

"Who?" said the wild voice.

"Cap'n Obed Claghorn, o' the scallop-boat Empress," elaborated Virgil by way of humor.

Obed gazed for a moment at the strange, black-bearded man who lay, ominously sprawled, on the iron bench, and then he held out his gnarled and weather-beaten hand to the little boy, cowering in the corner.

"Will you cruise 'long with me, for a spell, sonny?" he said.

Juvenile shouts arose in the street.

"Virgil Peck!" they mocked. "Virgil Peck, Virgil Peck—gives us all a pain in the neck! Virgil Peck, Virgil—"

"Darn 'em!" snorted Mr. Peck. "Just 'cause I've got me a uniform, they—I'll show 'em!"

The irate official dashed to the sidewalk, and from the curbstone conducted futile forays against his tormentors.

"I reckernize you, Joel Macy," he panted. "You, too, Lucy M. Gardiner—if I didn't have no prisoner to watch, I'd chase you good. And you, Ed'ard Folger, don't you think I can't sight you, behind that tree. Shut up your heads! Want to get jailed? Want to—well, well, Cap'n Obed! It didn't take you long to fix it, hey? I'd like to have a picture o' Lydia T.'s face, when she sees you bringin' home a bummers' kid out o' the lock-up. She'll look more like that figurehead than ever! Funny a joke as I've heard this year sure enough!"

Old Claghorn did not seem to be amused. His eyes had a veiled, frightened expression; but his usually stooping shoulders, although he bore the little boy in his arms, were now oddly straight and determined looking, as he marched in silence up Main Street and into Figurehead Square.

On the top step of the Claghorn house, desecrated once before that morning by Obed's fishing-boots, Miss Lydia was busy with a broom and a pail. She leaned on the broom-handle, paralyzed by the astounding spectacle in the highway.

"Lyddie," said Obed, "this boy's shipwrecked. There ain't any house that had ought to take in shipwrecked folks quicker'n Cap'n Simon Claghorn's."

"Shipwrecked!" echoed Miss Claghorn sharply. "Where's his home? Who's his father?"

"His father's a shif'less, drunken vagabond, that Virgil Peck arrested this mornin'. I won't lie to you, Lyddie. His father's a drunken vagabond, that's all. But 'tain't nothin' against this boy. We'll just give him a meal o' victuals, same as grandpa would 'a' done to any shipwrecked folks. We'll be genuine Claghorns, sister."

He ascended the steps. Miss Lydia, in perplexed consternation, drew back. As

the child passed her, the tearful blue eyes looked solemnly at Miss Lydia, over Obed's sleeve, and an extraordinary thing happened. Miss Lydia chirped.

"Why, you poor little thing!" she whispered inaudibly.

A fugitive sunbeam escaped from the shifting clouds and gave briefly a queer look to the face of the ship's figurehead in the square. It seemed for an instant that the wooden empress almost smiled.

III

No smile, however, graced Miss Lydia's imperial face, when Obed had deposited his burden beside the kitchen stove. His sister, with recovered self-possession, glared at Obed.

"I dare say this youngster's drunken daddy is one of your low-down friends," she sniffed.

"He was on the vessel out o' Machias," answered Obed patiently, "that was wrecked off Quinnet. I'm not lyin', I tell you. Even Virge Peck doesn't know him, and Peck knows everybody."

Miss Claghorn, partially mollified, "dished up" the scallop stew.

"What's your name?" she demanded.

"Thimon," lisped the child.

"Simon what?"

The boy blinked doubtfully at her.

"Simon Smith," supplied Obed. "Smith was the name Peck give me for him. You see, this little shaver can't speak it very good yet. Draw 'longside, Simon, and fall to. I'll bet you come ashore with a swep' hold."

Little Simon ate with quiet industry, like a well-bred animal, but it was evident that Obed lacked appetite. After a few minutes, he laid down his spoon.

"I—I guess I'll be gettin' down street," he mumbled. "I guess I'll be gettin' down to—to the town-building. That Machias feller's awful sick, and young Doc Herrick ain't been long on the island, and maybe he ain't just reli'ble, sort o'."

Miss Claghorn, who had been examining Simon's tattered stockings, raised her head indignantly, and all her suspicions returned.

"Go off to your vagabond friends, then!" she exclaimed. "And take this no 'count child with you."

"But he's hungry yet, Lyddie" objected Obed, "hungry and ragged. Maybe you can make out to fix him up, some-

how. That would 'a' been grandfather's way. I'll be back d'rectly."

"If Nabby Blain and the others find out the trash you're 'sociating with!" groaned she.

"Oh, they won't find out, not if I can help it!" Obed said; and he patted the boy's curls stealthily, and limped into the alley.

Miss Lydia cleared the table, and made ready to wash the dishes, and, as she moved briskly about the kitchen, little Simon regarded her with a contented smile from his chair. It was a new experience for Miss Lydia to have company in her kitchen of an afternoon. She caught herself smiling back at Simon, and then felt that somehow she had done something vaguely wrong.

"I can wipe" suddenly announced the boy.

"Mercy, no!" blurted Miss Claghorn.

The boy smiled. Miss Claghorn smiled again, then frowned, then stared at him reflectively. The warm water in the dishpan had suggested a wild scheme, which amazed her.

"You ought to have a bath" she murmured, in a low voice not at all her own. "Would you like that?"

"Yes," said Simon.

She heated water, and brought soap, and wash-cloths, and a blanket from the adjoining bed-room, where her brother slept. By the time she had returned, the child had undressed himself. It had been no great task; his rags lay in a heap on the floor, and his slim body rose out of them, like a slender, white, pure flower out of the dead leaves of a marsh.

"My gracious!" gasped Miss Lydia, and she hastily pulled down the window-shades.

The boy stood between her knees, and the water trickled over his flawless skin in affectionate rivulets. Miss Lydia had never bathed a child. In a sort of daze, she stroked the little arms and with her fingers combed out the tangle of yellow hair.

His clothes were impossible, and so, when she had finished, Miss Lydia wrapped him in the blanket. Simon, a helpless bundle, looked up at her with twinkling eyes. She raised him to her lap.

"My gracious!" she repeated, under her breath.

He was very warm; Miss Lydia could

feel the warmth of his soft body through the blanket, as she rocked gently to and fro. The rockers of the chair made a soothing, comfortable creak. The Claghorn house was always silent, and Miss Lydia thought of all the silent, lonesome hours which she had spent there, since she was herself a child.

From the pantry-partition came a furtive sound, as of the nibbling of tiny teeth.

"Ickle mouse," breathed the sleepy boy.

"Yes, dear," agreed Miss Lydia absently; and then, as the golden curls settled close against her prim and withered cheek, "My gracious!" said Miss Lydia for the third time, in the awed tone of a discoverer.

It was late in the afternoon before Obed returned. His anxious excitement was so great that he failed to be visibly astonished by the picture in front of the kitchen-stove.

"He—Smith—he's broke out o' the lock-up!" chattered Obed confusedly. "Doc Herrick and Virge was talkin' in the street and he—Smith—he took, and skipped! They're lookin' for him everywhere, but—and the doctor says his heart's terrible weak! What'll we do, Lyddie?"

"Don't speak so loud, for one thing," rejoined Miss Claghorn. "You'll wake Simon. You haven't got any more sense, Obed, than a block of wood."

IV

THAT night, Miss Lydia, lying in her bed up-stairs, was aroused by something. She did not know what it was, and she propped herself on an elbow, listening. In the distance, a church-clock boomed the hour melodiously. She thought that perhaps it was the bell which had aroused her; and she gazed drowsily around the moon-lit room, and at the little boy, in an old-fashioned crib beside her.

Abruptly, a crazed and metallic voice rasped shrilly from the hall below.

"I shall have him! I shall go up!"

Miss Lydia heard Obed's muffled, breathless reply.

"You oughtn't go—she mustn't see you—wait, you oughtn't—"

There were the sounds of rapid footsteps, of a panting man, of a heavy fall on the landing, close to her threshold.

She staggered to the door, opened it, and went out into the hall.

Obed, with a flickering candle, was half-way up the stairs. But Miss Lydia hardly saw Obed. She looked down upon the black-bearded, wondrously peaceful face of one who lay, lifeless forever, at her feet.

"Cromwell? Is it—is it Cromwell, Obed?"

"Ay, 'tis Cromwell," Obed moaned.

He lumbered to the landing, and knelt clumsily beside his brother, and bent low over the peaceful face.

"Gone, Lyddie—he's gone. Herrick told me he couldn't live, hidin' out there on the moors. I guessed somehow, he'd come to the old house 'afore he died—but I didn't want you to find out. I aimed to smuggle him off-island. I kind o' wish now—wish he'd seen his boy again."

"His boy? Simon?"

Obed nodded.

"Cromwell's wife went wicked, two years back, Lyddie, and run off, and he got reckless—took to drinkin'. He was workin' down to the island on that lumber schooner. Don't take on, Lyddie, don't feel that—"

He choked miserably, and Miss Lydia reeled against the wainscoting.

"His boy?" she reiterated.

"Our boy, if you like," Obed said.

"There needn't anybody ever know who his daddy was. We can keep the square as proud as ever, if you like."

"Obed, you're the best—the dearest—"

Miss Lydia choked, too, and turned away to the window at the head of the stair-case.

Across the street, lanterns bobbed excitedly, as if carried by a searching-party; a door slammed; and a shirt-sleeved arm pointed at the Claghorn porch.

Her brimming eyes fell upon the wooden image, opposite the house. Softened ineffably by the faint moonlight, the woman in the spiked crown seemed not to frown. Her silvery face was glorified, like that of a sculptured angel seen by night in a cathedral nave.

"Let everybody know, Obed," said Miss Lydia. "I want the whole island should know that you're the finest, forgivin'est Claghorn that ever breathed. Let's have 'em all know how love is got to be the empress of Figurehead Square."

IN LINE OF DUTY

BY EDWIN L. SABIN

SURVEYING the perspiring brute in his customary perplexed fashion, the old doctor ran his fingers through his unhygienic whiskers.

The whiskers did not matter much for a country doctor in the mountains; but the horse did. It was a handsome animal. He had bought it (applied on an ancient bill of "services rendered") from Davis the rancher over beyond Ute Creek. Davis had bluffly warranted the beast sound and willing and a good driver. So it was. But the doctor seemed to be a better judge of fractures and babies than of horses.

Prince turned out, if sound in body, unsound in temperament, wilful rather than willing, and a good driver when permitted to do the driving. No; he was no horse for an old country doctor of seventy.

Therefore, now regarding the brute, finally unharnessed after a perilous excursion which had landed the doctor in a state of nervous collapse worse than that of the patient whom he was visiting, the grizzled veteran rubbed his chin.

"I didn't think it," he mused, bewildered. "I didn't think that even Davis would play me such a trick. Confound him!"

Since the death of his wife the old doctor had lived on with his housekeeper in the same white cottage at the edge of town. Mrs. Brown was as plain as her name. She had been a mill-camp cook and a rancher's wife, and out of her Western experiences she knew horses. So now, coming in, the old doctor met the expected criticism.

"The first time I see that man Davis I'm going to tell him he ought to be ashamed of himself, putting off such a horse on an old man like you!" she announced roundly. "Nearly run away with you, didn't he?"

"N-no," denied the doctor, washing his hands at the sink. "Little wild, is all."

"Wild!" snorted Mrs. Brown. "Yes. I should rather say so. That horse isn't half broke. Davis himself couldn't hardly drive him, I hear. If I were you I'd make him take him back. Applying him on that bill! Huh! 'Twarn't no way to do."

Out of meekness and wisdom the doctor did not reply. A bargain was a bargain—or ought to be; and even if, under the circumstances, his conscience would O. K. his repudiation of the deal, a certain stubborn pride had forbidden. But he was aware that his guardian, the dutiful Mrs. Brown, held him in strong disapproval, and that all the town would view him indulgently. Confound Davis; confound him! To foist off a bad horse on an old man who had saved the lives of himself and his wife and his children—aye, and hadn't received a cent therefor.

The hot, quick sun passed the line-mark of noon and headed on as if to carry the light to the other side of the mountains. In his chair on the little front porch the doctor peacefully dozed off, a bandanna handkerchief over his face. He had learned thus to sleep between times. Of late he had required more sleep.

Clatter of galloping hoofs sounded in the street, but only the cessation thereof, at his gate, aroused him. 'Twas not the passing, but the halting, that was his signal.

He blinked hard and recognized the man who, having flung the lines over the post, was shambling up the short walk. Tall, lean, small-headed, his scraggly, unwholesome mustache stained with tobacco-juice, this was Davis.

"Doc! Can you come right away?"

"Where?"

"Out to the ranch."

"What's the matter?"

Davis stated, badly but anxiously. The case had aspect serious.

"How long'll it take you to hitch up?" he repeated.

"Just a moment. Wait." The doctor was scribbling on his pad. "Here. You go with this to the drug-store. They'll have it in stock. And when you get home—" and rapidly, but clearly, he outlined to Davis an emergency treatment.

"Yes. I'll go ahead, then. You know the way?"

"Out to the ranch, isn't it?"

"Yes. Sure. You know, I guess. But the horse'll take you there. He'll remember." And vaulting into his saddle, Davis galloped away.

The horse! He could persist in recommending the horse, could he? Well!

Alert, but irritated, the doctor bestirred himself. He hastened into the office for his instruments and other equipment. Mrs. Brown called through to him.

"Was that Davis again?"

"Yes," admitted the doctor with rising inflection, and bustling busily.

"Wants you out to the ranch?"

"Yes."

"Clear out there! Suppose you're going."

"Yes," confessed the doctor for the third time.

"Humph! You do beat all," scolded Mrs. Brown, appearing in the doorway. "Why didn't you just simply tell him that horse isn't safe, and you've got no way of getting out there. 'Twould have served him right."

"Oh, I can drive the horse," hastily defended the doctor. "This is a case that won't bear waiting long."

"Well, at least when you do get there you can tell him what you think of him. You make him keep the horse. I'd like to see and tell him."

"I will," asserted the old doctor, suddenly firing up over the way in which he was being imposed upon. "I'll tell him. By George, we'll have some sort of an understanding."

"Don't you forget now," warned Mrs. Brown after him.

No, he would not forget; and almost angrily he tossed his cases into the buggy and proceeded to harness up. During his whirl through the town while bystanders stared and applauded, his vexation did not evaporate any. Hanging hard to the vicious animal, he grimly set his teeth.

"Let her go, doc!" yelped a delighted irrepressible.

The foot-hills beyond town were tawny

and clear, but the range behind them was early wearing its nightcaps of cloud. The Davis ranch would be a good sixteen miles over the first divide and well-nigh into the range itself. He ought to make it before dusk.

The horse pulled strongly and, as usual, soon the old doctor's arms were aching. There was the nervous strain, too, besides the strain upon muscles. The pesky brute shied where appeared nothing at which to shy; and he seemed constantly to have a break-away up his metaphorical sleeve. Never a moment that he did not require watching.

As the miles were spasmodically reeled off, the old doctor found himself waxing more and more incensed. To be inflicted with such a horse on an errand of mercy to the very culprit, was rather more than even the spirit of country doctor should stand.

He mentally rehearsed over and over the speech that should make Davis ashamed, or sorry, or mad.

As gradually they climbed, the cloud-line dropped to meet them. It portended an early night and a wet one. The sun dimmed; and at the top of the divide the fog, as a soft mass, clogged eyes and ears, and subdued even the horse. While they lost time the doctor might ease his aching wrists and breathe another anathema against Davis.

They should be descending into the valley where awaited the ranch and the patient; but the road continued, with every fresh turn another disappointment. It was a lonely trail, particularly in the fog. Fain would the doctor have met somebody, of whom to inquire distance.

He noted a set of bars, closing a road leading off to one side, which had recently been traveled by a vehicle. The doctor pulled up short, and tying his horse to the fence entered through the bars to ask questions. A half-mile of anxious trudging amidst the wetness and the vagueness brought him against a deserted claim-cabin, tightly boarded. Whoever had come in ahead of him also had gone out again. With muttered denouncement of himself for his error the doctor retraced his steps.

He arrived by the bars just at the psychological moment to send his horse careering down the road, dragging the buggy and leaving the remnant of the

hitching-strap. Off he went, first at trot, then, as the doctor, running after, yelled whoa, at a gallop.

Out of breath, puffing, the doctor must slacken and walk. The buggy had disappeared, taking his medicines and his instruments with it. He plodded anxiously on, hoping that the horse might stop of his own accord, or be stopped by somebody or something. Perspiring, angry, dismayed, the doctor put best foot forward, but the trail ever opened unfrequented, and presently he found himself trudging along in the dusk.

The country was strange to him. By all the gods of war, but he was lost! Timber skirted both sides of the trail; upon either hand rolled away the darkening, misted hills. Now thunder boomed amidst the wooded heights. It was not a pleasant situation for any traveler; and vexed beyond measure, the doctor berated Davis and the horse, and himself for being a fool.

The prospect of spending such a night in the open was not attractive to him, old campaigner that he had been. However, he could descry no beckoning light; he could descry not a sign of human habitation. A fitful volley of large drops pricked him to doing something definite; hastily veering to his left he sought in the timber for the first low-branching spruce that offered shelter. In the darkening depths he found it, and under it he crept. The night and the rain closed about him.

The quarters were close; the treacherous fronds leaked ever in new spots; and he spent miserable hours, now dozing and anon squirming fretfully to strike better position. An old man cramped and crimped and bedraggled, at tardy dawn forth he crawled into the promise of sunshine. All the timber was wet, high and low, and he was much relieved when, heading at random, he emerged at last upon the open sod.

Now he knew where he was. At least, he thought he did. The fog and the dark had substituted for his country a changeling; but the faithful sun had brought his bearings back again. He recognized that mountain yonder. The road to town ran along its base. He saw the road. Good! He had chance of release from his difficulties.

A team, drawing a wagon, jogged into view, the team of a rancher bound, like as not, for town. The doctor, hurrying, felt

his star to be in the ascendent. It was impossible for him to get to the Davises; impossible. He, an old man, ought not to be called upon to imperil himself with a horse like that. Davis had only his own rascality to blame. Yes, they must do without him, by Jupiter. And as he hurried on he protested hotly.

At his gesture the approaching wagon halted. The doctor, climbing through the fence, hailed pantingly:

"Good morning."

"Good morning."

He was being eyed curiously.

"What road is this?"

"This is the Ophir road. Going to town? Get aboard."

"Where's the Davis ranch, then?"

"The Davis ranch? Why, that's about three miles back."

"Thanks."

The wagon rolled on in the one direction; the doctor hastened on in the other. He was not surprised by his unpremeditated course. It had been the logical thing to do. He was nerved up to demonstrate to Davis what he thought of him. The hour was opportune. Davis? Confound Davis!

Meantime, what of Mrs. Davis, the patient? Well, no matter. But how had they got along without him he wondered? Panting onward, suddenly he caught himself worrying. Tut tut! That would not do. Fifty years of doctoring should have taught him not to worry over patients. He was not now the ministering angel, anyway; he was the avenging angel, by heavens! Let Davis mark, see, hear, and learn what dependence upon such a horse meant to a doctor and an old man.

The rods flowed past; but the miles were long after a night under a spruce and a morning without breakfast. Wasn't that the Davis place, around this last turn? Yes, he was certain of it: the yellow house set a quarter of a mile from the road, at the farther end of a lane through the hayland.

He was figuring again, reviewing the possibilities of the case (Mrs. Davis's case), and hoping that all had gone, or was going right. Well, tut! If he was too late he was too late—but not, he trusted, too late for asserting his own claims.

The Davis place it was. He turned in at the lane and walked rapidly down and through the yard. Everything was quiet,

as if no great event of life or death had preceded him. The front door was closed, and he knocked in vain; so he passed around, to hear singing in the kitchen.

It was a stranger woman there. The doctor stammered, taken aback:

"Don't the Davises live here?"

"No, sir. They moved out three months ago."

"Where?"

"Why, it's about six miles from here, on the crossroad. Are—are you the doctor?"

"Yes. Have you got a phone?"

"No, sir."

"Got a horse?"

"No, sir; not here. My son, he took one team and went to town, and the other team's hired out. My husband's over at Davis's now."

"Didn't see anything of a horse and buggy, did you?"

"Yes, sir. Was that yours? We thought it was Davis's. My husband found it at the gate early, when he went out; it had a doctor's case in it and he didn't know what to do, so's he took it all over to Davis's."

"Thunder!" muttered the doctor, seeing red again. "Davis didn't tell me he'd moved. Six miles? Which direction?"

"It's on the crossroad, going south from the main road. We usually short-cut around that hill yonder and save quite a bit."

"Thank you. Good day."

"Won't you stop and have something to eat?" called the woman, aroused.

Trudging off, the doctor shook his head over his shoulder.

The short-cut, if such it might be styled, was no sinecure of a trail for tired feet and empty stomach and seventy years. But the impatience of anxious physician supplemented the zest of outraged man; and each restored the flagging energies of the other. Nevertheless, when the doctor descended the hill to the Davises' new ranch he staggered a bit in his sturdy stride.

The horse—that *damnable* horse—still attached to the buggy, was standing at the fence in front of the house. Without pausing to seize his case, the doctor pushed through the swinging gate. The door of the house was opened to his hand, and he stared questioningly at Davis.

"Well, doc! What happened to you?"

"What happened to me? What—your confounded horse — no matter yet," croaked the old doctor, gamely. "What's happened here, I want to know?"

"You're so darned late, we had to get along without you," accused Davis. "But I guess it's all right."

"All right! Where is she?"

Davis grinned and nodded.

"In there. Say, doc," he added in lower tone, "you ain't goin' to charge me up for this visit, are you? You didn't *get* here."

"We'll talk about that, and some other matters, when I come out," rebuked the doctor.

He must postpone his excoriations; and, disregarding Davis he slipped on into the adjoining room.

Here was a sallow-faced woman in bed. Here were two other women, earnestly gazing.

"Well, if it ain't Dr. Powers, after all!" exclaimed the one. "Doctor, you're late. What kept you? Must have had an accident."

"Accident! That confounded—" he began angrily, conscious of his appearance and presumptive guilt. But he was not permitted to finish. Something interrupted—the high-pitched cry of an infant; and the dull face on the pillow turned toward him languidly, and invitingly.

"Well, well," he managed to say.

Advancing, he deftly folded back the covers. There it was—wrinkled and red and helpless. His hot anger melted into chagrin. He had been forestalled. But—but he could not blame *it* or her. He was too late. The proof was undeniable.

He mechanically took the patient's wrist for her pulse.

"Feeling all right?" he queried, closely scanning the face.

The patient nodded, and gently smiled.

"Boy?" he asked.

The patient shook her head.

"Girl," she whispered.

"She wanted a girl. *He* wanted a *boy*," one of the women informed him.

Wanly the patient smiled. The baby piped. The others looked on.

There were, of course, some details remaining, some instructions to be given, even if he had been too late; for he was a careful old doctor. Davis clumped in; several tow-headed children sidled after.

"All right, doc?"

"As far as I can tell. Everything seems so."

"What'd you do? Get lost?"

The doctor's choler rose. He felt his face reddening with righteous wrath.

"You didn't tell me you'd moved."

"Pshaw, now. Didn't I?" answered Davis. "Well, I'd ought to. Say, doc," he asked, "what's a feller to do when he wants a boy and all he gets is a girl?"

"It's too late to do anything except make the best of it."

"She wanted it," reasserted one of the women.

"Oh, *she* wanted it," granted Davis contemptuously. Anybody might have thought, from the tone being used, that the woman in the bed could not understand plain English. "Wanted it to help about the housework, she said. Wanted a girl. But God Almighty, where do I come in on the deal? She can do the work, I reckon. But what you want on a ranch is boys. They're the handy kids."

"You've got two growin' up," one of the two women reminded him.

"Yes, and I could use a dozen."

"Well, she wanted *one* girl."

"She's got it," growled Davis. "There it is."

The woman in the bed had been listening, with eyes traveling from speaker to speaker. Now she beckoned, and the doctor went forward to her. Suddenly, gazing down into the sallowness, the lineaments so oft emptied of hope, the doctor in a moment read a full history of married life. She whispered:

"Did the horse run away with you?"

"Aw, don't insult the doc," rebuked Davis. "Look at here, doc. She said I ought not to sell you that horse. It's been troublin' her, jest because she was afraid to drive him. All he did was break his hitchin'-strap, didn't he, and make for home?"

"It's run away with me," pursued the woman—and the two other women, at the corner of the doctor's eye, appeared to nod confirmation. "You must take it back, John. Can't you? Tain't fair."

"Then you'll drive him again, by jiminy!" retorted Davis with an ugly laugh. "I've got use for my other horses. Understand that."

Her faded eyes widened, as in awakening terror. She seemed instinctively to clutch tightly the babe beside her.

"No, sir-ee," spoke at once the old doctor. "A bargain's a bargain. The horse is mine. I like it."

"But it'll run away with you, doctor," quavered the woman.

"No, no, it won't," the doctor assured her.

"Jest because she's afraid of him herself she thinks everybody ought to be afraid of him," announced Davis, rudely sarcastic. "She's too blamed timid, anyhow; and if the horse comes back she'll have to drive him, or walk. Understand? But the doctor ain't complainin'. Are you, doc? Our accounts are square now. I ain't got ready money for no doctor bills. He's a good enough horse, soon as you get used to him."

"No, your wife must not worry over that," asserted the doctor. "A bargain's a bargain, and I've got the horse. He's a splendid horse; suits me exactly. She can't have him back. She can't work me that way," and he laughed. "And—she—must—not—worry. Wait until the young men begin flocking about to carry off that daughter!"

She stared up questioningly at him. In all candor, with the ingenuousness from fifty years' practise in dissembling, he gazed back.

She sighed, almost happily.

"I guess you're speakin' the truth," she whispered. "I'll not worry, then." And with a smile on her thin lips, she closed her eyes to sleep.

The doctor hastily tiptoed out. Davis followed.

"You agreed not to charge for this trip, didn't you?" he hazarded brazenly. "But you'd better wait for noon and get somethin' to eat."

"No, not to-day. I must be going back," and the doctor continued on out to the horse and buggy.

"Well, I fed your horse, anyway," called after him Davis. "I take good care of my animals, you bet."

The doctor had slipped the halter and was in the buggy. Grasping very firmly the lines, he boldly clucked and nerved himself against the homeward trip. He had been gone a long time; he was faint and achy; he had left many things unsaid; Mrs. Brown would be watching expectantly for him, he probably was an old fool, but he rather thought that he had done his duty.

THE PASSING OF THE OLD INDIAN

BY JOHN M. OSKISON

THOUGH the reports of agents and superintendents confirm the census figures which show that the number of Indians in the United States is slowly increasing, the real Indians are disappearing. There are 395,000 individuals classified by the Bureau of Indian Affairs as Indians, though the number claiming

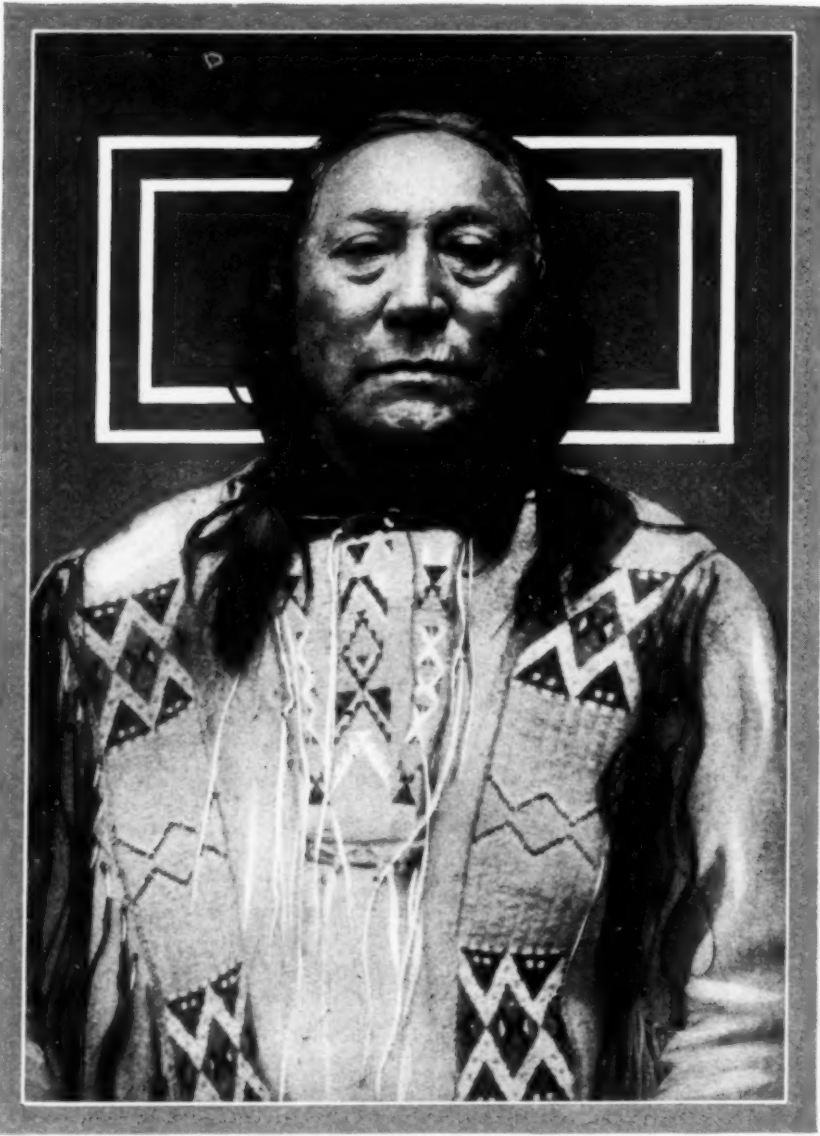
Indian citizenship by blood is not above 276,000; of that number only 150,000 are known as full-bloods—and a considerable proportion of the so-called pure blood have some admixture of white blood.

Within historical times the Indian population of the United States decreased from a total of 850,000 (the estimate of the most



AN OLDTIME BANNOCK WARRIOR AND HIS FAMILY AND THEIR PRIMITIVE HOME. THE BANNOCKS, AN OFFSHOOT OF THE SHOSHONI INDIANS, WERE ONCE A NUMEROUS TRIBE AND OCCUPIED THE REGION OF WESTERN WYOMING AND EASTERN IDAHO. TO-DAY THEY ARE FEW IN NUMBER

Courtesy of Seth K. Humphrey



HOLLOW HORN BEAR, A MODERN CHIEF OF THE SIOUX, WHO DIED MARCH 15, 1913, IN A WASHINGTON, D. C., HOSPITAL FROM PNEUMONIA, WHICH DEVELOPED FROM A COLD CAUGHT WHILE HE WAS ATTENDING THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT WILSON

Photograph by G. F. Buck, Washington, D. C.

reliable researchers) to about 250,000; and then, within the last thirty years, there has come a slow increase—not of the old, pure-blood Indians, but of the mixed-bloods who make up the larger portion of the race as it is constituted to-day.

The Indian birth rate is lower than that for all races (the figures are 30.2 and 35.1

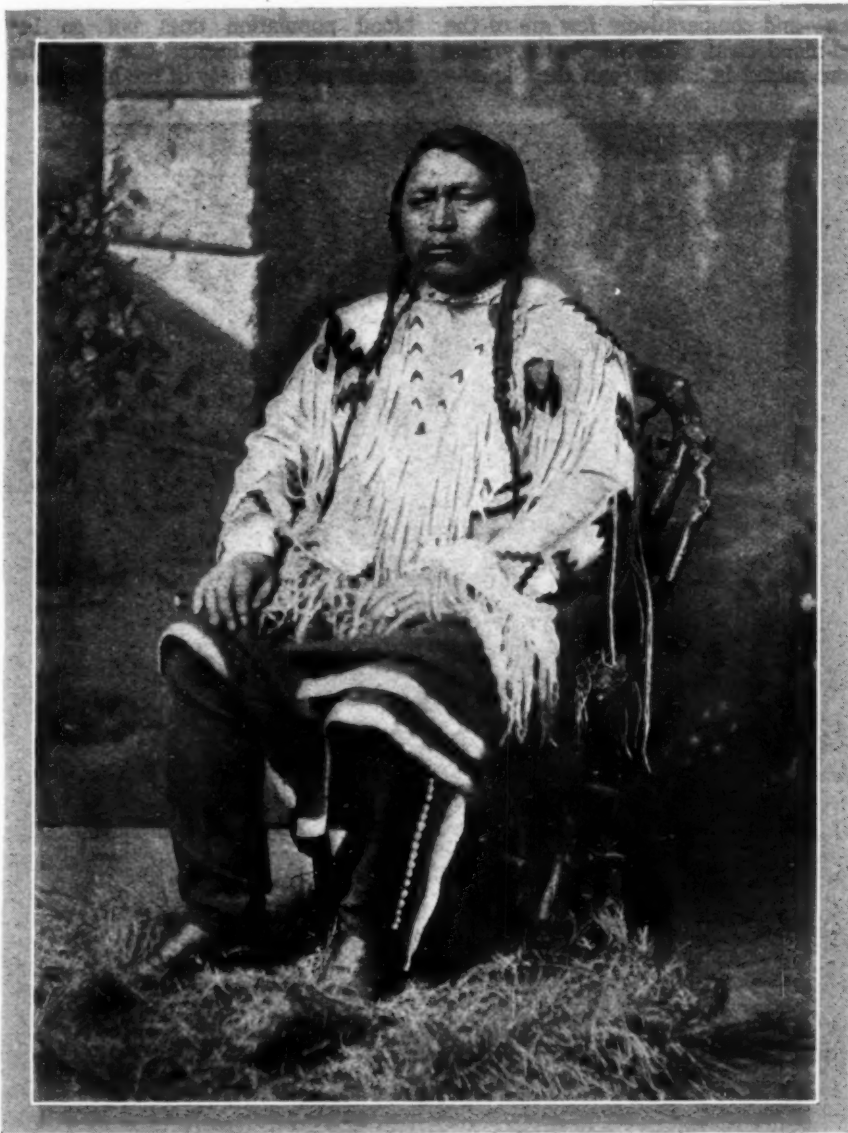
per thousand), and the Indian death rate is much higher (24 as compared with 15 per thousand). This is true of the birth and death rate of to-day. Of course, after their first contact with the whites, epidemics of smallpox and other contagious diseases, tuberculosis, whisky, starvation and the results of warfare swept the In-

dians away at a rate ten times higher than the normal.

Making up his estate to-day, the Indian holds possession of 161 reservations with an area of about 55,000,000 acres; the government holds in trust for him \$42,000,000; his timber lands are valued at over \$84,000,000; mineral wealth on the

reservations has been as yet only roughly estimated—it probably exceeds \$100,000,000. In land and personal property, the Indian is worth about \$680,000,000.

Ninety tribes have survived the quick changes which have come over the Indians since they have been compelled to adjust themselves to another civilization. They



OURAY, A UTE HEAD CHIEF, OF WHOM CARL SCHURZ, WHILE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR, SAID: "HE IS THE MOST INTELLECTUAL MAN I EVER MET!"

Courtesy of Seth K. Humphrey

are scattered over thirty-six States, but twenty States hold nearly all of them. With something more than 30,000 members, the Navahos, of Arizona and New Mexico, are to-day the most numerous tribe of pure-bloods. In the last twenty-five years, their increase has been rapid and their prosperity great; and their contact with the whites has been slight. Among the various Sioux groups are counted about 28,000—and comparatively few are of the mixed-blood class. The Chippewa groups—more mixed in blood than the Sioux—

number 17,000; on half a dozen reservations live about 6,000 Apaches and the same number of Papagos—both tribes still retaining practically untouched their Indian traditions and blood.

Largest of all in actual numbers, the Cherokees of Oklahoma are the most advanced in the process of amalgamation. Of the more than 31,000 blood members of that tribe, a liberal estimate of the full-blood population does not go beyond 5,000; and an educated Cherokee who has made a careful study of the histories of the



RED CLOUD, THE LAST OF THE GREAT OGALALA SIOUX CHIEFS. IN 1865 HE LED 2,000 MEN AGAINST THE WHITES, BUT HE DIED IN 1909, AGED 87. A STANCH SUPPORTER OF PEACE

Courtesy of Seth K. Humphrey

principal families in the tribe says that there are not a hundred Cherokees in whose veins some white blood does not flow. Nearly as much mixed are the others of the Five Tribes—the Choctaws, with a membership of 26,600, the Chickasaws, with 11,000, the Creeks, with 18,700, and the Seminoles of Oklahoma, with 3,100.

What a century of close association with whites has done to destroy the Indian identity of the Five Civilized Tribes, another half-century will have accomplished with practically every tribe in the United States. Already the old type of Indian—the plains leader and camp-fire statesman, the mighty hunter and the poet-keeper of legends—has gone; and in two more generations the Indian as a distinctive person will be all but a memory.

Thirty years of the reservation system has seen the inglorious passing of the old Indian. He was rounded in from the plains and the mountains, a man of resources, of energy, of character. He sat idle on the reservation for a generation and more, and the stages of degeneration he passed through left him a soiled relic of his old self.

But out of the corrupt soil of the reservation system has grown a new type of Indian—the one who intermarries with his white neighbor, who goes to school, raises cattle and horses, opens up and cultivates farms, learns a white man's trade and works at it. More than 200,000 Indians live on individual allotments of land, more



ANOTHER PICTURE OF RED CLOUD, SHOWING HIS STRONG PROFILE. AS A WARRIOR HE STOOD FIRST AMONG HIS PEOPLE. HE ROSE TO THE CHIEFTAINCY BY SHEER ABILITY AND WAS A DELEGATE TO WASHINGTON SEVERAL TIMES IN HIS CEASELESS FIGHT TO WIN FOR THE INDIANS THEIR RIGHTS

Photograph by Paul Thompson, New York

than 40,000 are voters, and 194,000 are taxed and occupy permanent homes. Today the government agents report that 70,000 Indians are farmers and stock raisers; and 8,700 are in government employ. Fewer than fifty per cent of the whole Indian population are illiterate, and not quite twenty-five per cent are as yet unable to talk or understand English. For the education of the rising generation of



A GROUP OF PRESENT DAY OLD MEN AT THE SEGER, OKLAHOMA, MISSION. THEY ARE OF THE SOUTHERN CHEYENNE AND ARAPAHO TRIBES, AND ARE FARMERS AND CATTLE RAISERS

Indians the government spends \$4,000,000 a year and supports 111 boarding schools and 223 day schools. Various churches and religious societies conduct fifty-seven Indian schools; in all, 58,000 Indian children are in school; and more would be if there were more schools.

In another ten years, 90 per cent of all our Indians will have become tax-payers; politically, their absorption into American life will then be nearly complete. Another generation ought to see the end of the reservation system.

So, the American Indian is entering upon the final stage of his history; and what a lurid, picturesque history it has been!

His very origin is deep hidden in the mists of guesses and traditions. The romanticist has had his turn in explaining the presence on this continent of the Indian, and the scientists have delved to no purpose.

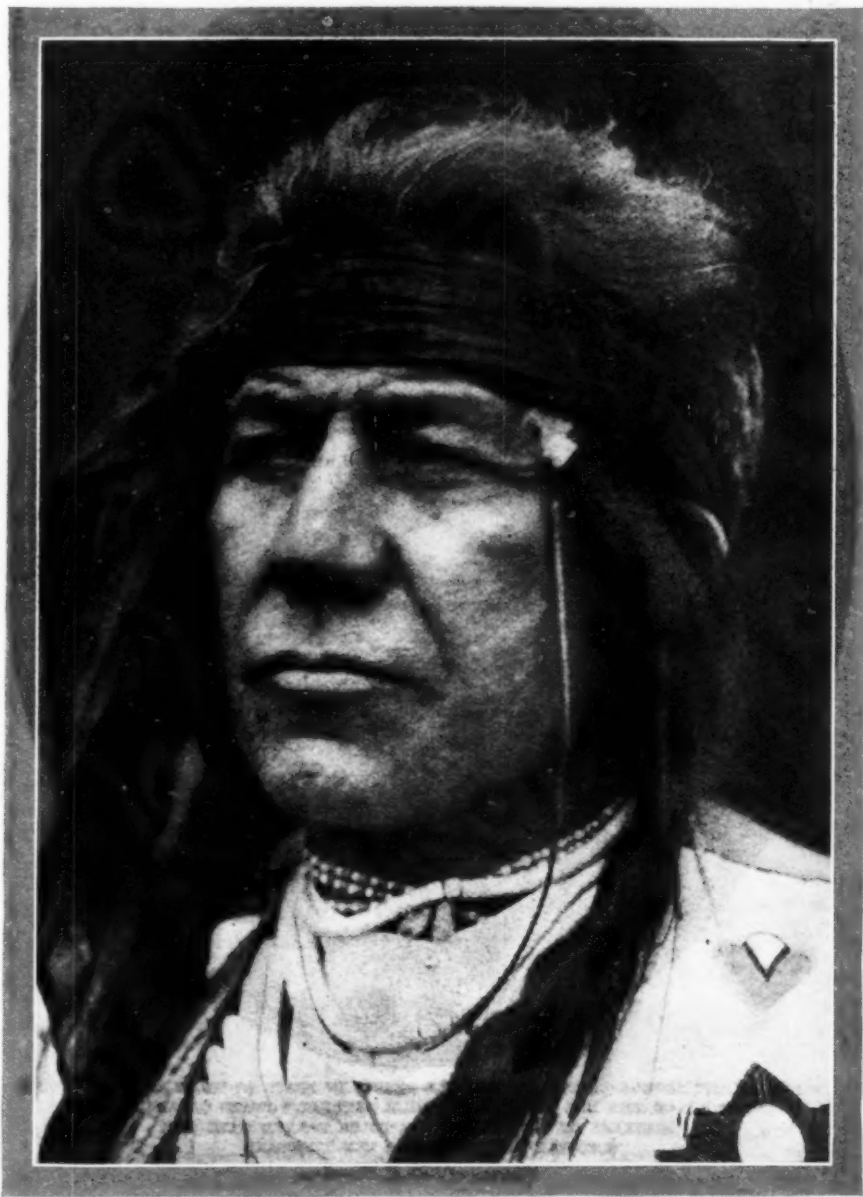
First of those who published their speculations about the origin of the In-

dians were those who sought piously to discover among them traces of the "lost tribes of Israel"—and that theory was promulgated as early as the discovery that the newly found continent was not connected with Asia.

How could they get here, and who were their ancestors? Two intensely interesting questions. Explorers found customs, scraps of ceremonials, fragments of speech which seemed to point to an Oriental origin; very early in American history a Welsh preacher said that he had found certain Indians who knew his language, and an attempt was made to trace across the continent the evidence to establish a claim that Prince Madoc established a Welsh colony in North America as early as 1170, and to show that the Indians came from that stock. By other explorers and theorists their origin has been traced to the Irish, the Greeks, Phœnecians, Polynesians, Australasians, the Japanese, the Chinese.

One of the theories which has persisted is that the Indians are of Asiatic origin, that they crossed the Behring Strait and flowed down across what is now Alaska and the Dominion of Canada. Among

various tribes, traditions tell of migrations from indefinite directions at periods so remote that nothing but vague memories have survived. But at the end of every path of investigation the scientific searcher



CRANE-IN-THE-SKY, A MODERN LEADER OF THE CROW TRIBE. HE IS ONE WHO IS INDUCING HIS PEOPLE TO TAKE UP MODERN TOOLS AND BECOME A PART OF THE CIVILIZATION OF THEIR DAY

Photograph by Paul Thompson, New York

has found—nothing but theory! Similarities of language are wholly accidental; and the world-student of racial development

Whatever his origin, the old Indian became an individual forceful and picturesque. He appealed to the sympathy and

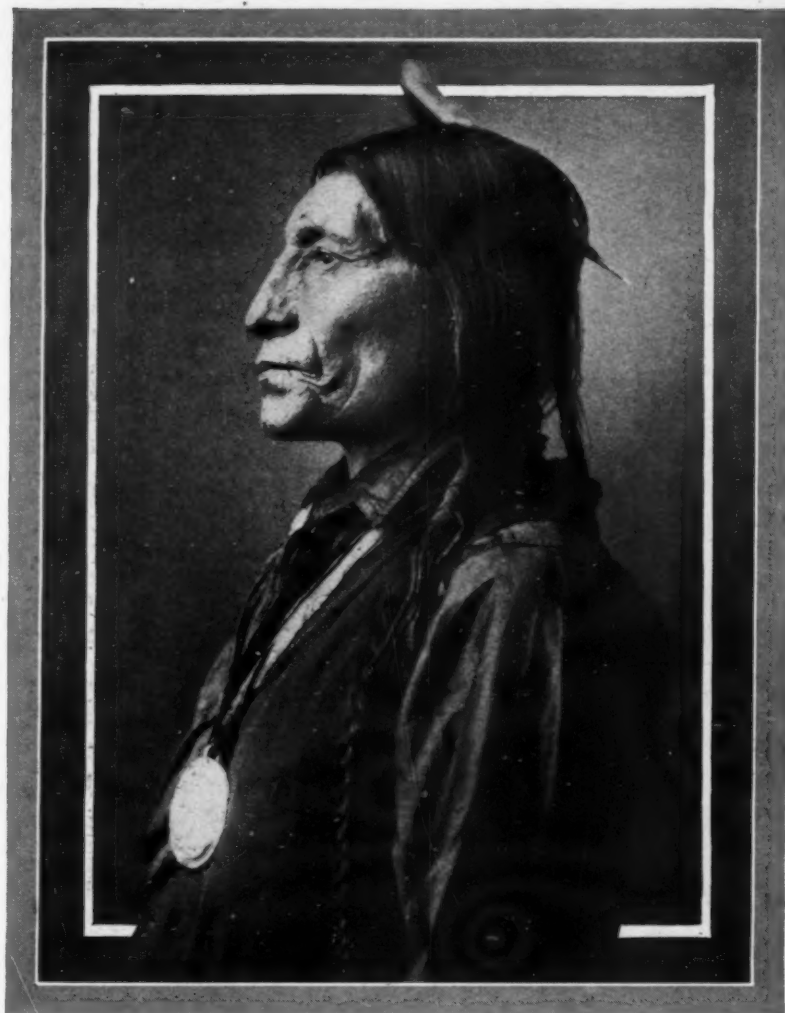


CHIEF JOSEPH, FAMOUS LEADER OF THE NEZ PERCÉS IN PEACE AS WELL AS IN WAR. HIS CONDUCT OF THE NEZ PERCÉS' 1,000-MILE RETREAT TOWARD CANADA IN THE OUTBREAK OF 1877 IS WORTHY TO BE RANKED WITH THE RETREAT OF XENOPHON'S TEN THOUSAND

Courtesy of Seth K. Humphrey

finds that similar institutions, and even industrial products develop among similarly placed people at opposite ends of the earth.

to the imagination alike. From Dekanawida, who with Hiawatha founded the confederation of the five Iroquoian tribes in the



A CHEYENNE CHIEF OF STRIKING COUNTENANCE. ORIGINALLY AN AGRICULTURAL TRIBE LIVING EAST OF THE MISSOURI, THE CHEYENNES (FROM THE SIOUX WORD "SHAHI-YENA," MEANING PEOPLE OF ALIEN SPEECH), WERE FORCED WEST BY THE SIOUX, WHO, IN TURN RETREATED BEFORE THE CHIPPEWAS' FIREARMS. DRIVEN TO THE PLAINS, THE CHEYENNES BECAME NOTED AS BUFFALO HUNTERS

Courtesy of Seth K. Humphrey

fifteenth century, to Red Cloud, last survivor of the strong Sioux leaders, who died in 1909, the race has furnished real statesmen and strong war captains. In the American Revolution, the names of Red Jacket, Cornplanter, and Joseph Brant (Thayendanege) became known as those of a great orator, a great war chief, and a great peacemaker respectively. It was Red Jacket who said:

"The Indians can never be civilized;

they are not like white men. . . . We are few and weak, but may for a long time be happy if we hold fast to our country and the religion of our fathers." Throughout his life Red Jacket stood firm for the right of the Indians to go on living as their forefathers had lived.

A century earlier (in 1675-76), Metacom, son of Massasoit, led the Indians of New England against the Colonists in a desperate and all but successful attempt to



A PROFILE WHOSE EVERY LINE SHOWS STRENGTH—LITTLE WOLF, A CHEYENNE CHIEF—ONE OF THE PARTY OF NORTHERN CHEYENNES WHO, IN THE WINTER OF 1878-79, FOUGHT THEIR WAY OUT OF THE FORT RENO RESERVATION, IN INDIAN TERRITORY, WHERE THEY HAD BEEN COLONIZED. LITTLE WOLF IS THE TYPE OF THE INDIAN WHO IS PASSING

Photograph by Paul Thompson, New York

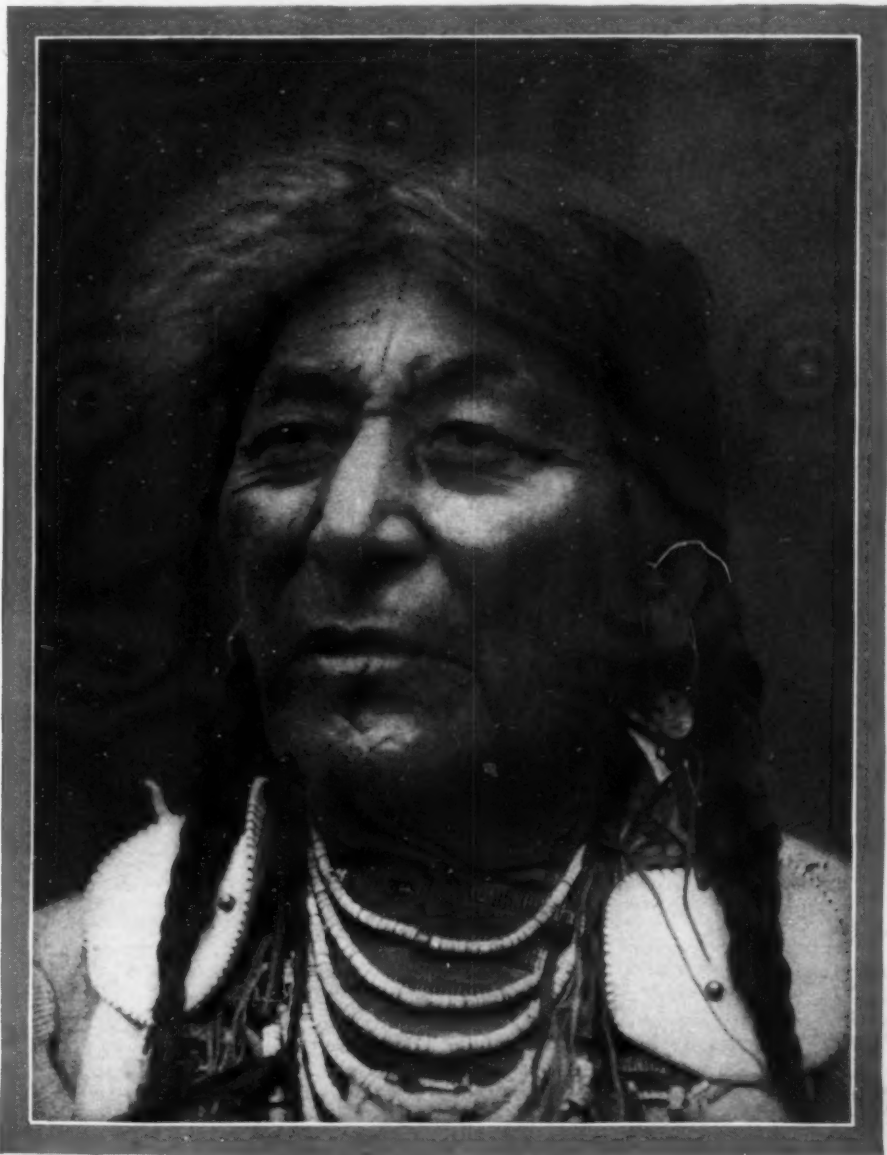
exterminate the whites. Because of his qualities of leadership he came to be known to the whites—and to later history—as King Philip. For nine years before King Philip opened his campaign against the Colonists, whom he regarded as hostile invaders, he remained friendly in order to study with care the strength, resources and location of every settlement. When his plans were ready, and he had completed

the formation of a confederacy of tribes, he struck swiftly and hard. Almost simultaneously, fifty-two of the ninety towns of the Colonists were attacked, and twelve were completely destroyed. Philip's failure to exterminate the Colonists was due to treachery amongst his followers—through that one failure, he missed setting up for a time a real Indian kingdom on the ashes of the destroyed towns.

Osceola, the Seminole leader in the war of 1835, was seized under a flag of truce by the soldiers of the United States who had been driven back time after time by his warriors; and after three years of imprisonment died at the age of thirty-five—not before a blaze of public indignation

was kindled against his captors and his own name made an inspiration to the Indians who later fought to drive back a civilization they hated and feared.

Tecumseh, like Philip, was another Indian who dreamed of a great confederation of tribes which should be powerful



ANOTHER STRONG FACE—PLENTY COOS, A CHIEF OF THE CROW TRIBE. HIS NAME IS A CORRUPTION OF "PLENTY COUPS" AND CELEBRATES HIS SUCCESS IN BATTLE IN MAKING "COUPS" OR TELLING BLOWS AGAINST THE ENEMY

Photograph by Paul Thompson, New York

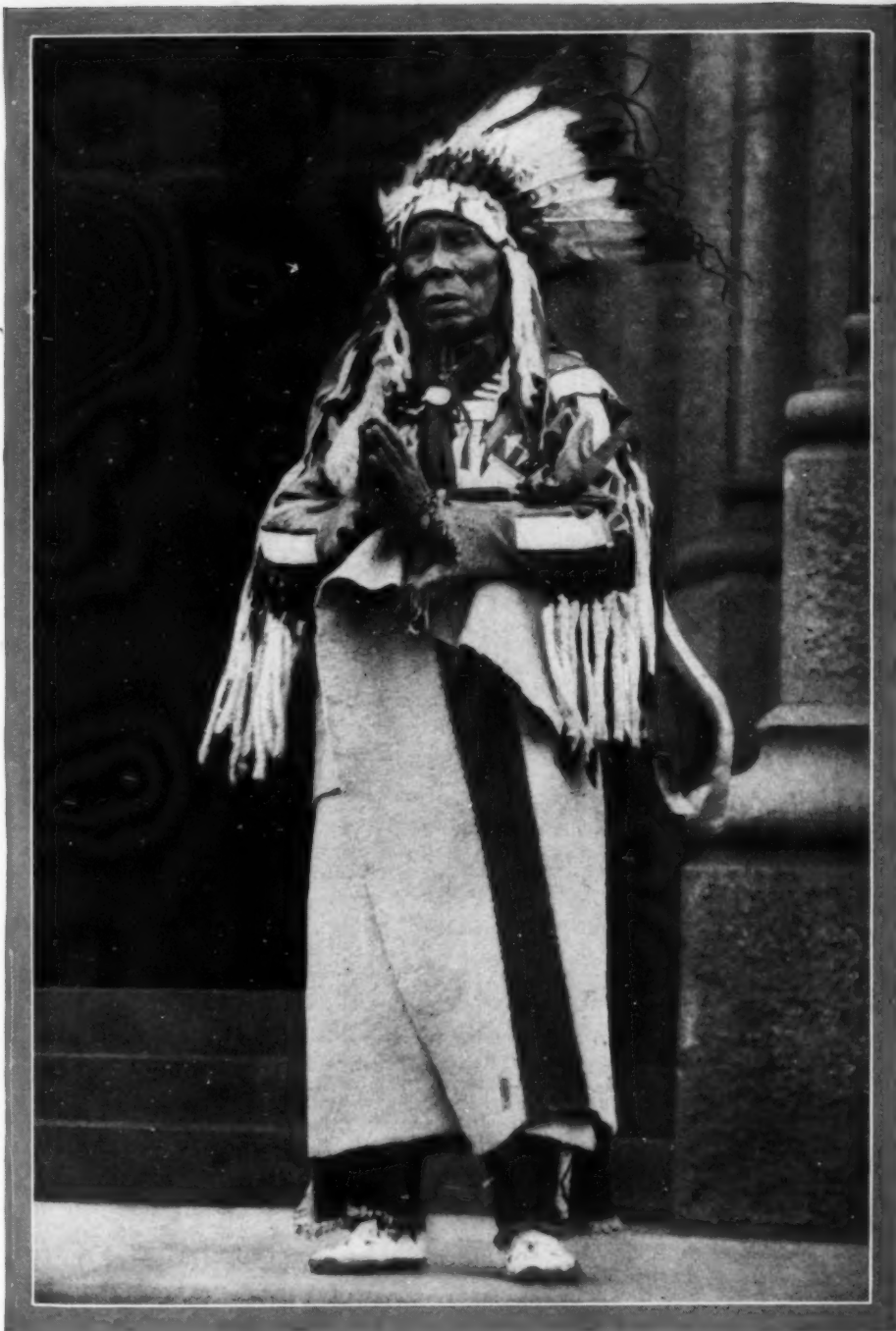


GRAY LEGGINGS, A TYPICAL COMANCHE LEADER. THE COMANCHES ARE AN OFFSHOOT OF THE SHOSHONE WHO WERE DRIVEN SOUTH BY THE SIOUX TO OCCUPY A TERRITORY EMBRACED IN COLORADO, OKLAHOMA, AND TEXAS

enough to sweep back the tide of white settlement which was drowning his people. His plan was frustrated by the premature action of his brother, Tenskwatawa the Prophet; and thereafter he fought with the British against the Americans in the War of 1812. He was killed in battle at the age of forty-five.

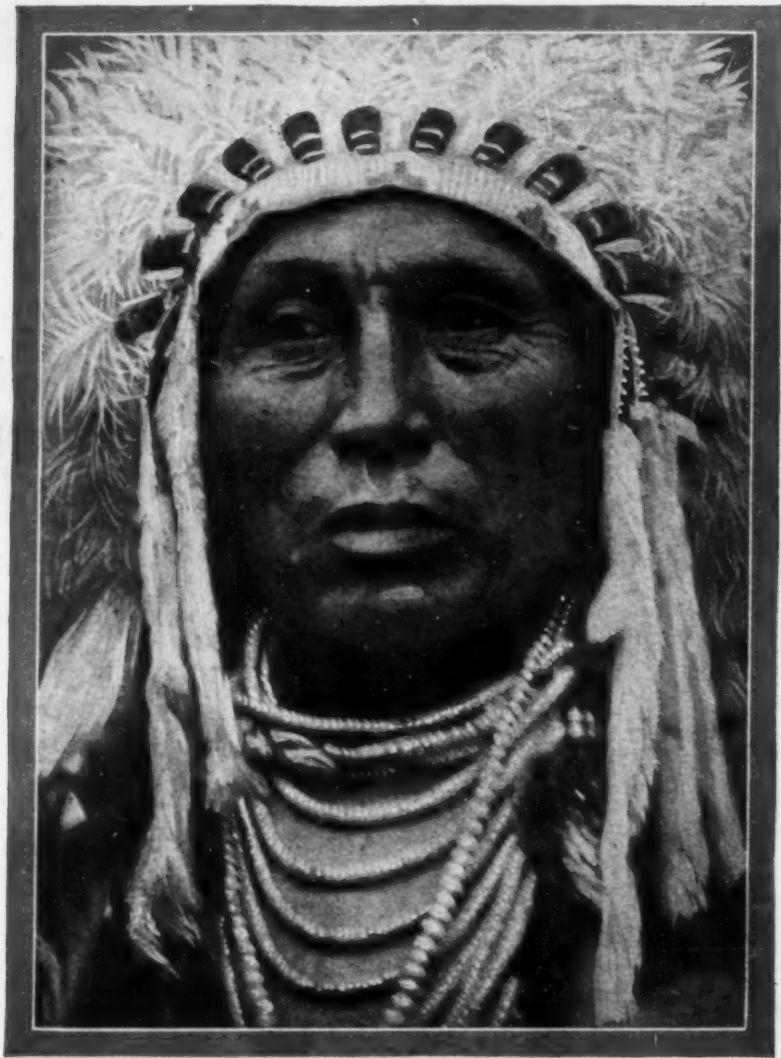
Another Indian of marked ability as a

war leader who undertook to gather into a confederation the tribes of the Mississippi Valley was Black Hawk, the Sauk. For five years, in his early manhood, he abstained from intertribal warfare in order to fit himself for spiritual leadership; but when the crisis in the affairs of his people came, he ranged himself among the enemies of the Americans and took the leadership



A STRIKING PICTURE OF A REMARKABLE FACE. BLACK BEAR, A SIOUX CHIEF WHO SURVIVED THE OUTBREAKS OF 1876 AND 1891, PRAYING ON THE STEPS OF ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, WHILE IN NEW YORK TO ATTEND THE DEDICATION OF THE INDIAN STATUE IN THE HARBOR .

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York



WHITE-MAN-RUNS-HIM—ONE OF THE SURVIVORS OF THE OLD INDIAN TYPE; THIS PICTURE WAS MADE ON THE OCCASION OF HIS VISIT TO NEW YORK WITH THE DELEGATION TO HELP DEDICATE THE HARBOR STATUE TO THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Photograph by Paul Thompson, New York

of his people away from the "friendly" Keokuk (a chief of undoubted power who was of great service to his people after peace was declared).

Down the line of great war leaders, as the nineteenth century wore on, the reader of Indian history comes upon that group of Sioux chiefs whose power was not broken until after the Custer massacre of 1876—Sitting Bull, Spotted Tail, Two

Strikes, Little Crow, and the rest. So effectively were the Sioux led in their long warfare with the whites that a saying has grown up in the Indian service that the tribes, like the Sioux, that fought hardest against the government have won better treatment than those who were friendly. "Homeric children" is a term applied to the old Indians by a United States Commissioner of Education. It is a descrip-

tion to captivate the imagination — and more accurate than most. With their sudden, vast angers and their fierce, swift reprisals, the Sioux particularly earned the title of "Homeric children." The mysteries of their medicine lodges, dependent for their effect on the childlike faith of the people, became bound up inextricably with

the matter of leadership in the hunt and in warfare.

Last of all the great war leaders came the Apaches Cochise, Mangas Colorado, and Geronimo in the Southwest, and Chief Joseph of the Oregon and Idaho Nez Percés. Cochise, who gave his name to one of the counties of Arizona, made peace in



SLOW BULL, A SIOUX CHIEF, ONE OF THE LARGE NUMBER OF WAR LEADERS WHO WERE DEVELOPED AMONG THE SIOUXAN STOCK BY GENERATIONS OF INTERTRIBAL WARFARE. THE SIOUX HELD A RICH TERRITORY AGAINST ALL COMERS

Courtesy of Seth K. Humphrey



PEDRO CAJETO, A STRONG MAN OF THE PUEBLO OF SANTA CLARA, IN NEW MEXICO. HE HAS SERVED AS GOVERNOR OF THE PUEBLO, AND HAS BEEN A POWER IN THE AFFAIRS OF THE CONFEDERATION OF PUEBLO INDIANS

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1872—ten years after his associate, Mangas Colorado, was killed. Geronimo carried forward the reckless warfare of the Arizona and New Mexico Apaches until 1886, when he was taken. He died a prisoner of war, though not confined, in 1909.

Worthy to be remembered with the retreat of Xenophon's ten thousand was the retreat led by Chief Joseph in 1877, when

with Miles in front, Howard behind, and Sturgis and his Indian scouts on his flank, the Nez Percé chief led his people (a small band, incommenced with women and children) a thousand miles toward the Canadian border. It is from the lips of the men who fought against him that the strongest tributes to his ability as a great leader were paid to Joseph.

With Chief Joseph, who died in 1904, passed the last of the great war leaders of the Indians. When the reservation system was firmly established their occupation was gone. A few professed a mild faith in the white man's civilization, and when they were convinced that it was hopeless to try to turn back the advance of the settlers, they became effective keepers of the peace among their younger and more hot-headed tribesmen. In this employment most of them spent their last years.

Great leaders of peace, real statesmen were not lacking among the old Indians. Among the first to welcome the English colonists as early as 1621 was Massasoit, of whom Drake wrote:

"He was a chief renowned more in peace than war, and was, as long as he lived, a friend to the English, notwithstanding they committed repeated usurpations upon his lands and liberties." In the history of the settlement of Ohio the name of Logan (Tah-gah-jute), a Cayuga or Mingo chief, is written large as a friend of the whites until his family was massacred; and then he turned against the settlers. Rum was the fatal gift of the whites to Logan, as it had been to Tedyusking, the great Delaware chief, diplomat, and friend of the Americans a few years before, and to many another before and since.

Debarred from following the life of a hunter by a crippling accident, a Cherokee named Sequoya (born about 1760) became a trader and silversmith. He came into contact with the whites, was impressed by their ability to make themselves understood by writing, and sat down to work out an alphabet or syllabary for his own language. Twelve years he labored at it, in his intervals of leisure, got a system which satisfied him, then set out to teach his people. They responded eagerly, and in two years (this was in 1824) a part of the Bible was printed in the Cherokee characters Sequoya had elaborated. By 1828 the Cherokees had a weekly newspaper—half of it printed in English and half in the characters which this Indian Cadmus had made familiar to his people. In his later life Sequoya became a man of power and influence in his tribe, and his counsel was potent in the settlement and political organization of Indian Territory.

Sacagawea (Bird-woman), the calm Shoshoni wife who guided Lewis and Clark across the Rockies in 1804, has been

honored by the erection of two statues—one in the City Park of Portland, Oregon, and another in the State capitol of North Dakota. A monument at Fort Washakie, Wyoming, marks the grave of another Shoshoni, Chief Washakie, who was the strongest war leader among his people in the intertribal campaigns and the strongest friend of the whites in the years when the other plains Indians were embroiled with the soldiers.

Fit to stand with those old statesmen among the Indians were three whose fame reaches up to our own generation—Red Cloud, the Sioux chief, who fought as hard for peace as any of the others for conquest; Ouray, the Ute leader whom Carl Schurz, while Secretary of the Interior, described as the most intellectual man he had ever met; and Standing Bear, the Ponca chief whose tragic story stirred the country and whose pleas for just treatment led to the famous court decision which established for the first time the Indian's right to be recognized in law as a "person."

These are a few of the names on the long roll of old Indian leaders. The list is closed—or closing.

No generalization is quite true. Here and there among the older Indians you may still find men of real influence in their tribes—like Francisco Naranjo, chief of the General Federation of Pueblo Indians in New Mexico, who has met with courage and intelligence the problems of land tenure, of taxation, and the unlawful traffic in whisky among his people. When Francisco Naranjo dies there will pass from the scene not a hopeless old man degraded by the idleness of the reservation and muttering against the injustices of the whites (a characteristic type) but one who saw clearly and tried sanely to shape the destiny of 4,000 Pueblo Indians.

Four things you must know to be a leader, said the old medicine men (who were not "healers," but moral and spiritual guides for their people). You must know that human life is sacred; you must know how to walk straight in the path of truth; you must know patience and forbearance in action; and you must know deliberation and prudence in speech. Those old ones met that test. They have passed, but their memory is left. To their successors they have handed on a wonderful standard of leadership, and to America something distinctive and admirable in type.

THE SPINSTER QUESTION

(DISCUSSION No. 3)

The interest in the spinster question is broadening out into a wide discussion. We are receiving many letters and many articles on the subject. The original paper was published in our January issue under the title "The Plaint of a Spinster," and immediately awakened broad interest. Last month we published a reply entitled "A Defense of Spinsters." We give herewith the views of three other persons, an Englishman and two women, one an American and the other a Canadian.

Most writers sending in letters and articles have read into the plaint of a spinster merely the cry of a human heart for children. This idea was perhaps over-played by the woman who wrote the article—and it was a woman, in spite of all fancies to the contrary—but her thought covered as well the question of companionship, of human interdependence and human mating.

The gist of some of the articles is that it were perfectly feasible to go out and pick up so many children from the street, as one would go out and buy so many bags of meal, thus satisfying the cravings of a woman's heart for motherhood denied. It is significant, in this connection, that no men hold to this view. Bachelor women, on the other hand, think it should be good enough, accompanied by a life devoted to charity, to human uplift, or to some definite pursuit in the world of endeavor, to satisfy the heart and soul of any woman.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE doesn't believe any such thing, and doesn't believe any woman of normal temperament and normal ideas ever holds to any such illusion. Unmarried and conscious of accumulating years, the spinster is apt to seek solace and comfort by contrasting her position with that of the matrimonial failures rather than that of the matrimonial successes, thus convincing, or trying to convince herself, that there is no life for woman like that of the bachelor woman.—*The Editor.*

AS AN ENGLISHMAN SEES IT

THE English nation is believed to be the most phlegmatic on earth, and of all its sections and ages the married man of middle class, approaching middle life, is the least likely to be attracted by maudlin, sickly sentiment. Doubtless among the many hundred thousand readers of THE MUNSEY there are a large number who would so write down "The Plaint of a Spinster," in the January issue, but for myself I am bound to confess I have never perused a more heart-rending human document. I have read "The Plaint" through, not once, but half a dozen times; I have tried to pick a quarrel with the writer and to dismiss her as one of the drones in the human hive—who with work ready to hand, looks over it and from sheer ennui is driven into an hysterical introspection, by which means she makes of herself a martyr.

But all to no purpose. Instead, I see and feel the soul-anguish of a woman, beautiful in possessing all the best attributes of womanhood, eminently fitted to

have been the wife of some good man, and the mother of sons and daughters of credit to their race, but who finds herself balked of the realization of the highest and holiest aspirations of her sex through no fault of her own. She is one of the large and ever-growing army of women who in matters matrimonial are the victims of circumstance.

I picture her a woman of refined instincts, modest and shrinking instinctively from anything in the nature of notoriety, whose fault, if she has one, has been that she has kept in the background on that account and not given her natural charms full bent at a time when she was of marriageable age—one whose self-revelation far from being immodest or maudlin, is really a sublime act of courage.

It must have cost such a woman infinite pain to lay bare all the unsatisfied longings, all the withered hopes of her sad heart. Not without some great object, some great purpose, could she have placed what she has hitherto most scrupulously

concealed—her very soul—on the vivisection table and put on record for all who care to read the results of her daring, searching self-examination.

I find myself asking what that object could be. Certainly, not to excite sympathy for herself personally: that would be too small an end to achieve at such a price. It must have been an object outside self and I take it that her intention was of a two-fold character—the first, to make us men-folk more wise, more discerning, more practical in our choice of a mate, and the second to give articulate expression on behalf of her entire sex to a Great Remonstrance against the insane unwritten law of so-called civilized society which condemns her and her sisters to an absolutely passive rôle in "The Great Adventure."

Bernard Shaw in "Man and Superman" has portrayed woman as the pursuer who marks down her victim and forthwith carries off the stakes matrimonial, but men folk know that such women are not the majority and that even if they were they would make the least desirable of wives. Their vampire instincts would only batten on the marriage service, and the husband in such cases would become a mere chattel in an unhappy domestic *ménage*. But between Bernard Shaw's "pursuer" and the rôle of the normal woman, in the scale of society which he pictures and to which obviously the writer of "The Plaint" belongs, is a great gulf fixed. Women of her class are tied down by convention—a convention, be it noted, created chiefly by their own sex, and with regard to which mothers are the severest task-masters.

Before the first promptings of sex love have fluttered in girlish bosoms they are warned to hold themselves in reserve before men, above all not to show the slightest preference for one young man above another; if affections begin to form in girlish hearts despite maternal warnings, then they must disguise them, hide them, be stand-offish. Why?

"To make the prize worth winning," say mothers.

Do these sage marriage-making mamas, I wonder, ever think what the effect of such aloofness and hauteur must be on the men who are probably best worth winning? The modest, self-respecting, and, for that reason, usually sensitive young man, in nine cases out of ten, takes the attitude at its face value, and the result is that a

girl in every way fitted to make him a suitable helpmeet is left either to join the great army of "unwanted," or to be snapped up by some self-assured, self-centered fellow who could never make any girl happy even if he had the capacity and the grit necessary to maintain a home at a comfortable standard.

Society needs to revise its code of etiquette and cast-iron laws which leave a girl tied hand and foot on the path matrimonial, to strike off the miserable fetters of out-of-date convention and give its daughters reasonable freedom and breathing-space so that they may take a hand in the shaping of their own destiny. At best today the self-respecting girl—that is the girl who so far conforms to standard convention as to retain such self-respect as is compatible with that standard—has only a freedom of negation and even that is sometimes denied her.

Parental pressure is oft-times brought to bear to make her say "yes" to a proposal of marriage against which all her instincts revolt. In homes where more latitude—of negation—is allowed she may be permitted to say "no" once or twice or even thrice without comment, but if the process is repeated she is reminded that the time is swiftly approaching when she must be regarded as "on the shelf."

Could anything be more cruel than this attitude in the face of a blind convention which bids girls sit with folded hands, waiting for the right man to come along, and in the face of the false pride which leads fathers and mothers to veto any scheme for their daughters working out a career for themselves? To learn a trade, to enter an office would be derogatory. No! they are meant for "something better." In the words of your contributor, they are raised "To know how to keep house, to anticipate using their knowledge in homes of their own, to value the assured position of the married woman."

All this is very right and very wise if parents do not shut their eyes to obvious deduction from the census and the Registrar General's returns—that there is an appreciable surplusage of young women in every grade of society who can never by any possibility marry. If they read those statistics aright two duties rest upon them.

First, not to unduly emphasize the "obvious security" of the married woman (in

how large a proportion of cases that security is a myth and a delusion), but, instead to preach to daughters and proclaim to all young men of their acquaintance the gospel of "modest beginnings."

The second duty is to provide their daughters with the means of earning an independent livelihood, which incidentally, as I shall seek to show, gives them the best chance of finding a matrimonial mate.

Here in England, at any rate, the girl who has a vocation of some sort, even if it is only a minor clerkship, has a better time than her sisters who have no definite place in the world's work. She enjoys a larger freedom, she is more natural,—for in the contact of business she learns her own real value and the real value of those she mixes with; she enjoys a larger acquaintance among eligible young men; she can pay her own way to the theater, the picture-house, or the dance. In a word, without seeming to do so, she can pick and choose those of her male acquaintances she cares to cultivate and drop those she doesn't.

It only needs a little thinking about to know that this is true. The matrimonial market open to daughters does not cause maternal anxiety in the working class home. For one reason, the working man's wife usually has far more urgent and pressing problems to occupy her mind every day of the year, but chiefly because experience has taught the mother that the working man's daughter has a way of managing her own love affairs and managing them very well into the bargain.

The mother knows that if Mary or Jane is of the "matrimonial sort"—I use the phrase of the people—sooner or later, unless things go very much awry, she will bring the young man home and matters will be in train for the marriage service. And if Mary or Jane is not of the "matrimonial sort"—well, Kismet; she at least has her trade and can earn her own living, and with a circle of friends, formed as a result of having an occupation, she can live her own life, not altogether drab and cheerless, and be of some service to the community. Not for the English working class girls, at any rate, is "the unscalable wall at whose stony base they must sit and learn to make the best of the worst, with no loophole through which to gaze with hope to a future."

Cannot the great middle class on each side of the Atlantic take a leaf out of the

book of the English working-class mother and teach their daughters that marriage is not the be-all and end-all of existence, but at the same time give them something of a real chance to find a mate of their own choosing? To leave matters where they are at present would be the height of folly, and, as "The Complaint of a Spinster" shows, inexpressibly cruel toward those for whom they should have nothing but tender solicitude.

I am no lover of the French system, where marriages are arranged by the parents without regard to the views of the parties chiefly concerned, but I am not at all sure whether, with all its risks of unhappiness and its imperfections in other respects, the French way is not less cruel than our Anglo-American system, which is really no system at all—happy-go-lucky in its conception and profoundly unsatisfactory and oft-times intensely cruel in its working.

Were I a wife instead of a husband I dare say I could tabulate scores of cases of women obviously suited to make good wives and mothers, who, in moments of confidence, had confessed that they "never had a real chance" not even the semblance of a proposal, and who are now living—save the mark!—solitary existences, deprived of all that would have spelt happiness to them.

As it is, man though I am, with a comparatively limited circle of friends I could put my finger on quite a number of dull, drab monotonous existences as "unwanted women" brought about by parental folly which kept daughters at home because of "ladylike appearances" when they would have preferred to go out into the world and mingle with their fellows; some few cases where parental veto has marred and wrecked what would otherwise have been happy lives, and yet others where parental pressure has driven into matrimony, to their own undoing and the spoiling of the careers of their unfortunate husbands, girls with none of the "domesticities."

I do not for a moment contend that all unhappy marriages are the result of parental mismanagement. Marriage is after all very much of a lottery, and many of the "ideal" marriages end in disaster—marriages, that is, which were proclaimed at the time as real love matches but the parties to which all too soon found out that they were not at all suited to each

other. In this reflection, I think, may be found some consolation for your contributor—the only consolation, I fear, and a very meager one at that.

Suppose she had married and her matrimonial bark had gone shipwreck? I want to be fair to your spinster. She seems to have anticipated such an hypothesis in her conception of the matron "worn with the actual cares of married life" who might sneer at her grief and even insinuate that some do not know when they are lucky. Your spinster has evidently a very logical mind, for she accepts the supposition and says "since I do not know (that I am lucky) I can find no joy in my unrealized bliss." Even so, but was not old Will Shakespeare right when he wrote:—

Better to bear the ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of.

That is a much-worn quotation, peculiarly applicable to would-be suicides. But for that very reason I cannot resist the impression that it is peculiarly applicable also to the frame of mind in which Spinster closes her article. Therein she strikes one false note, a note that jars and is out of harmony with the high level of all the rest of the self-revelation of her "unfulfilled" life.

"I wonder," she writes, "if it is not wiser for a girl to see a man merely as a means to an end—the route by which she may go to complete development—and to

make up her mind to subjugate delicacy of feeling and refinement to the more important business of securing her entrance into wifehood and motherhood. . . . Great ends involve some sacrifice to attain. Reaping, as I am, the bitter harvest of loneliness and unfulfilment I say that girls should cultivate the ways of appealing to man *which men can understand*" (the italics are hers not mine).

A paragraph such as this I have quoted can be read in different ways. I wonder if Spinster has realized that one of them is that which the *doyen* of English novelists made the theme of "Jude the Obscure." Surely not, else a woman of such delicacy of feeling and refinement could never have written it. What follows shows clearly that such a meaning was furthest from her thoughts, and I feel I must apologize for even hinting at the construction which some men—and women—may put upon it.

No! her meaning is simply the Shavian one as set forth in "Man and Superman." If she had her chance over again, I take it she means, she would not hide her light under a bushel. She would display her charms and accomplishments, domestic as well as artistic; she would mark down her mate and by means of the innocent guiles and artifices of her sex figuratively "slay" him. Would she in that event be happy, or would she, in the matrimonial sense, be committing suicide?

I wonder!

ANOTHER SPINSTER'S SAY

THERE are always two sides—sometimes three—to a story, and it is the other side to that wailful cry, "The Plaint of a Spinster" in January MUNSEY's, that I wish to present.

I shall not deny the truth of her argument that the normal woman is happier in filling the place Nature planned for her than in facing life in single blessedness, however useful that life may be; and I frankly admit that no woman wants to be an old maid. But—ah, yes, there are several "buts."

I deny first that a woman's life is necessarily spoiled because she is not a wife and mother. There are too many avenues open to women for real usefulness in the world for any one of us to "sit and grieve

and wonder," even though all kindred are gone to the last third cousin. In my opinion the author of the article referred to would be much happier herself, and the cause of more happiness to others, if she were obliged to get out and rustle for her living; there is nothing like work for scattering the worry devils and keeping us in sympathetic touch with humanity.

Secondly, I deny the apparent inference to be drawn from her story, that so many of the single 9,000,000 are on the waiting list because Barkis wasn't willin', or that those who might have won a place in Hymen's ranks by taking an inferior article would better have done so than face old maidism. Speak for yourself, sister; but as one of the other 8,999,999 I protest.

As I look upon the matrimonial wreckage all about us, visible and invisible, "I thank the gods that be" for the courage to face a lonely, heart starved life rather than marry the wrong man; for I do not admit that a woman's ideals can be so easily shelved either for the good of the race or her own happiness.

A clever writer and lecturer—a man, by the way—writing on the subject of old maids began his article with, "The only difference between the married woman and her single sister is, that the former accepted her first offer and the latter did not." Personal experience and observation compel me to agree with his statement.

Now you, dear married madam who may chance to read this, we know to be an exception; you did not take your first offer, nor your second or third; you were one of those fortunate charmers who bore a train of suitors in your wake, and therefore you are in a class by yourself;—but I am safe in repeating that the majority of married women did accept their first offer and the majority of single women did not, and there you have the situation of the 9,000,000 "unappropriated blessings" in a thimble.

The writer of the "Plaint" seems to deplore her lack of the power of attraction—she is not beautiful, nor the possessor of any of those feminine arts which lands the fish within the angler's net. It is hard to believe that one so competent can be so lacking in charm—that word which means so much and is so indefinable—and I think she has been unduly modest in self-appraisal. But, assuming that she is correct,—dear fellow spinster, let me whisper the secret—it is so very simple.

The next time John sits beside you on that old-fashioned sofa start him gently on his way toward a personal history; let him relate all he has done, all he expects to do; let him absorb your interest to the extent that he infers you believe him to be the only desirable male being God ever made,—that in fact, he is IT in capital letters.

He may be, and probably is, just plain man and it will be a strain upon your intelligence to believe otherwise; but let that remain in the background and let what he *likes* you to believe, smile from your lips and shine from your eyes in soulful radiance. (I am assuming now, that you wish "to cultivate the ways of appealing to men

which men can understand," and that any decent man will do.) He will leave you thinking "That's a mighty fine little woman; and *clever*, too."

Probably the next time he calls he is yours to take or leave; the trick is done. Believe me it can be done at any age, at any time and in any clime where man doth exist; but a word of warning, sister dear: Don't, as you value your future happiness take him, unless you can always make him believe through all the years to come, he is, for you, the only man of his race. Aye, there's the rub.

My fellow spinster also deplores the fact that men are so generally attracted to the girl of physical charm, though incompetent and frivolous, and ignore her sister of plainer beauty, but of superior mind and ability. This has been commented upon since Adam's day therefore we may as well accept the fact that a man will fall in love thrice with a colorful bit of "a rag, and a bone, and a hank of hair," where he is attracted to her more capable sister once.

On this head we have so eminent an authority as Herbert Spencer who says Nature made the heart of man so, therefore it would seem there is nothing for us to do but accept Nature's dictum—and aim to look the part.

There is one point made in "The Plaint of a Spinster" with which I agree and which I earnestly emphasize. It is the lack of wisdom shown by those parents who rear their daughters in the belief that a woman's only aim in life is to marry and bear children. That it is the chief aim may be conceded, but on the principle that it is not good policy to put all your eggs into one basket, it is advisable for their possible future peace of mind, that those daughters be prepared for one or more of the various lines of useful work in which single women can, and do, make good.

It has been stated that the world contains more men than women; but the sexes are unevenly apportioned, hence the lack of men in some localities and the lack of women in others. Under such conditions, it would seem to be folly, in those Adamless parts of our country, (chiefly found in rural districts) to teach young girls to sit, like patient *Griseldas*, waiting for the prince who never comes. Nay, all hail to the newer spirit of independence now

taught our girls that to have an object and mission in life other than matrimony is not only wise, but vitally necessary. I protest against the all too often exploited theory that a single woman is either an object of pitying contempt or a "misfit," as one woman writer has called her. If I were to voice my conclusions based upon personally known object lessons in spinsterdom, I would unhesitatingly affirm that the good Lord permits many old maids to exist as a shield and support for the incompetent male members of their families. Any female can add to the population, but it takes a woman of ability to act the part of a father or a brother.

"It is a tragic thing to abandon hope" says my fellow sister in single misery.

Truly it is; but the beautiful thing is, it isn't necessary. While there's life there's

hope—for wifehood, at least. Think of the many men who get the marrying habit and who so gallantly come to our rescue twice, thrice, even five times. Not long ago I read of a newly wedded couple, the groom eighty years young, the bride seventy-five, and her *first* marriage.

But in all seriousness, fellow spinster, I will admit the heartache, and the effort to hide it. But, oh my dear, do you know what I should do if I had your silent, lonely house and the means to live in it? While there are so many motherless children waiting to be homed and loved, I'd not let my empty arms remain unfilled another day, but adopt one or more of those homeless waifs and help them to become useful, honored men and women. Believe me, next to creating life there is no nobler task than preserving it.

A BACHELOR WOMAN'S SAY

BY LILLIAN MAY WILSON

WE are so irrepressibly progressive in these days that a glance backward is apt to show us strange things. At least that is what I found when I read in the January *MUNSEY* the "Plaint of a Spinster," purported to have been written by one of them. As a cry from the past, it was well enough; but when the writer projected her plaint into the present and declared it to be the universal chorus of the 9,000,000 unmarried women in America, it became grotesque.

In the first place, if the Spinster took this appalling number from the census reports, she has overlooked the fact that it includes all unmarried women of eighteen years of age and upwards. Therefore, a large proportion of them are on the high road to matrimony, and since her article was written, several thousand of them have entered that state. There still remains, however, and perhaps always will remain, a large number who have no such expectations; but the attitude of the Spinster and that of these bachelor women are about as similar as would be the activities of a fifteenth century begging friar and those of a modern trust buster.

Instead of expressing their views, she has pretty clearly revealed the differences

between them and herself; and the chief of these differences is the dominant strain in her "Plaint"—she has nothing to do. She lives in a town of about 20,000, yet it furnishes no outlet for her energies.

"Perhaps in a city," she writes, "there are ways for an old maid to be useful and happy. Perhaps there are more men there than in our town, so that she may hope for companionship before the journey ends. But here I have nothing to do because there are already more people than are needed for the work there is to do."

In the past fifteen years I have been more or less closely in touch with life in a number of towns in different localities, some of them considerably less than 20,000 souls. In each of them I found several women of the non-expectant class, but they are not sitting down by the wailing wall. On the contrary, they are about the busiest people in the town.

Some of them are teachers; and teaching in this day requires fully as large an ingredient of broad, active philanthropy as it does of pedagogy. Neither eight hours nor ten hours per day are sufficient for all these teachers find to do. A large number of others are business women, doing all sorts of interesting things once

thought impossible for women, and then stretching their leisure hours to the utmost to make them include study clubs and social service work that is always begging for their assistance. There are others who are not compelled to work for a salary, but I have never heard of one of them being reduced to the abject necessity of cleaning the garret in order to pass away the time.

One of these women, shocked by the frightful child mortality rate in the families of the laborers in the factory and smelter of her home town, took a thorough course of training as a nurse and made a careful study of the district nursing system. Then she came home and began her battle for the lives of those little ones, and she is winning it too.

Another one realized the need of a public library in the little town where she lived. She and the idea gripped each other so hard that they never parted company until she saw the infant library come into being, and she has faithfully rocked its cradle ever since. Not content with this achievement, she is turning her attention to the rural districts, and is a most busy promoter of a public library with which she hopes to reach every district school in her county; and when that is done she has still other visions. Not long ago, two of her friends were discussing the desirable length of life, when she broke in with, "I want to live to be ninety—I've got to; I can't finish all the things I have to do in any less time."

Another bachelor woman's energies were aroused by learning of the bad sanitary condition in the poor quarter of her town—it was a town of scarcely more than 20,000 too—and she set about cleaning it up. She is not spectacular in her methods, but she is persistent. She does not fight the city officials, or the voters who are a little hard to convert; she is just a good fellow among them and makes them believe they are the same. They respect her womanliness, her judgment and her good sense, and one by one she is getting the reforms she is working for.

Still another woman, with college training, was impressed by the lack of wholesome amusement for the young girls in her town and their consequent recourse to the street, the railroad station and the moving picture show. So she organized amusement clubs and is developing so much musical and dramatic talent in her protégées that

her town is about to witness the unusual spectacle of maternal pride justified by its objects.

These are a few of the things that bachelor women by the scores are doing. These women are not exceptional cases, as the Spinster intimates, but are of the "rank and file" of bachelor women as I know them. The exceptions are those who, like herself, are "festering in the poison of their own uselessness." Nor have these women taken up their occupations as "tragic efforts to fill the aching voids within." Their faces, the tones of their voices, and the very atmosphere which surrounds them contradict such an assumption.

Neither have they been ambitious for careers. Excepting for the special training they took when the need appealed to them, their education was the same as that of their friends who married. They were simply born to be women, not necessarily wives and mothers; they developed into womanhood, they found work that needed a woman's hand and they are doing it.

Moreover, because of their mental alertness, and the freshness of their ideas and conversation, these women have a very definite social value, the lack of which was one of the Spinster's bitterest complaints. They are not asked to stay in the pantry and see that the refreshments are properly served—not they. On the contrary, they are usually in demand at social functions, and particularly so if there happen to be out of town visitors or guests whom the woman's club or other local societies delight to honor.

In her complaint against her own lot, the Spinster has taken the one-sided and exaggerated view of a person who sees value in but one condition in life. Her observations, which she admits have been limited, have apparently led her to the conclusion that her acquaintances who married, whether fit or unfit, have reached a height of happiness to be measured only by her depth of misery; that if she had married some one—*somehow*—she, too, would have been happy. Then she naively assumes that this is precisely the view of 9,000,000 other women. I wonder if she ever summarized the actual results of her observations.

My own girlhood was spent in a small town and I have just made a list of the names of the girls whom I knew intimate-

ly, and regarding whose present condition I am fairly well informed. There are twenty of them, and the statistics are as follows:

Divorced	8
Deserted by husband.....	1
Compelled by necessity to take positions as teachers	2
Died in early years of married life—(2 during first year).....	3
Living the ordinary commonplace lives of village matrons.....	6

A contemplation of the above absolutely truthful tabulation of facts is hardly calculated to bring on violent convulsions of envy in the breast of the self-supporting bachelor woman who is the twenty-first member of the group. Modesty and prudent considerations (since she sometimes visits in her old home town) prevent her from saying that all these girls were of the unfit sort whose success in husband-getting the Spinster envies.

As a matter of fact, some of them were of that kind, but others were sweet, womanly girls; and the honors and inconveniences tabulated above were about equally divided between the two classes. I admit that these statistics do not represent my entire observations of married life; nor are they perhaps wholly typical; but they are sufficiently representative of conditions generally to justify the degree of complacency with which mature women of the present day accept their bachelorhood.

The Spinster is not the only person who has spoken for or against the single woman. Certain special articles appearing from time to time, have dealt ungently with her. It is possible that the complacency to which I have just alluded has provoked these criticisms. At any rate, they mark another difference between the old maid and the bachelor woman.

The old maid was sneered at because, according to her critics, she couldn't get married; the bachelor woman has been censured by some current writers because she won't marry. She is reproached by these worthies for taking an economic position that, in the proper order of things, belongs to a man; she is told that her present activities are unfitting her for wifehood and motherhood; then the sociological fervor bubbles up, and she is accused of shirking her sacred responsibilities as a woman and thus endangering the future of the race. Sometimes she is appealed to

on more selfish grounds. She is informed that she is lonely, even if she doesn't know it, and that she is doomed to be still lonelier if she persists in her unnatural course.

Well, I suppose we are lonely sometimes; I know I am lonely very often for a sympathetic presence or the touch of a sympathetic hand, though I do not know that it is necessarily a masculine hand. I was lonely in just that way a few months ago as I stood silent before one of the world's great works of art. Presently the silence was broken by the voice of one of two well dressed, prosperous looking men near by:

"I've seen enough o' this junk, how about you?"

"Here too; let's get out o' here; I guess the movies are about our fit," came the reply.

I wasn't lonely for the companionship of either of those men. I can imagine few greater tragedies than a lifetime of it. My gorge rises at the thought.

I was lonely again, terribly lonely, a few evenings later as I stood and watched the sun go down behind the mountains. The shadows were gathering thick in the valley and creeping up the mountainsides where the pines and spruce showed black in the twilight; and above the bare peaks the sky quivered and tingled with its wonderful changing color. Then a youthful voice spoke:

"Sunsets are all right for sentimental guys, but half an hour in this spooky place does me."

And a girl's tones responded: "I should worry?"

"Let's go to the casino to-night," the young man proposed; and they went.

Now the Spinster's conclusion, reduced to its lowest terms, is that she and other unmarried women have made a mess of life by not getting in the "I should worry" class, and preferring casinos to sunsets and movies to masterpieces. She asserts that coarse women invariably marry, and then insists that "girls should cultivate the ways of appealing to men that men can understand," in order that as women they may not be "robbed of the chance to live fully." Forsooth!

Confronted by such a precept, I am moved to record my protest against the trite assumption that maternity is necessary to the full development of a woman's character, and that motherhood, in itself is

necessarily and invariably ennobling. That it is potentially so, I admit; but the most valiant defender of the thesis would hardly undertake to prove retarded development in such characters as Jane Addams and Clara Barton. And he would be somewhat embarrassed in sustaining his "ennobling" clause in the face of the spectacle I witnessed not long ago of two little, hungry children wandering about the corridors of an eminently respectable apartment house, until the neighbors discovered that the mother had, the night before, deserted these babies and their father because of her infatuation for another man.

Contrary to the accusations of her critics, the bachelor woman is not opposed to domestic life. Like all normal, healthy human beings, she has a natural desire for companionship (not mere mating) with one of the opposite sex. Economically she is independent of a man. She does not need him as a beast of burden, nor need she be one for him. She does not need him any more than he needs her.

That there is a mutual need, no one, perhaps, will deny; and for the proverbial "right man" she is as willing as other women to assume her share of domestic responsibilities, and, thanks to her broadened life, she is equipped for doing so. She is almost invariably a lover of little children, and has all of a woman's longing for children of her own; but only on con-

dition that they are children of a father who is her intellectual and spiritual, as well as her physical complement—not children bought with the price of her refinement and womanhood.

I do not believe, however, that the Spinster is right when she implies that men as a rule prefer coarse women; and I am absolutely certain that not all men, nor nearly all of them, are like the three examples I have mentioned. I know there are hosts of men fitted to be companions in the fullest sense to women of refinement. Why such men and such women do not always marry, I do not know; nor do I know why there are so many unmarried women (and men too) any more than I know why divorces are so common at the present time or the styles of dress so grotesque. I may have opinions but no knowledge. All I know is that a large celibate class is one of the features of our present social condition. Perhaps it is an unhealthy condition, but certain it is that the Spinster's remedy would only complicate the disease.

Meanwhile, the times are dealing kindly with the bachelor woman. She is content, if not satisfied. Whether as wage earner or otherwise, her hands are full of work that is worth while; much of it would be left undone if she did not do it, and she has neither time nor inclination to formulate "Plaints."

Since this spinster question has taken on so vital an interest, MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE invites a discussion of the subject on broader lines than those of the mere stocking up of a household with ready-made children. It wants to see the heart side, the human side, the companionship side, and the mating side considered as well.

The statistics on divorce and married life presented by the Bachelor Woman are interesting, but not convincing. They do not spell the same thing to MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE that they do to Miss Wilson. We deny that "they are sufficiently representative of conditions generally to justify the degree of complacency with which mature women of the present day accept their bachelorhood." Our observation convinces us that the percentage of mature women who accept their bachelorhood with complacency, with actual heart complacency, is infinitesimally small.

From a group of twenty girls Miss Wilson tells us that only six attained to the enviable standard of "living the ordinary, commonplace life of village matrons." This doesn't sound very exciting, but in contrast with what happened to the other fourteen these six landed high up on the slope of human happiness. What a tragic record: eight divorces, one desertion, two reduced to the necessity of earning their own living, and three deaths, two of these in the very first year of marriage!

If this table were representative of American married life the whole nation would instantly rise up and demand a revision of social usages and marital laws, but fortunately it is not representative. No system is perfect. Marriage as we know it, and as it has come down to us from the centuries, is the best scheme man and woman have yet devised for working out the problem of life. There may be a better system in store for us, but it hasn't yet hove in sight. MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE is not here putting itself on record as in favor of or against divorce. That is another question. The theme now under consideration has to do with spinsters, and the discussion must rest mainly with our readers.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, however, doesn't mind saying that no normal woman with a full measure of human impulses refuses marriage from choice. There are a thousand valid reasons, very valid reasons, why many women do not marry, but with conditions to their liking, the right man and the right circumstances, marriage would so nearly claim every woman that the number of spinsters or bachelor women would be wholly negligible.—*The Editor.*

PLUMBING AND THE MODERN NOVEL

BY FRANK M. O'BRIEN

ILLUSTRATED BY THELMA CUDLIPP

THE most mysterious professions in the world—outside of alchemy and politics—are literature and plumbing. Literature is mysterious because few understand why it is done and plumbing is mysterious because only the elect know how it is done.

Literature has this advantage over plumbing: that it occasionally leads to glory. There is no Nobel prize for a non-freezing hydrant. Plumbing has this advantage over literature: that you can't get along without it. Nobody, on being informed that a frozen pipe had split under eighty pounds' pressure, ever yawned and remarked that he would look it over some night when he had nothing to do. Literature never hears the wild human call that plumbing hears.

A man who goes into his library and finds the table bare does not ring up Louis J. Vance's hotel and tell him to hurry down with a novel. But when the man goes into his kitchen and finds the hot water boiler giving an impersonation of a demented shower-bath he does not

wander away to play billiards. He winds himself around the telephone and S O Ses to the plumber.

Plumbing can get along without literature, but literature cannot get along without plumbing. True, it used to, but that day is past. Poets ignore plumbing, but that is because poetry, like Brooklyn baseball, is in its infancy. Writers of tragic

drama ignore plumbing only because the absence of plumbing makes their tragedy more stark. A course of cold baths probably would have cured *Ophelia*—and spoiled the greatest of tragedies.

But the live writings of the day—the novels—do not ignore plumbing, or when their authors fail in their bounden duty, the result is a fiasco.

Not always does plumbing stalk through the pages of the novel with its pack slung over its shoulder. Sometimes



A COURSE OF COLD SHOWER-BATHS WOULD PROBABLY HAVE CURED OPHELIA

plumbing is inferred. Writers of novels that deal with Fifth Avenue and Newport do not pipe their pages. But in their works plumbing is none the less present because it is inferred.

You know without being told, when *Cortlandt Van Bink* strides down the ave-

bags except a glass towel rail, and that, of course can be dispensed with in time of war.

Less fortunate in his climate, but bolder in execution, was Emerson Hough in "54-40 or Fight." Mr. Hough was obliged to move his dashing heroine, the *Baroness von Ritz*, from Washington to Montreal in the dead of winter. There the hero found her in a residence in the old French quarter to which she had moved all the furniture that had graced her Washington abode.

According to this same hero, who tells the story, the *Baroness* brought bath-tubs



NO INDIAN, IN FICTION OR OUT, COULD EVER BE INDUCED TO CARRY A BATH-TUB

nue, bowing hither and thither with the only silk hat in all daylight New York, that he has just come from his tub. Robert W. Chambers, for instance, makes you feel that every one of his city heroines is on good terms with the porcelain. But he knows where plumbing belongs and when it must have a substitute if it cannot be there itself.

His lovely girl in "Special Messenger" lived in the time of the Civil War, when the plumber's wagon did not follow the flag. So every night, at the end of the exciting chapter, he found for her a cool, deep pool completely surrounded by a thicket; and she had everything else in her saddle-

—yes, plural—with her. From his room he overhears, and reports:

"No, I think the pink one," I heard her say, "and please—the bath, Threlka, just a trifle more warm." I heard the rattling of toilet articles, certain sighs of content, faint splashings beyond.

He had the other tub—at the other end of the house.

Mr. Hough may deceive the ordinary reader of best sellers, but not the student of Plumbing's Relation to Literature. He leaves the reader to infer that the *Baroness* had carted two bath-tubs up the Hudson River and by way of lakes and mountain passes to Montreal. Your red Indian of



VILLAINY MUST NOT EVEN
THROW A SNOWBALL AT
HEROISM UNTIL THE
HERO'S HAIR IS HARRISON-
FISHERED AND HIS NOR-
FOLK JACKET NEATLY BUT-
TONED

the Roaring Forties was a strong, brave fellow. We are willing to believe that he packed rugs, pictures, bric-à-brac, sofas, chairs and mahogany bedsteads over the hills to Montreal. Yea, we will admit, for the sake of no argument, that a brawny redskin carried the *Baroness's* piano blithely through several hundred miles of howling storm on his patient shoulders. An Indian might carry a piano, which had charms to soothe his savage breast; but no Indian, in fiction or out, could ever be induced to carry a bath-tub.

An equally pitiful attempt to pander to the school of modern plumbing—or indoor bathing, if you choose to have it so—was made by Conan Doyle in "*Sir Nigel*." After piecing together a fine set of adventures for this gallant knight it dawned upon Sir Conan that *Sir Nigel*, though an Englishman, did not seem to have the tubbing habit. So Doyle lugged a bath-tub into the Middle Ages and set it down in the middle of *Sir Nigel's* room. He didn't dare have pipes of hot and cold water, with glistening faucets and all that. Nor did he dare

make the tub of enameled iron. He just stuck *Sir Nigel* in a wooden hogshead of hot water and let other knights trot in to inquire what was up.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett, who is up on knights and their ways better than Sir Arthur knows them, never comes such a foolish bobble. Mr. Hewlett knows that no knight ever took a bath. A crusader would rather encounter a thousand savage Saracens than a bath-tub. Whenever in his judgment, one of his knights needed immersion, Mr. Hewlett had him knocked on the head and he fell from the battlements, or the para-

pets, or what you please, into a moat full of nice clean water, floated around in full armor for an hour or two and then, tying his lady's scarf around his fractured skull, returned to the plot, clean and refreshed.

Yet you must excuse the faults of Sir Conan Doyle and others to whom the



HE JUST STUCK SIR NIGEL IN A WOODEN HOGSHEAD OF HOT WATER
AND LET OTHER KNIGHTS TROT IN TO INQUIRE WHAT WAS UP

Stillson wrench is newer than the gleaming sword. They have been trying their best to make our novels hygienic, and it is only because they were not properly apprenticed in their youth that they fall down occasionally.

Truth to tell, the number of authors who have studied plumbing intimately may be almost counted on the thumbs of one hand. Arnold Bennett, who digs into the farthest, dustiest corner of almost every other household thing, shies away from plumbing. Yet, if realism is what its worshipers think it is, why is not plumbing to the fore in every page? It is because the novelists shirk their duty.

They will tell you, in weary, infinite detail, how a tablecloth is scraped, folded and put away on the third shelf of the dining-room closet, slightly to the left of the package containing the summer cur-

tains. But when they tell you that the room became chill and the heroine threw on her Indian shawl, using her right arm more vigorously than her left during the operation, do they tell you why the room became chill? Do they explain that the hero, running too much water into the boiler, left little space for the generation of steam? No. And that later he would have to draw off some of the surplus water in a bucket and then watch the steam-gage until it reached a pound and a half? Never. They would like to, for it would wad the story out beautifully, but they are uneducated. Any one can describe a new human emotion and get away with it, but how many novelists can give a lucid explanation of the water-hammer that causes the noise in steam pipes? How many know that boiling water, abandoned to its fate in zero weather, will freeze faster than cold water—and why?

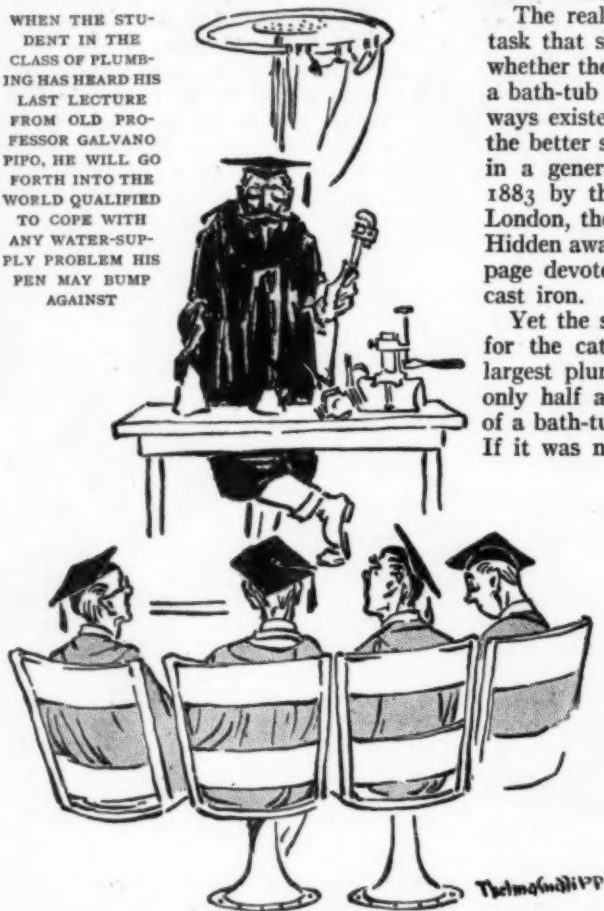
The realists have reeled back from the task that should be theirs. They assume, whether they are English or American, that a bath-tub is a bath-tub and that it has always existed for the use of characters "of the better sort." Little do they know that in a general catalogue, issued as late as 1883 by the largest plumbing firm in all London, the word "tub" does not appear. Hidden away in the back of the book is one page devoted to "baths"—rude things of cast iron.

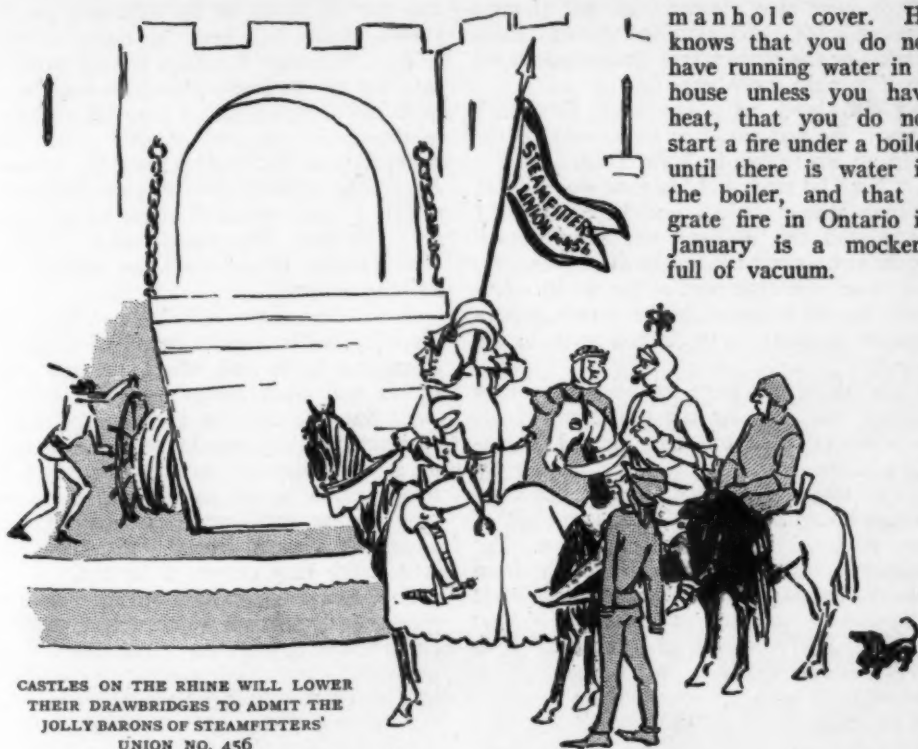
Yet the situation in America was worse, for the catalogue issued in 1888 by the largest plumbing house in New York had only half a page of bath-tubs—or rather, of a bath-tub, for there was only one of it. If it was not labeled bath-tub one would

have considered it a rather ornate coffin for a \$57 funeral. It had all the walnut curlicues that could be thought of in the Chester A. Arthur period.

Those who bought one of these splendid pieces of furniture had only to take it home and have it lined with tin or copper and then arrange some method of filling it with water and emptying it again. And yet the novelists gloss over plumbing, which has advanced more in twenty years than they have in a hundred. They speak

WHEN THE STUDENT IN THE CLASS OF PLUMBING HAS HEARD HIS LAST LECTURE FROM OLD PROFESSOR GALVANO PIPPO, HE WILL GO FORTH INTO THE WORLD QUALIFIED TO COPE WITH ANY WATER-SUPPLY PROBLEM HIS PEN MAY BUMP AGAINST





CASTLES ON THE RHINE WILL LOWER
THEIR DRAWBRIDGES TO ADMIT THE
JOLLY BARONS OF STEAMFITTERS'
UNION NO. 456

manhole cover. He knows that you do not have running water in a house unless you have heat, that you do not start a fire under a boiler until there is water in the boiler, and that a grate fire in Ontario in January is a mockery full of vacuum.

of it lightly, in a passing way, if they speak of it at all. They would have the reader think that they had known the solid porcelain all their lives and that the memory of a wash-tub in the center of the kitchen floor on a Saturday night was not their memory at all, but a vulgar dream.

Only one of the novelists has mastered the intricate details of plumbing, and this one, strangely enough is not a realist, but an idealist. Yet he handles plumbing in a master-plumberly manner. This novelist is Arthur Stringer.

Mr. Stringer, on one recent occasion, brought a hero to an unoccupied farmhouse on the north shore of Lake Ontario in January. *B-r-r-r-r!* Then the character decided to stay in the house for a couple of weeks. Your ordinary author would have had the hero light up the furnace or put a roaring fire in the grate. Not so Stringer. He has delved into plumbing. He has followed the spoor of the $\frac{3}{4}$ inch galvanized. He has gazed upon the expansion tank brooding in its attic nest. He has learned that a water-front in anger is more fatal than the much advertised

A craven novelist would have faltered, but Stringer faced the music. He learned the pipes of plumbing as well as he had learned the pipes of Pan. Using his hero as a medium, he screwed the plugs back into the drain end of the water-pipes, opened the valves leading to the furnace boiler, blew the air out of the steam-pipes, oiled and connected the windmill and did the million and one things that one has to do in opening up a country house. When he got through, the reader knew that the hero might be shot to death in the next chapter, but he would not be blown to slivers by a miffed boiler or drowned by his bedroom radiator.

As novelists come to see, with real eyes, the worlds of which they write, plumbing must loom up as more and more important.

If you read "Graustark" or "Beverley Thereof" you undoubtedly took it for granted that the heroes and heroines therein were slaves of the hot and cold, shower, shampoo and plunge. George Barr McCutcheon did not pipe the pages, but let the plumbing be inferred. Years after he

wrote those nice, clean books, full of tacit hygiene, Mr. McCutcheon visited Graustark—or the place where Graustark would be if it were anywhere.

"Will you write another Graustark novel?" he was asked as he hopped off the ship on his return to New York.

"No," he said, and his tone was that of a man who had just lost \$100,000. "I have seen the Balkans and I can never again write sympathetically of any one living in or near that part of the world. Nobody in the Balkans, be he prince, potentate or peasant, ever took a bath in his life."

And there you have the weakness of an author who permits the plumbing of his best works to be inferred, instead of making it practical.

The trend of modern thought has compelled many authors to establish a set of unwritten rules for sanitary romance. For instance, when a hero slinks away from his newly-plumbed residence, which he is abandoning to the convenience of *Miss Shirley Shillyshally* and her *Aunt Prudence*, is he himself to go unwashed? No, indeed! It is up to the novelist to discover, in the wild region on the other side of the mountain, a wonderful secret waterfall which, due to its volcanic origin, has hot and cold showers, not to mention a natural soap-dish worn in the very rock. Here the hero tubs at his leisure, even after the arrival on Mount Zingo of *Martin Maledict*, the villain, for it is the law of the novel, hitherto unwritten, that no villain shall open fire on any hero while the hero is stripped to the buff. Neither must the villain steal the hero's clothes or tie knots in his socks. It is perfectly proper for Villainy to drop bichlorid of mercury in Heroism's winecup, but Villainy must not even throw a snowball at Heroism until the hero's hair is Harrisonfishered and his Norfolk jacket neatly buttoned.

As for a villain's bath, let him wait. Only a few chapters, and the dark waters of the fiord will close over him forever.

It may be, in the course of the novel, that *Martin Maledict* persuades *Shirley*

and her chaperon to fly with him on his yacht, which has been anchored in the offing. The hero has such a long swim in catching up to them that you feel he is qualified to do without a bath for a couple of days. At the end of this period the novelist puts a knife between his (*Henry Heartache's*) teeth and he goes overboard to kill a shark which is about to eat *Shirley's* lace fan. The pursuit of a treacherous Kanaka is another fine excuse for bathing a hero.

Some day there will be a College of Novelism with a white-enameled Chair of Plumbing in it and after that our best sellers will have something of a general heart interest for the housewife and the commuter. Why should not the struggles of a man digging through four feet of frozen earth to get at a glaciated water-pipe be as thrillingly described as the antics of a man delving for mere gold? Rex Beach may answer if he can.

And when the student in the class of plumbing has heard his last lecture from old Professor Galvano Pipo, he will go forth into the world qualified to cope with any water-supply problem that his pen may bump against. Deftly will his hero carry the kit of plumbers' tools into the jungles of the Amazon and the mountains of Mars. Arctic explorers will lay water mains farther north than runs the law of man or city meter. The deserts will have pools and the pools will have springboards, even in the mirages. Castles on the Rhine will lower their drawbridges to admit the jolly barons of Steamfitters' Union No. 456.

Even send a hero to Siberia, and the Czar, in a moment of temporary aberration (Note to Russian censor: This is a fashionable American disease) will have the fine fellow assigned to the Russian bath department of the salt mines.

And as for the reviewers, who sit at the end of every novelist's vista, they will not gage a novel by the clearness of its style, but by the brightness of the taps and the general workmanship of the hot-water system.

MAGIC

I THOUGHT that life was an old tread-mill,
And I brooded away with my eyes on the ground;
Love gave me his lips—I drank my fill—
And the whole of the world was a merry-go-round!

Jane Burr

THE MEN WHO PUT GREECE BACK ON THE MAP

BY WINTHROP BIDDLE

IT is twenty-four centuries, as the current of Time runs, from Salamis to Salonika. At Salamis, 480 years before the Christian era, the great Themistocles frustrated the attempt of Xerxes and his Persian host to wipe the Greek race from the roll of nations.

From Salonika, in 1913, Constantine directed the brilliant military operations

which put Greece back on the map. Thus Salamis and Salonika, though separated by the abyss of the ages, are closely related facts in the history of Greece from the dawn of civilization to our own day.

The continuity of the Hellenic race in the yawning interval is an amazing thing in the chronicles of the world. That a people should exist since 480 B.C. is an



THE ROYAL FAMILY OF GREECE, SHOWING KING CONSTANTINE, HIS WIFE AND
THEIR FIVE CHILDREN



CONSTANTINE, KING OF GREECE, WHO HAS BROUGHT HIS COUNTRY UP INTO A HIGH PLACE AGAIN

From a photograph by B&Kringers, Athens

astonishing achievement in itself. That, after the lapse of the centuries it should retain the qualities of energy, gallantry and endurance which characterized it in the first flush of its manhood, is even more wonderful. In its moral significance the achievement at Salónica is greater than the triumph of Salamis.

Themistocles, when his flotilla of triremes faced the Persian fleet, had behind him splendid traditions of intellectual and artistic achievement, coupled with records of victories on land and sea. Constantine, when he faced the victorious Bulgarians at Salónica, was encumbered with

the fresh recollections of a humiliating defeat by the Turks only a few years before. In spite of the handicap, the energetic and enterprising king of the Hellenes, backed by a united people whose ruling passion is patriotism, accomplished the seemingly impossible and revived the glory that was Greece.

When the history of the triumph of Greece in the past two years shall have been written, two names will stand out big, that of King Constantine and his premier, Venezelos.

When Venezelos took office in 1911, the Greek nation was smarting under the hu-

miliating defeats which the Turks had inflicted upon the crown prince, as commander-in-chief of the Greek army in 1897. Greek prestige had been shattered, Greek finances were under the control of a European commission. The prospect of the immediate future was well-nigh as dismal as any nation ever faced. The war

of 1897 had been undertaken under great popular pressure, and against the judgment of King George, Prince Constantine and the cabinet, in an attempt to champion the cause of the people of the island of Crete, who had risen in revolt and driven the Turks out.

Yet this was not the end of the Cretan



QUEEN SOPHIA, OF GREECE, SISTER OF KAISER WILHELM II, OF GERMANY

From a photograph by Bühringers, Athens

agitation, so fraught with peril to the Greek nation. A new crisis came in 1909, when the Turkish government, backed by a mandate of the powers, gave Greece the choice of declaring war or renouncing its purpose to proclaim the annexation of the

was clamoring riotously. The peril was averted by the refusal of the government to yield to the delirious popular pressure—but Prince Constantine paid the price. He was compelled by the din of the mob in the street, and by a decree of parlia-



CROWN PRINCE GEORGE, OF GREECE, WHO CARRIES THE SCARS OF BATTLE

From a photograph by Böhlingers, Athens

contested island. King George and Crown Prince Constantine realized at this moment that Turkey was itching for war, and that an outbreak of hostilities would expose Greece to a fresh humiliation by the Asiatic hordes.

King and crown prince acted promptly and in perfect agreement. They gave it to be understood that under no circumstances would they consent to the act of annexation for which the Greek nation

ment, to resign his command of the army and to leave the country. At that moment it seemed that never would he be able to rehabilitate himself in public esteem. The tragedy of Themistocles, the Greek, expelled from his fatherland by the jealous hatred of his enemies after he had saved that fatherland at the battle of Salamis, promised to be repeated in the final humiliation of Constantine, the Russo-Dane, who had saved his adopted country

from certain ruin in a record conflict with Turkey, by the sacrifice of his prospective throne.

Wiser counsel prevailed, however. Crown Prince Constantine had not been in exile for three months, when the wind of popular sentiment veered back in his direction, and he was summoned to return. The day of his re-entrance into Athens was a lucky day for Greece.

It was peculiarly fitting, after Greece had been twice checked in her endeavor to liberate the Greeks of Crete from the Turkish domination, that the man who with consummate skill had guided the militant islanders to a successful revolt,

should transfer his activities to Athens, to continue in a larger way his activities for the unification of Crete with the motherland of Greece.

Venezelos had not been in office many months when the chancelleries of Europe, which had been accustomed to regard Greece as an international joke and a byword of diplomacy, began to observe the operations of a significant force in the foreign office in Athens. The new minister's conception of his own overmastering purpose in life is summarized in his remark to King George soon after he had taken his portfolio as prime minister and minister of foreign affairs: "Let me have



PRINCE ALEXANDER, SECOND SON OF THE KING OF GREECE

From a photograph by Böhringers, Athens



ELEUTHERIOS VENEZELOS, PREMIER OF GREECE, WHO HAS BEEN A MIGHTY POWER IN REVIVIFYING THE NATION

five years of office, your majesty, and I will give you a new Greece."

The keen eye of Venezelos, a Greek of the Greeks, soon saw that in the crown prince Greece possessed its most valuable asset. He threw himself body and soul into Constantine's plans for the reorganization of the military forces of the country. The army was handed over to French generals for training, a wholesale plan of rearmament and re-equipment was adopted, and the Greek people, from the Parthenon to the last hovel on the boundary of Epirus and the outermost island of the Ægean, were electrified by a fresh appeal to their pride and their love of country. Even to America came the flood of the wave of new sentiment which was destined to accomplish magnificent things on the battlefield. The Greeks living on this side of the Atlantic—merchants, professional men, vendors, waiters and bootblacks—

responded quickly and generously to the appeal of the motherland, spoken by the lips of Venezelos. The tenor of the conversation in the Greek restaurants in New York was an echo of the ardent talk in the gay coffee-houses of Athens: "Let us give all we have to the country."

Constantine, the son of a Danish father and a Russian mother, Queen Olga, worked as seldom an heir to a throne had worked before. Democratic to an astonishing degree, the crown prince soon lived down the prejudice engendered by his alien parentage. Venezelos, who realized the need of a striking personality to give concrete expression to his people's ideals, centered his loyalty and his patriotic devotion upon the royal family, and especially upon Constantine, the handsome soldier prince. Prince and minister combined to obliterate the disgrace of the past. The bitter memories of defeat in 1897 and

1909 were forgotten. Forgotten was the hatred which the Greek nation had heaped upon its future king in the moment of national disaster. Constantine became to his people a Greek of the Greeks.

Venezelos, may never be told. The growing uneasiness in the European chancelleries suddenly developed into acute panic in the summer of 1912, when the mysterious operations of a Balkan alliance made



PRINCESS HELEN, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE KING OF GREECE, JUST ENTERING HER EIGHTEENTH YEAR

From a photograph by Böhrringers, Athens

In the meanwhile, portentous events were going on under the surface in the complicated arena of Balkan politics. How the trend of these events was being controlled directly by the skilful hand of

themselves felt in the affairs of the world. The outbreak of the war of the allies against Turkey found the machinery of military efficiency at Athens working with the smooth precision of perfection. Con-



THE DARK PORTION OF THIS MAP STRETCHING ALL THE WAY FROM THE BLACK SEA ACROSS TO THE ADRIATIC, A TERRITORY COMPRISING ABOUT 60,000 SQUARE MILES, BELONGED TO THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE AT THE OUTBREAK OF THE FIRST BALKAN WAR (1912). THE GREATEST SLICE OF THIS VAST TURKISH DOMAIN FELL TO GREECE AS THE RESULT OF THE DEFEAT OF BULGARIA IN THE SECOND BALKAN WAR (1913). IN ADDITION TO HER CONTINENTAL GAINS OF MORE THAN 20,000 SQUARE MILES, INCLUDING THE VALUABLE PORTS OF SALONIKA AND KAVALLA, GREECE IS NOW IN A POSITION APPROACHING DOMINANCE OVER THE AEGEAN SEA, A POSSIBILITY ON WHICH ITALY LOOKS WITH LITTLE COMPLACENCY. THE NEW STATE OF ALBANIA WAS CREATED EXPRESSLY TO KEEP SERVIA FROM HAVING AN OUTLET ON THE ADRIATIC. WITH ITS RECENT ADDITIONS, GREECE IS A NATION OF REAL IMPORTANCE IN SIZE. SHE HAS AN ENDLESS COAST-LINE AND MYRIADS OF ISLANDS. BULGARIA, IT WILL BE SEEN, GOT LESS TERRITORY THAN SERVIA AND EVEN LOST SOME OF HER ORIGINAL TERRITORY TO ROUMANIA.

stantine had done his work well. The Greek people, always keen for that which is new, as in the days of St. Paul, had mastered with fidelity the lessons offered them by their French instructors. King George's appeal to the patriotism of his subjects met with a quick and joyous re-

sponse from the new nation which Venizelos had promised him. Once more Greece stood in shining armor to meet the foe of the Hellenic race. The memories of Salamis lived again after the lapse of well-nigh twenty-four centuries.

While Constantine, in khaki, was at the

front and his wife, Princess Sophia of Prussia, younger sister of the Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany, was scarcely twenty miles behind the vanguard, tending the sick and the wounded, Venezelos sat at his desk in Athens, playing with a sure hand the game of diplomacy in which the stakes were to be a greater Greece.

Constantine had barely accepted the surrender of the Turkish commander at Salonika, when a Bulgarian army arrived in the historic city which was the commercial gem of the late Ottoman Empire. The meeting of Greeks and Bulgarians, in Salonika, the desired, was an historic event. For a thousand years the Bulgars had sought possession of Salonika as their outlet to the open sea. Venezelos saw at a glance that it would take something more than mere diplomatic representations to induce the Bulgarians to abandon the prize of the war with Turkey to the peaceful possession of the Greek nation.

There is every reason to believe that as early as the spring of 1913, when the interrupted negotiations between the Turkish representatives and the plenipotentiaries of the Balkan allies were resumed at the peace conference in London, Venezelos, himself the head of the Greek delegation, was perfecting his plans for a war with Bulgaria. So successful was the outcome of his conferences with Premier Pasitch of Serbia and with the Montenegrin delegates, that at the moment when the treaty of peace with Turkey was signed in the British capital, Venezelos was enabled to inform Constantine by cable that Bulgaria had been isolated, that she would have to face, not one nation, but five in the impending struggle. His summary of the situation proved correct when, at the beginning of June, Bulgaria, exhausted by her victorious struggle with the Turks at the points of their greatest strength, in Thrace, found herself surrounded by the steel of the Roumanians at the north, by the combined armies of Greece, Serbia and Montenegro at the west and south, and by the reorganized hordes of Turkey to the east and on the Black Sea coast. It was the most desperate military situation that ever a nation faced, and it had been brought about by the consummate diplomatic skill of Eleutherios Venezelos.

The alignment of diplomatic and military forces was well calculated to appeal to the pride of the Greek nation. If the

Greeks hate the Turks, their sentiments toward the Bulgarians may be described as the essence of hatred. The Turks are an enemy of yesterday, so to speak. The Bulgarians are a foe with whom the Greeks have been locked in a deadly embrace for at least twelve centuries.

The first gun was fired by a Bulgarian outpost on the Bregalnitsa river at the beginning of July. It was the signal for a concentric advance upon Bulgaria, which was led with great dash and tireless energy by Constantine—now elevated to the throne by the assassination of his father, King George, in Salonika—with the gallant Crown Prince George and the entire Hellenic race, from Smyrna to San Francisco, at his back.

The crowning achievement of Greek diplomacy at the peace conference in Bucharest is a tale of yesterday. With a stroke of the pen Bulgaria, under the pressure of the armies of five nations, renounced Salonika, the much-desired.

With a stroke of the pen the conquered relinquished to the conquerors an empire, of which Greece took the lion's share, nearly doubling her territory by the acquisition of more than twenty-five thousand square miles of the richest part of the former Turkish dominions, and combining about six millions of Greeks under the Greek flag.

At the beginning of the first Balkan war Greece was an uncertain, if not contemptuous, quantity in the calculations of statesmen. At the end of the second conflict she is engaging the jealous attention of at least two of the great powers—Italy and Austria-Hungary.

The ink was hardly dry upon the text of the treaty of Bucharest when the cabinet at Rome began to take serious account of the danger that the new Greece—a Greece flushed with victory and enriched by accessions of productive soil—would seriously menace Italian prestige in the Adriatic and the *Ægean*.

The new consideration which Greece is enjoying in the councils of the nations was strikingly illustrated last January, when Premier Venezelos made a tour of the chancelleries of Europe, and was received with the honors due to a statesman of the first rank. He laid the foundations for the development of the new territory by signing a contract in Paris for the immediate construction of a railroad line of

seventy miles to connect Greece with the rest of Europe by tapping the Oriental railways north of Salonika.

Seventy miles of railroad is a trifling matter as railroads go, even in the Balkans, but this particular seventy miles of rails, already under survey, from Zarali-Zerven, close to the old Turkish border, to Gida, on the line between Veria and Salonika, is of decisive importance to Greece. For many years Greek diplomacy had done its utmost to induce Turkey to permit the laying of the rails on this route, for the purpose of connecting Greece physically with western Europe. Turkey, with crafty purpose to thwart the development of Greek commerce, always had refused the coveted permission. Now Greece has won by the sword the boon that had been denied to her prayers.

In ten months the ancient city of Athens will be within sixty hours of Paris without a change of cars. Thus the country will be outwardly and visibly linked up with the outside world toward which it had vainly struggled for two generations. Athens will be a next door neighbor to Vienna, Berlin, Paris and London.

Now that the immediate problems of the future of Greece have been brilliantly solved, the two men who achieved the memorable results are still maintaining their firm hold upon Grecian affairs and

are preparing for the future liberation of the two millions of Greeks still remaining under the Ottoman flag, for the most part in Asia Minor.

King Constantine, after Eleutherios Venezelos, is the most popular man the Greeks have known for many centuries. He is a soldier first of all—a man of simple tastes and democratic manner of life. He is to be seen frequently in the streets of Athens, walking alone or attended only by an aide-de-camp. His consort, Queen Sophia, has endeared herself to her subjects by her great services in the hospitals during the two wars. That she is a thorough Greek at heart, despite her Hohenzollern birth, is to be inferred from the fact that, at the risk of incurring the displeasure of her brother, the German Kaiser, she abandoned the Lutheran Church to unite herself with the communion of her people, the Orthodox Greek church. This brought about a sharp estrangement between her and her imperial kinsman, who only recently has seen the advisability of reconciling himself to the inevitable.

Crown Prince George, a handsome, soldierly young fellow of twenty-four, performed prodigies of valor during the two wars and enjoys the distinction, after being wounded in action at Janina, of being the only living heir to a European throne who bears the scars of battle.

NOCTURNE

Out of the mud—a flower springs,
Nodding its angel head;
Out of a soul some truth is learned
After the flesh is dead.

Out of defeat a victory smiles,
Crowning the aching brow;
Out of the sorrow-laden Past
Greets us the joyous Now.

Deep where some buried Cæsar lies
Blooms there a blood-red flower;
Out of the soul's Gethsemane—
The Resurrection hour!

Out of the rain the rainbow shines,
Pearls from the mist are dew;
Out of my pain the Savior leaned,
Out of the night came—You.

Gladys Hall

SOME INTERESTING FACTS AND FIGURES ABOUT DIVORCE

BY OSCAR J. SMITH

TWO million divorces, four million Americans divorced!

There you have, in concrete form, the net, tangible product of America's divorce mill in the forty-seven years since 1867, if the rate of increase of divorce in other years is maintained in 1914. Official record for the years preceding 1867 is not obtainable.

Obviously, the magnitude of the problem as revealed by these figures makes it almost appalling. To realize fully what they mean, let us present them in another way. If lined up, side by side, in a straight perspective, this army of divorced American couples would stretch 800 miles—from New York, for example, across five States to Chicago and beyond, or from Rotterdam, Holland, southwest across Europe to Rome. The *divorcées* alone are as numerous as the huge standing armies of France, Great Britain, and Japan combined.

Up to the end of last year the number of divorces since 1867, according to the official figures to 1906 and estimates for the remaining years based on the previous rate of increase, was 1,921,341. These estimates are conservative and are probably under the actual figures.

In forty-seven years the divorce rate per 100,000 of population has more than quadrupled, jumping from 27 in 1867 to 110 (estimated) in 1913. The number of divorces rose from 9,937 in 1867 to 108,000 in 1913. Up to 1906, official figures show, 1,274,341 divorces were granted. Of these 845,652 were granted to women and only 428,689 to men; that is, in about two-thirds of the cases the wives secured the divorces.

Only about one-third of those who obtain divorces marry again, according to the records of Maine, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, but this should not be inter-

preted as meaning that about one-third of the divorced couples sought the divorce so that they might contract a new union, for many of those who remarried did not do so for several years.

A variety of causes have contributed to the amazing growth of divorce in America. Chief among them have been these:

The opening of many new avenues of employment for women—avenues undreamed of fifty years ago—which have increased woman's economic independence and enabled her to support herself (a comparison of the growth of these new employments with the growth of the divorce rate would seem to show that they have kept pace with each other); the growth of individualism, and the desire for personal liberty and happiness; the fact that some care less for their souls' salvation than for earthly happiness, while others have evolved the belief that salvation does not depend upon wearing the sackcloth and ashes of marital unhappiness; the education of the masses; the ever-growing belief that love and affection are paramount to the legal obligation of marriage, and that when love has ceased the legal bond should be dissolved; and last, but by no means least, to the lack of any sort of instruction to the young on the subject of marriage, its duties, and responsibilities.

Opinions over the advisability of divorce may differ, but recognition of its presence as an outstanding feature of modern life cannot be evaded. The growth of divorce would seem to show the necessity for humane and reasonable divorce laws: divorce is a remedy, the legal cure for matrimonial wrongs. Destroying the remedy would not remove the wrongs.

Perhaps the greatest evil in connection with divorce in America is the fact that divorce is a matter in which the Federal

The advance of divorce in the United States from the first year for which official figures are obtainable—1867—to the present time, is shown concretely by the following figures:

Year	Population	Divorces
1867	36,423,856	9,937
1868	37,135,361	10,150
1869	37,846,866	10,939
1870	38,558,371	10,962
1871	39,718,112	11,586
1872	40,877,853	12,390
1873	42,037,595	13,156
1874	43,197,336	13,989
1875	44,357,077	14,212
1876	45,516,818	14,800
1877	46,676,559	15,687
1878	47,836,301	16,089
1879	48,996,042	17,083
1880	50,155,783	19,663
1881	51,402,430	20,762
1882	52,649,076	22,112
1883	53,895,723	23,198
1884	55,142,370	22,994
1885	56,389,017	23,472
1886	57,635,663	25,535
1887	58,882,310	27,919
1888	60,128,957	28,669
1889	61,375,603	31,735
1890	62,947,714	33,461
1891	64,252,400	35,540
1892	65,557,086	36,579
1893	66,861,772	37,468
1894	68,166,458	37,568
1895	69,471,145	40,387
1896	70,775,831	42,937
1897	72,080,517	44,699
1898	73,385,203	47,849
1899	74,689,889	51,437
1900	75,994,575	55,751
1901	77,274,967	60,984
1902	78,576,436	61,480
1903	79,900,389	64,925
1904	81,261,856	66,199
1905	82,574,195	67,976
1906	83,941,510	72,062
1907	85,949,199	*77,000
1908	87,956,888	*82,000
1909	89,964,577	*87,000
1910	91,972,266	*92,000
1911	93,979,955	*98,000
1912	95,987,644	*103,000
1913	97,995,333	*108,000
Total 1867 to 1913 .		1,921,341

*Unofficial.

government has no jurisdiction, the States being supreme in this particular field. This is due to the gradual assumption, by the provincial Legislatures, in colonial times, of the right to grant divorce. The defects in this system proving patent, jurisdiction over divorce was gradually transferred to the courts. There it has remained ever since.

This sovereignty of the States in the matter of divorce has led to a most confusing and complex situation because of the varying requirements for legal divorce in the several States and the States' great diversity in their treatment of the matter.

One of the great evils resulting from this is the fact that a divorce obtained in one State often is not legal in another, and thus the validity of subsequent marriages and the status of the children from such marriages is frequently called into question. The following case, a true one, in which innocent children were made illegitimate merely as a matter of geography, will emphasize the need for action tending to make any divorce, once it is obtained, legal anywhere in the United States.

The husband in this particular instance and his first wife married in Boston in 1887 and lived in Massachusetts for about three years. In 1891 the man moved to South Dakota, became a resident and citizen there in accordance with the laws of that State, and voted at a State election in the fall of that year. Later he brought suit for divorce in the South Dakota courts; his wife contested the suit; but upon a satisfactory money settlement being made with her she withdrew the contest and a decree was given the husband.

Within a day or so after obtaining his decree he returned to Massachusetts, where, at the end of about a year, he married another woman and lived with her in Boston until his death in 1897. Two children were born of this marriage and were living at the time of his death.

After his decease both wives applied for letters of administration on his estate, and in the controversy as to which of the two was the widow the Massachusetts courts held the South Dakota divorce worthless in that commonwealth and decided that the first wife was the widow and entitled to letters. This decision was affirmed on error to the Supreme Court of the United States by a divided court.

Without discussing the merits of this de-

cision at all, attention is called to the fact that it made two children illegitimate and took the name of wife from their mother; whereas, had the man concerned settled in almost any State of the Union other than Massachusetts when he left South Dakota, and had he in such other State met and married his second wife, that second marriage would have been held good and his innocent children would have been legitimate in every other State than Massachusetts. Thus their legitimacy was merely a question of State lines, of geography.

Here is another striking example, in which a man was imprisoned for bigamy after his first wife had received a divorce and was at liberty to marry again.

The man in this case and his wife were married in Ohio and afterward removed to the State of New York, where the wife deserted her husband and returned to Ohio. She obtained a divorce in the courts of that State in a suit of which her husband had no notice and did not appear and in which the wife obtained a decree by default.

Later he learned of the divorce and, believing the decree operated to divorce him, married again in New York. He was prosecuted for bigamy, convicted, and sentenced to prison, and his conviction was affirmed by the Court of Appeals.

His wife had deserted him and divorced him and was at perfect liberty to marry another in Ohio, while he was sentenced to prison for marrying again in New York. The rule laid down in the opinion of the Court of Appeals of New York in that case still stands as the law of the State and has never been reversed or modified.

The wife's divorce was doubtless good in Ohio and operated to divorce the man there also, so that, had he married his second wife in Ohio instead of New York, he could not have been held guilty of bigamy even though he returned with her to and lived with her in New York. Thus his bigamy (?) was purely a matter of geography.

One last example. A man and his first wife were married in New York in 1868. The pair separated immediately after the wedding and the husband removed to Connecticut. In 1881, thirteen years later, he obtained a divorce in that State in a suit wherein his wife did not appear. Later he married again in Connecticut.

In 1899, thirty-one years after the first

marriage, the first wife sued him for legal separation and separate maintenance in the courts of New York and obtained personal service on him.

At the trial he endeavored to introduce the judgment roll of his Connecticut divorce in bar of the suit, but it was rejected on the ground that it was worthless for any purpose in New York. This ruling was by a referee, but was upheld by all the courts to and including the Supreme Court of the United States.

His divorce and second marriage were both good in Connecticut; his first marriage was held to be still good in New York; so that the problem as to which was the real wife was one of geography.

A MATTER OF EVERYWHERE OR NOWHERE

The obvious remedy for the tragic conditions typified by these three examples, which can be duplicated thousands of times in the court records of this country, is, obviously, a law that will obtain from one end of the land to the other. This, of course, in its simplest form would be a Federal divorce law, since experience has shown that it is impossible to get concurrent, uniform legislation from all the States.

The national congress on uniform divorce laws, at its most recent session, in 1906, passed a resolution to the effect that it was the sense of the congress that no Federal divorce law was feasible and that all efforts to secure a Constitutional amendment—a necessary prerequisite—would be futile. The passage of this resolution at that time was but natural, as for years it had been considered inexpedient or impossible to amend the Federal Constitution. But time changes all things, and among them the supposed popular attitude toward tinkering with the Constitution. Twice since the divorce congress met the Constitution has been amended, and doubtless it can be again, as soon as the necessity for a uniform divorce law is grasped by the people.

If Congress is competent to take jurisdiction of an interstate character over illicit relations, as it has done in the Mann so-called white-slave act, it is not easy to understand why it may not also take jurisdiction over marriage and divorce, both of which are obviously of far greater interstate importance.

The efforts of the national congress on

uniform divorce laws have practically failed, but with an amendment to the Federal Constitution and the enactment of a Federal divorce law (probably with concurrent jurisdiction in State and Federal courts) the main object of that congress would be accomplished and the legality of divorce decrees, the validity of subsequent marriages, and the legitimacy of the innocent children would no longer be questions of geography. These, it would seem, are matters of sufficient interstate importance to justify a change that will make divorce decrees legal, marriages valid, and children legitimate in this land everywhere or nowhere. Hope for possible action toward this end lies chiefly in the National Divorce Commission appointed by the President. This commission is now at work.

RESTRICTIVE LEGISLATION NO BAR

During the thirty-three years following the organization of the New England divorce reform league at Boston in 1881 divines, statesmen, educators, and others have labored against the growth of divorce. The perplexing problem has been presented time and again to the conventions of nearly all the churches as a subject for debate and an object for prayer; Congress has been appealed to, and the President pleaded with, to do something; but despite all efforts the divorce rate has persistently increased.

The failure of attempts to check divorce by restrictive legislation is aptly illustrated by the experience of California, as will be shown by the following table and explanation:

CALIFORNIA

Year	Estimated population	Divorces	
		Number	Per 100,000 population
1900	1,485,053	1,649	111
1901	1,574,303	1,732	110
1902	1,663,553	1,733	104
1903	1,752,803	862	49
1904	1,842,053	716	39
1905	1,931,303	1,660	86
1906	2,020,553	1,813	90
1907	2,109,803	2,177	103
1908	2,199,053	2,738	124
1909	2,288,303	3,087	138
1910	2,377,549	3,334	140
1911	2,466,799	3,700	150
1912	2,556,049	3,949	154

In 1903 the so-called interlocutory di-

vorce decree was established in California. Such decrees do not become final until the expiration of one year from the date of judgment. The immediate effect of this law was a large decrease in divorces, but within five years the divorce rate of 1902 was exceeded, and 1912 showed a gain of about fifty per cent in the rate per 100,000 population over the year before the interlocutory decree was established.

Illinois and Wisconsin established the interlocutory decree, without any appreciable effect on the divorce rate, in 1905.

The oldest written divorce law is that of Moses, which reads in part:

When a man hath taken a wife, and married her, and it come to pass that she find no favor in his eyes, . . . then let him write her a bill of divorcement, and give it into her hand, and send her out of his home. And when she is departed out of his home, she may go and be another man's wife.

It will be seen that this law was entirely for men—the only advantage a wife gained under it was the right to marry again after being divorced; but for men it was a much broader and easier divorce law than any statute of any civilized State or nation to-day. Given the liberal interpretation which it doubtless received among the ancient Hebrews, a man could divorce his wife, or one of his wives, simply because he did not like her looks.

Notwithstanding this easy divorce law, there were probably few divorces. Wives were property and costly; a poor man was in luck to have one, and luckier to be able to hold her. The wealthy and powerful were prone to gather in those who were fair to look upon, and if a wealthy polygamist got tired of one of his wives it is only fair to assume that he would ignore her and devote himself to the others. For instance, it is hardly probable that Solomon, with some hundred and ninety-nine wives and "near-wives" to fall back upon, ever went to the trouble and expense of a bill of divorcement for any offender.

The early Romans permitted divorces to husbands only, and Plutarch says that Romulus "instituted also certain laws, one of which is somewhat severe, *which suffers not a wife to leave her husband*, but grants a husband power to turn off his wife, either upon poisoning her children, or counterfeiting his keys, or for adultery." This law of Romulus is the first in the history

of the world that made a matrimonial offense a prerequisite to divorce.

Speaking of divorce among the Romans, Gibbon says:

The warmest applause has been lavished on the virtue of the Romans, who abstained from the exercise of this tempting privilege above five hundred years; but the same fact evinces the unequal terms of a connection in which the slave (the wife) was unable to renounce her tyrant, and the tyrant was unwilling to relinquish his slave.

From the beginning of the world woman has been discriminated against in matters of divorce. The law of Moses, and the law of the early Romans, as above stated, permitted divorce to man only, and the same loose rule has prevailed over the entire world among primitive and savage peoples. The only exception in olden times that seems worthy of mention occurred among the Romans who, from about 200 B.C. to about 600 A.D., permitted divorces to women, who were frequent applicants for relief during those years.

The countries which adopted the Roman civil law allowed divorce to woman as long as that law remained supreme, but when it was superseded by the canon law of the church, and all absolute divorces thereby eliminated, woman was then discriminated against in matters pertaining to legal separation.

In France, before the Revolution, the husband could sue for judicial separation on certain grounds that were much easier for him than those allowed to the wife;

and to this day in Italy, where partial divorce is the only kind that may be had, a distinction is made in the husband's favor.

From the time of the Reformation in England, about 1534, a husband could obtain an absolute divorce by special act of Parliament, but a wife could not obtain an absolute divorce for any cause, or in any manner whatever, until 1857—and even since that date the discrimination is largely in the man's favor.

Under the influence of the spirit of freedom which swept over France during the Revolution the view that marriage is a civil contract came to be generally accepted and the right of divorce was demanded by the people.

The national assembly, yielding to this demand and declaring that an indissoluble marriage would be the death of individual liberty, enacted a law in 1792 establishing absolute divorce and abolishing the limited divorce which had prevailed during the supremacy of the canon law and the church. This law was very liberal, and placed woman upon equal terms with man. Two years later Germany adopted a similar law.

Placing women upon a complete political, social, and industrial equality with men, which is certain to come, will have a strong tendency to decrease divorce. With the altruism that will naturally flow from such equality there will spring up greater human happiness; and with greater human happiness there must necessarily be a lessening of divorce.

THE KISS

A kiss I gave at seventeen,
With timid, fluttering fear.

A pale, gray ghost of love it was,
All innocent and dear.

A kiss I gave at twenty-two;
I thought my heart would break;
I loved him so (and love is pain),
But Passion did not wake.

A kiss I gave at twenty-eight;
It burned my lips of red,
For at my side sat Passion's form,
And tender Love lay dead.

A kiss I gave at thirty-four;
All trust and peace and rest;
Though Love and Passion both were gone,
It was the last and best.

Marion Ethel Hamilton

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF MONSIEUR DUPOY

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCE OF SINNERS," "THE MASTER MUMMER,"
"CONSPIRATORS," ETC.

BEING THE FIFTH OF THE EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURES OF
MR. STANLEY BROOKE, THE DELIBERATE DETECTIVE

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY W. B. KING

SIX months had passed since the day that unique partnership was entered into across the breakfast table in the Waldorf-Astoria, New York. To all appearances Constance Robinson had resumed her vocation as public typist, except that the contrast between her comfortable office of the present, and the bare room in Hender Street in which Brooke first met her, was pleasantly sharp.

Brooke sat by, watching her fingers dance through the transcription of a page.

"What we want," he declared, from the depths of her easy-chair, "is a holiday—a proper summer holiday."

"What you may want," Constance asserted, with emphasis, "has nothing to do with me. What I want is to finish this typing."

He glanced at the machine contemptuously.

"I cannot understand," he exclaimed, "why you go on grinding away at that wretched copying! You get ninepence a thousand words for it. It isn't in the least worth your while."

"Perhaps not," she admitted, "and yet I fancy that I know my own business best. I have explained to you before that it is not the money it brings me in so much as the fact that it gives me a definite station in life. If any inquiries are made about me, I can easily prove that I am a professional typist, with work coming in all the

time. It would be very much better for you if you had some corresponding occupation."

Brooke evaded the point.

"Will you come out somewhere for a drive this afternoon?" he asked.

"I will not," she replied calmly. "You ought to have gone down and played golf. As you did not, I wish you would go round to your club or somewhere. You distract me."

He shrugged his shoulders and left her. He found Constance sometimes almost unendurable. Her resolution, her indomitable front towards all his attempts to alter in any way their relations, was beginning to tell upon him.

It was impossible, however, to believe that she was not like other girls. There had even been moments when he had fancied that she had looked at him more kindly, moments when he had certainly permitted himself to hope. Only it was a long time! Personally he felt as far away from her now as on that first day.

She had begun by piquing his curiosity. His vanity had been a little ruffled by her calm resistance of his advances. Then the other things had come—not all at once, but gradually. To-day he knew that there could never be any other woman in the world for him.

At the club he was distraught. He wandered from the card-room, which bored

him, abandoned the billiard-room without an effort to play, and finally found himself in the library, the most deserted spot in the club. Its only other occupant laid down his paper at his approach and welcomed him.

"Mr. Brooke," he said, "your coming is rather a coincidence. I was on the point of ringing the bell to ask whether you were in the club."

Brooke looked at the speaker in surprise.

"I didn't even know that you remembered me, Sir William," he remarked, a little dryly.

Sir William Dennison smiled as he drew up his chair. He was a tall, gray-bearded man, well groomed, his beard trimmed Vandyke fashion, a single eyeglass in his left eye. He held an official position under the government, and was quite the most distinguished member of the club.

"On the contrary, I remember you very well," he declared. "It was in Vienna that I last met you."

"I am flattered," said Brooke, easily, "to have remained in your memory so long."

Sir William glanced around the room as though to make sure that they were alone.

"I have heard of you once or twice lately," he announced, "through a friend of mine whom I need not name—you and a young lady—Miss Constance Robinson, I think."

Brooke sat quite still.

"I am told that in one or two cases," Sir William continued, "you have shown, between you, an unusual amount of determination and ingenuity. I have a commission to offer you. Are you prepared to take it?"

"Without a doubt," Brooke answered.

"It doesn't seem, on the face of it, a very interesting affair," Sir William went on. "One can't tell, however, what it might lead to. These are the facts."

"About a fortnight ago a Monsieur Dupoy came over to this country, indirectly on behalf of the French government. I may say that we have received from them, within the course of the last few months, a strong protest against our neglect in the matter of war balloons and aeroplanes generally."

"Dupoy was sent here to attend some experiments at Aldershot, and to be entrusted by us with a complete scheme of

our proposed reorganization. He was to have received these at the War Office at twelve o'clock last Friday week. He presented himself at the appointed place at that time but we were not quite ready, and we asked him to call again the next day.

"Dupoy was perfectly willing. I happened to be there myself, and I invited him to dine with me that night, an invitation which he accepted at once. Since then nothing whatever has been seen of Monsieur Dupoy."

"He disappeared?"

"Absolutely!"

"Are you sure that he did not return home?"

"Quite," Sir William replied. "We have communicated with the French government, and through them with his relations. No one has seen or heard anything of him since he left here last Friday week."

"I haven't noticed anything about it in the papers," Brooke remarked.

Sir William smiled.

"The disappearance of Monsieur Dupoy," he said softly, "is not one of those cases which are advertised in the press. It may, of course, have been due to an accident in the ordinary way. The hospitals, however, have been thoroughly searched, and no trace discovered of him. It is a significant fact that, so far as anybody knew, he left the War Office a week ago last Friday with our proposals and our complete scheme in his pocket."

"Where was he staying?" Brooke asked.

"At Delacher's Hotel, on the Embankment."

"Some inquiries have been made there, of course?"

"Naturally. Dupoy was reported to have paid his bill on the Friday morning, to have ordered his bag brought down, and to have gone out for half an hour to buy, he told the hotel clerk, a present for his wife. Since then he has not been heard of."

"Do you suspect any one?" Brooke asked next.

Sir William shrugged his shoulders. He had risen to his feet and was lighting a cigarette from a case which he passed over to Brooke.

"Not with any reason," he answered.

"Curiously enough, however, this is the third disappearance from Delacher's Hotel within the last six weeks. It is possible that something may have happened to Dupoy

quite apart from the fact that he was supposed to be carrying with him very important political documents.

"I don't know whether the affair appeals to you. If it does, my department will pay exceedingly well for any satisfactory elucidation of the mystery, and will, in any case, be responsible for your expenses if you care to have a look round."

"I am awfully obliged to you, sir," Brooke replied. "Perhaps in a day or two I may have something to report."

Brooke sought no longer to distract himself at bridge or billiards. He took a taxicab and drove back to his rooms, calling, on his way, to see Constance. She looked up at him ominously as he entered, but he only smiled.

"This," he declared, "is no idle visit. Work! Do you know anything about Delacher's Hotel?"

She nodded.

"I know that a few weeks ago there was a diamond merchant from Hamburg who disappeared from there; and a little time before that, a mysterious young woman from St. Petersburg, who had come over to look for a situation as a teacher of languages, went out one morning and never returned."

"Good!" Brooke exclaimed. "There has been a third disappearance—a Frenchman this time."

"How did you hear of it?" she asked quickly.

"A friend of mine," he explained, "a member of the government now, has placed the affair in my hands."

"He has probably heard of you," she remarked quietly, "as my assistant."

"He will hear of me some day as you—" Brooke began.

"Don't be rash," she interrupted. "What are you going to do?"

"I am going to stay at Delacher's Hotel," he replied. "And you?"

"I am going to finish this typing. Tell me, before you go, about this man who has disappeared?"

Brooke imparted to her in a few words all the information he had gained from Sir William. She listened thoughtfully. When he had finished, she turned back to her work.

"I wish you luck. Don't get into trouble," she advised him.

Brooke opened his lips, but the click of the typewriter drowned his words. He

moved slowly away. At the door he looked back. Constance was absorbed in her work. He could see only the top of her light brown hair and the flashing of her fingers. With a muttered word he went up to his room.

An hour later he made his way to Charing Cross and, waiting until the arrival of the Continental train, mingled with the little stream of alighting passengers and took a taxicab to Delacher's Hotel. A hall porter received his bag and ushered him in.

Brooke, whose French was perfect, asked for a room in the name of Monsieur Dupoy. The clerk stared at him for a moment. The head porter, who was a tall, olive-skinned person, with a black mustache, also leaned forward with interest.

"Monsieur Dupoy!" the clerk repeated, with the pen in his hand.

Brooke nodded, and glanced around as though to make sure that no one else was within hearing.

"To tell you the truth," he announced, "I come here on behalf of the family. Only the week before last, a cousin of mine was staying in this same hotel. He was to have returned to Paris last Friday week. He did not arrive. We have sent him many messages and letters. There has been no reply. It was arranged that I should come over to make inquiries."

"We have already written," the clerk remarked, "informing Madame Dupoy that her husband left here on the Friday morning, for the purpose, he said, of buying her a present. He did not return. He had so little luggage that we imagined he had been kept until the last moment and then had taken the train without it, sooner than be delayed."

Brooke nodded.

"Up till last night," he declared, with a little gesture, "my cousin had not returned. Therefore, I am here. Give me a room. I do not know what I can do, but we shall see. One must try the police."

The clerk handed him a round ticket.

"You can have the room which your cousin occupied, Monsieur Dupoy," he said—"No. 387, on the third floor. As to the police, it is, of course, your affair, but I trust you are satisfied that nothing happened to Monsieur Dupoy under this roof?"

"Entirely," Brooke replied. "All the evidence goes to show that he left here, as you have told me, to buy this present."

Brooke was ushered to the lift. Until he disappeared, he noticed that the head porter was watching him with ill-concealed curiosity. He was shown into an ordinary hotel bedroom on the third floor, with an outlook on the Thames.

The furniture was of the plainest, and there was no communicating door into any other room. Brooke opened his bag, took out his clothes, and glanced at his watch. It was a quarter to eight. He decided to dine in the restaurant down-stairs without changing, and accordingly rang the bell and ordered some hot water. The chambermaid wished him good evening pleasantly. He slipped a half-crown into her hand.

"I may leave at any moment," he explained. "I give you this now."

She grabbed the money and beamed at him.

"The gentleman is very gracious," she declared, with a strong German accent.

Brooke broke into fluent German.

"You knew the occupant of this room," he inquired, "who was here the week before last—Monsieur Dupoy?"

She nodded.

"He left his bag behind him," she said. "He departed in a great hurry."

"You didn't happen to see him before he started, I suppose?" Brooke asked.

"Yes!" she answered. "Yes! He came in and washed his hands. It was the middle of the morning. He went out to eat. I know because he said to me: 'The food down-stairs,' he said, 'it is good, but the room is dull. I will go somewhere more lively.' He said that to me while I poured out his hot water."

"Nothing about buying a present for his wife?" Brooke inquired.

The girl shook her head.

"Not to me did he speak of such a person."

Brooke whistled softly as he went down-stairs. As he crossed the hall he heard the sound of voices raised in altercation. The head porter was speaking angrily to a subordinate, who had apparently come late to relieve him. Brooke bought a paper and went into the restaurant.

He dined fairly well, but his surroundings were certainly depressing. A band, not of the first order, was playing. There were only a few diners, and these were obviously foreigners of the commercial type. One or two of the men seemed to be talking

business. There were barely half a dozen women in the room. As soon as he had finished his meal, he strolled out into the hall. The man who had relieved the head porter was standing on the door-step. Brooke strolled up to him and lit a cigarette.

"Disagreeable looking fellow, your head porter," he observed.

"It is a wonder," the man grumbled, "that any of us stay here with him. If the management only knew—"

He hurried off to procure a taxi for a departing guest. Brooke awaited his return.

"Queer appearing fellow altogether," he said softly. "He looks more like a head-waiter than anything."

"He was a waiter before he took on this job," the porter remarked. "He has got a restaurant of his own now, they say. Shouldn't care to go to it myself."

"Why not?" Brooke inquired.

The man hesitated. He looked more closely at his questioner.

"No particular reason, sir. I don't like Paul, that's all. You'll excuse me, sir."

He walked off to attend to some alighting passengers. Brooke noticed that he seemed rather to avoid returning. When he was disengaged, however, Brooke called softly to him.

"Tell me, what is your name?" he asked.

"My name is Fritz, sir," the man replied.

"Do you happen to know mine?" Brooke continued.

"No, sir!"

"My name is Dupoy."

"Indeed, sir? We had a Monsieur Dupoy here quite lately."

"My cousin," Brooke declared. "He was to have returned to Paris last Friday week. He never came, and we have been very anxious. That is why I am here."

The porter edged a little away.

"I should go to the police, sir, and make inquiries," he suggested.

"There are certain reasons," Brooke said slowly, "why I would rather not do that. I thought I might be able to pick up some information here. I am willing to pay for it."

The man smiled in somewhat mysterious fashion.

"If I were you, sir," he whispered, confidentially, "I should ask—"

"Whom?" Brooke demanded.

"Paul!"

Again he went about his business, and again Brooke waited. When he came back, however, he was uncommunicative. He kept looking behind toward the office.

"You will forgive me if I speak plainly, sir," he said. "My first instructions when I got the job here were to keep my mouth shut. I've got a wife and children and I can't afford to run any risks. If they see you here with me and know you're making inquiries, they'll think I'm gassing."

Brooke slipped a sovereign into his hand.

"What time does Paul come on duty?"

"Not for another hour, sir," the man replied. "He is having his dinner."

Brooke strolled back into the hotel and asked for the manager, Mr. Delacher, who turned out to be a very polite but somewhat somber-looking personage. Brooke introduced himself as a cousin of Monsieur Dupoy.

"I don't know," he said, "whether you remember my cousin? He stayed here for a day or two, and then, on the day when he should have returned home, he absolutely disappeared."

"I remember Monsieur Dupoy perfectly," the manager admitted. "It is true that he did not return, but as he had paid his bill and said that he was going by the two-twenty, we concluded that he would send for his luggage afterwards."

"You cannot help me in any way, then?" Brooke asked. "He has a wife who is altogether in despair at his absence."

Mr. Delacher was only mildly sympathetic.

"My guests," he explained, "come and go. Of their doings I keep no count. How Monsieur Dupoy spent his time I cannot tell. All that I know is that he paid his bill, which seems to prove that he meant to depart. You will probably find, sir, that he will return presently. He is perhaps at home by now."

"I thank you very much," Brooke said. "By the bye, the face of your head porter seemed to me so familiar. Have I seen him at any of the hotels on the Continent, I wonder?"

Mr. Delacher shook his head.

"Paul has been with me for twelve years. Before that, he was at the Savoy in Berlin. He is a very valuable servant."

"Without a doubt," Brooke assented. "I suppose, then, if I want to find my

cousin you would advise me to apply to the police?"

Mr. Delacher shrugged his shoulders.

"I can see no other course, *monsieur*."

Brooke strolled out along the Embankment for half an hour. When he returned, Paul was on duty—tall, austere, magnificent. He saluted Brooke in a dignified manner, but he watched him all the time as one who was scarcely satisfied. Brooke came to a standstill.

"Paul," he said, "it is a saying in Paris that the chief porter at a London hotel can tell you anything in the world you may want to know."

"It is an exaggeration, *monsieur*," the man replied.

"It may be," Brooke admitted. "Who can say? I search everywhere for my cousin, Eugène Dupoy. It is you who saw him last. You cannot even tell me where it was that he intended to lunch before he returned for his bag?"

Paul regarded his questioner in melancholy fashion.

"I cannot tell *monsieur* that," he admitted.

"You did not know, even, how he spent his time here?"

Paul shook his head.

"He seemed to be occupied with affairs," he announced. "On the morning of his unexpected departure, he left in a state of some excitement. He had an important engagement, he said, at twelve o'clock."

Brooke nodded.

"That is so," he said, confidentially. "The appointment, however, was postponed."

Paul turned slowly round. His manner, in a sense, was changing.

"Some papers which my cousin was expecting were not completed," Brooke continued. "A little affair of business. I myself am to fetch them to-morrow from the same place. That, however, is beside the point."

There was no doubt but that Paul was an altered man. His fridity of demeanor had departed. He apparently took the liveliest interest in his questioner.

"I am very sorry indeed, sir," he said, "that I cannot help you. Monsieur Dupoy was a charming guest. He will, I am sure, return home safely. *Monsieur* remains with us long?"

Brooke shrugged his shoulders.

"What is the good?" he demanded. "Where am I to look for my dear cousin? I cannot tell. I shall finish the little matter of business which he was obliged to leave undone, and return to Paris."

"You are not anxious, then, about your relation, sir?" Paul asked.

Brooke shook his head.

"This," he declared, "is London. Things do not happen here. It may well be an affair of a letter, ill-directed or missing. Eugène may have gone on the Continent. Who can tell?"

Paul was standing with his hands behind him. It was between nine and ten o'clock and there was nothing whatever doing.

"It seems strange, *monsieur*," he remarked, "that your cousin did not finish his business here, after all."

"It is nothing," Brooke answered. "Certain papers were not ready. I myself take possession of them at eleven o'clock to-morrow. I think that I shall do exactly what Eugène would have done—pay my bill when I leave here in the morning, return for my bag, and catch the two-twenty."

"I will give orders, sir," Paul said. "You will lunch here, sir?"

"Probably," Brooke replied. "It is not amusing but, although I speak English so well, I am almost a stranger in London."

"If I might venture," Paul suggested slowly, "there is a little restaurant in a street leading off Shaftesbury Avenue—I could give *monsieur* the address—where the cooking is altogether French. A most interesting place! *Monsieur* might see there a great singer, a dancer, an artist. The French ladies who have succeeded in London, they go there at midday. It is worth a visit."

"The place for me, Paul!" Brooke exclaimed. "Write it down on a piece of paper."

Paul obeyed promptly.

"It is called the Café Hollande, *monsieur*," he said, handing over the card. "There are two floors. You go downstairs and ask for Jean Marchand. You will, I think, be exceedingly well served."

"I'll try, at all events," Brooke decided. "I suppose I shall have plenty of time to return here and catch the two-twenty?"

"It would be advisable, *monsieur*," Paul proposed, "if your bag were sent to the station to meet you. The account could be paid before you leave in the morning."

"It is excellent," Brooke declared.

"Good night, Paul!"

The man saluted.

"Good night, *monsieur*!"

Brooke slept well, was called at a reasonable hour in the morning, visited the hairdresser after his breakfast, and at eleven o'clock strolled out to the front and instructed Paul to procure him a taxicab.

"I shall do as you suggested, Paul," he remarked. "I have paid my bill. After I have finished my business, I shall call at Scotland Yard and inquire about my cousin."

The man assented gravely.

"I trust, *monsieur*," he said, "that you will receive good news. Also that you will like my little restaurant. *Bonjour et bon voyage, monsieur*!"

Brooke was driven in a taxi to the War Office. Sir William, who happened to be in the building and disengaged, received him at once.

"Any news?" he asked, laconically.

"Not yet," Brooke replied. "So far, it has been an affair of routine. I am supposed to be here to receive a document from you—drawings, and all that sort of thing. Can I have a bundle made up?"

Sir William nodded and gave a few instructions.

"When one comes to think of it," he said thoughtfully, "it is rather a serious thing that this fellow Dupoy should have disappeared in the heart of London. Where are you going when you leave here?"

"I am going exactly where Dupoy went. I am going to lunch in a little restaurant off Shaftesbury Avenue, strongly recommended to me by a person whom I suspect was interested in Dupoy's disappearance. I expect there to obtain at any rate a hint."

Sir William nodded in an interested manner.

"You fellows do get some fun out of life," he remarked, a little enviously. "I should rather like to lunch with you."

Brooke shook his head.

"I wouldn't, Sir William," he advised.

"If I am on a clue at all, it is a very thin one, and this sort of people are easily put off. I think I had better go alone."

"Anyhow," Sir William suggested, "you'd better let me know the name of the restaurant, in case you do the disappearance trick, or anything of that sort."

Brooke scribbled it down upon a piece of paper. Then, with a sealed packet in his

hand which he had the air of endeavoring to conceal as much as possible, he left the building and reentered his taxicab.

He drove first to Scotland Yard where, for the sake of appearances, he made a few aimless inquiries about Inspector Simmons, who was out of town. At a quarter to one he was set down outside the Café Hollande.

He entered the place and looked around him for a minute. Although it was early, a great many of the tables were occupied, nearly all apparently by foreigners. There was a small orchestra playing from somewhere below, a large desk at which an elderly woman was busy making out accounts, mirrored walls, muslin curtains not absolutely clean, the usual appurtenances of a restaurant on the borders of Soho. A little dark man came hurrying towards him, his face wreathed in smiles.

"Jean Marchand?" Brooke asked.

"But certainly, *monsieur*," the little man replied. "It is Monsieur Paul who has sent you here?"

"Paul of Delacher's Hotel," Brooke admitted.

Jean glanced around the room.

"Up here, *monsieur*," he confided, "it is—at all times a little noisy—not entirely *comme il faut*. I recommend to *monsieur* my favorite table below. This way."

Brooke followed his guide down the stairs into a large and somewhat empty apartment, in which were set a few tables only. At the bottom of the stairs an orchestra of three musicians was playing. At the farther end of the room was a long table covered with bottles, watched over by a *maitre d'hôtel*. There were only one or two people lunching.

"It is not yet one," Jean explained. "Between one and half past this room will be crowded. There are celebrities who come here. I myself will point them out to *monsieur*. I recommend this table—the one in the corner."

"But it is already occupied," Brooke remarked, glancing with a slightly puzzled air at the girl in the corner, who seemed on the point of raising her veil.

"The adjoining table, then, *monsieur*," Jean begged. "*Monsieur* may make himself comfortable. I myself will return to take his order for luncheon."

Jean retreated with smooth haste. Brooke advanced slowly towards the corner of the room indicated. Then he stopped short. The girl had raised her veil.

"Constance!" he exclaimed.

"You!" she echoed.

Brooke took a seat opposite to her.

"What on earth does it mean?" he cried.

She tore open a letter which lay on the table by her side. She glanced through the few lines and passed it across to him.

"A man called upon me this morning," she explained. "He asked for my aid in a certain private matter. The first step was that I should lunch here at a table which should be pointed out by a *maitre d'hôtel* named Jean Marchand, and that I should open this letter if a neighbor should take the adjoining place. Read."

Brooke snatched at the half sheet of notepaper. Across it was written in a bold, sprawling hand—

Good fortune and good appetite to Monsieur Duppy from Paris, and *mademoiselle*, his charming partner!

Brooke looked up at Constance and met her eyes steadily fixed upon his.

"This means—" he said slowly.

The wrinkles began to form around her eyes. She was beginning to laugh.

"It means that you have run up against some one even cleverer than we are," she declared. He looked at her with a little of that old-time cast of imbecility on his face.

"A philosophical attitude," Brooke insisted at length, "is our best rôle. We came here to lunch—we will lunch. We will lunch well."

Certainly there was nothing to be complained of in the cooking at the Café Hollande. The service was a little slow and there was a queer sense of emptiness in the room. All the time there was a great tumult of voices and footsteps up-stairs, but Jean's prophecy as to the filling up of this particular room was in no way carried out. As though by mutual consent, neither Constance nor Brooke talked of the disappearance of Dupoy. It was only over their coffee, during the last few moments, that the subject was mentioned.

"I made a mistake, of course," Brooke confessed. "It was foolish of me even to show myself at Delacher's Hotel."

She nodded. Soon afterwards they rose and, Brooke having paid the bill, they ascended the stairs and walked out into the street, without having seen anything further of Jean Marchand. As they passed along Shaftesbury Avenue, Constance, who

had been looking into a shop-window, touched Brooke on the arm.

"We are being followed," she whispered. "A man who stood on the other side of the street as we came out, is trailing us now."

"What is he like?" Brooke asked, with a sudden hope.

"He looks like a porter of some sort at an hotel or club," she answered. "He has on dark blue trousers, an ordinary coat, and a cap. He is rather florid—"

Brooke gently guided her down a narrow street which they were passing.

"It is the man I wanted to see," he declared softly. "Is he still following us?"

She nodded. Almost directly he stepped up.

"You want to speak to me, Fritz?" Brooke inquired.

"Yes, sir," the man replied, "but not here. If you please!"

He plunged through the door of a public-house. Brooke and Constance, without hesitation, followed him. It was an ordinary little place, half café, half public-house, almost empty. They sat at a small table away from the window. Brooke ordered something to drink. Fritz leaned forward.

"This morning," he announced, "after you left, I was dismissed. That man Paul, he thinks that all are fools. He thinks that one sees nothing. He is wrong. Monsieur Dupoy, I am here to speak of your cousin."

"It is good," Brooke said, nodding. "Go on."

Fritz looked around him.

"I am a poor man," he continued. "I had a good place until one day Paul he took a dislike to me. Now I am turned away. Places are hard to get. I have a wife and children. I must do the best I can. It is for that reason that I said to myself—'Why should I not profit by the things which I have observed?'"

Brooke brought out his pocketbook.

"You are an exceedingly sensible fellow, Fritz," he declared. "Now tell me what information you have to offer, and we will talk business."

Fritz nodded.

"Directly," he said, "but first, *monsieur*, what were you doing so long in the Café Hollande?"

"I had lunch there," Brooke told him, dryly.

The face of Fritz seemed suddenly blanched. He stared at them both.

"*Monsieur* lunched there!" he repeated. "Down-stairs?"

"Down-stairs," Brooke admitted.

Fritz took the glass of brandy which had been offered, and drank it off.

"You have the good fortune, *monsieur*," he muttered. "It was not so with your cousin when he lunched there down-stairs."

"What happened to him?" Brooke asked quickly.

Fritz shook his head.

"There are things," he declared, "which, if I knew, I would not dare to speak of. Indeed, I do not know. This is my offer to *monsieur*. For twenty pounds I will take him to his cousin."

Brooke placed the money without hesitation upon the counter. Fritz buttoned it up in his pocket and rose.

"Understand, *monsieur*," he said in the doorway, "that when I point to the house where you will find Monsieur Dupoy, I have finished. If you seek for me, it will be useless. I know nothing. I keep my bargain when I show you the house which shelters Monsieur Dupoy."

"It is agreed," Brooke assured him.

They walked out into the street. Fritz kept about a dozen yards ahead. They crossed Shaftesbury Avenue, traversed another narrow street for a short distance, and then turned abruptly to the right. There was a newsagent's shop, with a notice in the window—"Rooms to let for single gentlemen." Fritz pointed to it.

"There, *monsieur*!"

Almost as he uttered the words he stepped aside to avoid a passing dray. When it had gone, Fritz, too, had disappeared. He had plunged once more into the throng of people.

Brooke and Constance entered the shop. A Frenchwoman was behind the counter, stout, untidy, with black hair all over her face. Brooke took off his hat.

"Have you, *madame*," he asked, "a lodger here of the name of Dupoy?"

She stretched out her hands.

"But, *monsieur*," she said, "I have a lodger here whom I do not know. His name is as likely to be Dupoy as anything else. *Monsieur* would like to see him?"

Brooke followed her up the crazy stairs. Constance came behind. They were ushered into a tiny bedchamber. A man, partly dressed, lay upon a sofa, his head propped up by two or three pillows. He

stared at them eagerly as they came in, and his lips moved, but he said nothing. His clothes hung about him shapelessly. He had a beard of a week or so's growth upon his chin. His head was tied up with a bandage.

"Dupoy?" Brooke exclaimed.

The man stared at him but remained speechless. *Madame* shook her head.

"He talks only nonsense," she declared. "All the time he asks who he is. But listen, it is the doctor who comes. You shall speak with him yourself."

The doctor knocked at the door and entered. He bowed with a little flourish to Constance.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "it is perhaps the friends of the unfortunate *monsieur*?"

"Tell me what has happened to him?" Brooke asked.

The Frenchman stretched out his hands.

"*Madame* can tell you as much as I," he said. "Last Friday week he tottered into the shop, very much as he is now, his head bound up, desperately ill. She fancied that an unseen hand propelled him. That may or may not be so. His pockets were cut open as though he had been searched. She brought him up-stairs and sent for me. Since then I have attended him every day. He was suffering from a terrible blow on the head, which has unfortunately produced, as you see, a complete loss of memory."

"If his head was bound up, he had already been treated for the blow when he came in?" Brooke remarked. "It was not an accident, then, which had happened in the street?"

The doctor shook his head in most mysterious fashion.

"*Monsieur*," he said, "almost I felt it my duty to communicate with the police. The wound when I examined it—it is beginning to heal now—gave me the impression of having been made by a surgeon's knife. It takes a certain course. Its ef-

fect has been this loss of memory and apprehension. The poor fellow knows nothing. The wound is healing, but for the rest, who can tell?"

There was a brief silence in the room.

"He had money?" Brooke asked slowly.

The woman's eyes were suddenly covetous. She exchanged a rapid glance with the doctor, who coughed and looked away.

"He had money," she admitted slowly. "There is little left now, though. We have taken for his board and the doctor has taken for his bills. There is little remaining."

Again there was silence. The doctor was affecting to examine his patient. Brooke walked to the window—dusty, and smothered with a filthy muslin blind. He looked across the housetops for a moment. The instinct of the detective was suddenly crushed by a stronger feeling—a passionate sympathy with this poor stricken creature, an angry craving for revenge.

The woman had sidled out of the room. They could hear her heavy footsteps upon the stairs. The doctor was bending over his patient. Brooke turned back to Constance.

"We have found Dupoy," he said, "after all, but there are other things to be done."

* * * * *

Within a week, several things happened. Dupoy was formally identified, and died without having recovered his memory. The *Café Hollande* was searched quietly but closely from floor to ceiling, without the slightest result. The body of Fritz was discovered floating in the Thames.

Paul was so much upset by these and other happenings that he was confined to his room for a fortnight with a severe nervous breakdown. Ultimately, however, to the great satisfaction of a large number of travelers, he was able to take up once more his duties as head porter at Delacher's Hotel.

THE WAY OF LOVE

Oh, one does the loving—the other is mute;
One sits in deafness and one pipes his flute,
So I laughed as I counted my worth in pure gold
And gave him my heart as a jewel is sold;
But the youth in me flamed at his first tender touch—
And I loved and I piped and I gave overmuch,—
Yet I'd rather go soaring and venture a fall
Than die never knowing the heavens at all!

Jane Burry



JOSE COLLINS IS THIS SEASON ONE OF MR. ZIEGFELD'S MOST IMPORTANT "FOLLIES,"
1913 MODEL

From her latest photograph by White, New York

THE HARASSED HEROINE

HER TYPE HAS CHANGED, BUT
ON THE STAGE THE VILLAINS
STILL PURSUE HER

BY BURNS MANTLE

WHAT would the drama do without its suffering sisterhood? Let the militant suffragettes consider that as a campaign issue to prove the attitude of the domineering male!

The conventionally frail maiden of the theater is not as prominent as she was in the old melodramatic days, though penitency is still a virtue and the black gown a symbol of chastened character. Sun-bonneted *Esmeralda*, for instance, would be a joke in these days of supreme sophistication and *Hazel Kirke* a simple, tearful booby. There has been a distinct change in type.

But the abused heroine is with us still. She is now, as she has been from the days of "The Mourning Women" of Æschylus and the wailing Hecuba of Euripides, at once the weakness and the strength of the serious drama in which the suffering male is a mere incident. No longer than four years ago the late Stanley Houghton wrote a play called "The New Sin" that was all about unhappy men and, as a money-maker, it failed hopelessly.

It is the distressed heroine who is popular. "Let me suffer or I perish" might reasonably be her accepted challenge for popularity. The more she suffers the more she pays, pays, pays—into the box-office.

This is not, however, to be accepted as a statement that there are no happy women in the dramatist's list. He usually has a number of minor characters—gentle mothers who knit, and self-sacrificing sisters who never marry—to point the needed contrasts. It is merely to show that it is upon his suffering heroine that he leans most heavily.

Neither is it necessary to go back to the Greeks to impress the logic of so obvious

a statement. The wailing ladies of the early drama represent merely the foundation on which the fashion in heroines has rested for centuries.

They were responsible for the militant but gloomy females of Racine and Cor-

Hauptmann, by Ibsen and Strindberg, by Hugo, Voltaire, Dumas and Sardou, and—modified to suit the times—by Pinero and Jones, Stephen Phillips and John Galsworthy.

But we do our theatergoing in the



VENITA FITZHUGH, AT PRESENT LEADING WOMAN IN "THE LAUGHING HUSBAND," COMES FROM ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, AND IS OF A THEATRICAL FAMILY. HER MOTHER, IDA FITZHUGH, HAS APPEARED IN VARIOUS MUSICAL COMEDIES

From a photograph by White, New York

neille, for the defeated *Juliet*, the misery-haunted daughters of *Lear*, the unlucky *Desdemona*, and *Ophelia* the demented.

In spirit they have been reintroduced periodically by every dramatist of consequence in the history of the theater—by Goethe and Schiller, by Sudermann and

present, more particularly in the immediate present, with a pleasant hopefulness directed toward the future. And it is in the theater of the present that we find our best illustration. "Waste not fresh tears over old griefs." We have enough griefs that are new. Observe:



ELSIE FERGUSON HAS WON THE MOST IMPORTANT SUCCESS OF HER CAREER AS A STAR THIS SEASON IN "THE STRANGE WOMAN." SHE PLAYS A FREE-THINKING PARISIENNE WHO IS REFORMED IN DELPHI, IOWA

From her latest photograph by Geisler, New York



VALLI VALLI WAS BORN IN BERLIN. GAINED HER FIRST STAGE EXPERIENCE IN LONDON, AND, SINCE 1905, HAS SPENT MOST OF HER TIME IN AMERICA. THIS SEASON SHE HAS SCORED AS THE HEROINE IN "THE QUEEN OF THE MOVIES"

From her latest photograph by White, New York

There is the unhappy lady in "The Yellow Ticket," Miss Florence Reed. She is living in a Russian province in which neither she nor her people, who are of the Jewish faith, are privileged to go and come as they will. She is eager to reach St. Petersburg in order to be near her father, who is seriously ill. She applies for a passport and is told that there is but one kind she may have, that one being a "yellow ticket."

The yellow ticket in Russia is the badge of the woman of the streets. Signing it, she is presumed thus to enter the service of the government and is permitted to travel where she will. Miss Reed as the heroine, ignorant of the true significance of the step she is taking; knowing only that with a yellow ticket she may go to her father, who needs her, while with none she must remain where she is, signs the fateful slip.

For several years she avoids the consequences of her impulsive action. She assumes the name and family history of a girl roommate, a Christian, who had died. But the Russian secret police hunt her out, and reveal her accepted standing in Russian society to the English gentleman who, at the opening of the play, has employed

her as his daughter's traveling companion. Her disgrace is also made known to a young American newspaper correspondent, handsome Jack Barrymore, who has come to love her.

Very simply and very eloquently Miss Reed tells the true story of how she came by the yellow ticket, and with character-



VIOLET KEMBLE COOPER, WHO CAME TO AMERICA LAST YEAR WITH HER FATHER, FRANK KEMBLE COOPER, HAS REMAINED TO PLAY THE ELOPING DAUGHTER IN "PEG O' MY HEART." SHE REPRESENTS ONE OF THE OLDEST THEATRICAL FAMILIES IN ENGLAND

From a photograph by Bangs, New York



INA CLAIRE IS STILL WAITING FOR ANOTHER PART AS GOOD AS THAT WITH WHICH SHE FIRST WON HER FAME—THE HEROINE IN "THE QUAKER GIRL." MEAN-TIME SHE HAS EXPERIMENTED BOTH WITH MUSICAL COMEDY AND VAUDEVILLE

From a photograph by Moffett Studio, Chicago

istic journalistic heroism Mr. Barrymore determines to save her, no matter what dangers the author, Mr. Michael Morton, may put in his way.

From that time forth till the end of the

play Miss Reed is miserably unhappy. In the second act, to protect herself from the attack of the chief of the secret police himself, she is forced to stab that gentleman with her hatpin, which she does with the same effective result obtained some years ago by a certain impulsive prima donna in a Sardou drama you may remember as "La Tosca." Later Miss Reed is jailed, but young Mr. Barrymore is still on the job. With the aid of the American embassy, added to the threat that should he, as a newspaperman, tell all he knew about the character of the dead police official it would probably scandalize the world, he succeeds in saving her. We leave them conventionally posed, chest to chest, eye to eye, lips to lips.

A MILITANT MURDERESS

Dorothy Donnelly, as the young woman who extracts such sympathy as there is to be found in "Maria Rosa," a play from the Spanish of Angel Guimera, is also a poor suffering thing. She is a Catalonian grape picker, and much in love with the young man she has married. One day there is a fight and the foreman for whom they work is killed. Dorothy's husband is accused of the murder, arrested on an accumulation of circumstantial evidence, and dies in his cell from grief.

Thereafter Dorothy is pursued by Lou Tellegen. You may remember him as the young Greek who served as Mme. Bernhardt's leading man on her last farewell tour. Tellegen, in the play, has been the best friend of the dead husband, and would marry the widow. For a year the unhappy heroine puts him off, struggling pathetically to remain true to the memory of her lost love. Then she marries him and discovers on their wedding night, when with him the wine is in and the wit is out, that it was he



JANE COWL'S SUCCESS IN "WITHIN THE LAW" HAS DEFINITELY FIXED HER POSITION AS ONE OF THE MOST PROMISING OF THE YOUNGER AMERICAN STARS. IN PRIVATE LIFE SHE IS THE WIFE OF ADOLPH KLAUBER, FOR MANY YEARS A PROMINENT DRAMATIC CRITIC

From her latest photograph by White, New York



EMILY STEVENS WAS RATHER HANDICAPPED IN HER EARLY CAREER BECAUSE, AS MRS. FISKE'S NIECE, MUCH WAS EXPECTED OF HER. SHE NOT ONLY HAS OVERCOME THIS HANDICAP, BUT WITH HER PERSONAL SUCCESS IN "TO-DAY" HAS RAISED HERSELF VERY CLOSE TO STARDOM

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York

who had murdered the foreman and fixed the evidence responsible for the arrest of her husband. Which prompts Dorothy to stab Lou with a long, slim bread knife and bring the final curtain down on her neat but gory revenge.

SUFFERING SISTER BUCKLEY

In an artistically horrible little play called "The Kiss in the Dark," recently produced at the Princess Theater in New York, Mr. Harry Mestayer and Miss May Buckley play the leading rôles. She is a girl who once threw a bottle of vitriol in the face of Mr. Mestayer because, as her lover, he had threatened to leave her. The acid had blinded him. When the play begins she is being tried for the assault, and he, pretending to have forgiven her, is awaiting the verdict in his apartments. That the jury will acquit her he believes, because he has refused to appear against her or even submit an affidavit as to the facts.

The jury does acquit her, for lack of evidence, and out of gratitude she is drawn to a last meeting with the victim of her anger that she may thank him for his generosity. He receives her pleasantly, chides her gently for her thoughtlessness, and finally asks her to kiss him good-by. As she comes within reach of him he shrieks in glee at his diabolical revenge, pinions her arms to her sides and, holding her tightly, deliberately treats her as she had treated him, searing her own pretty eyes with the same acid.

The shocking brutality of this scene is received with audible shudders by the audience, and not a few of the women present invariably leave the theater not to return again—at least not that particular evening.

But the managers of the Princess frankly advertise their intention to shock or thrill their patrons, if that is possible, and thereby minimize the force of such criticism as their repertoire might inspire.

ESCAPING A HOUSE OF BONDAGE

But for downright misery commend me to the heroine of the short-lived "House of Bondage," which hesitated in New York just long enough to prove our contention of some months ago that Broadway is indeed through with the vice drama that has nothing better than the vice theme to sustain it. This young lady was not only lured from her Pennsylvania

home, but the home itself was most unhappy even before the luring took place. She was brought to New York, sold into slavery and beaten into submission. When she escaped, "the system" drove her back into "the game," until, sick, penniless and repentant, she returned to her mother's house to seek shelter and forgiveness. But her mother, poor thing, could not keep her. The town was full of gossips and the father a hard man who would beat them both. So back to the city again tramped this luckless heroine to beg for her old position at the door of the house of bondage from which she once fled, only to be refused admittance there as well.

"The game's got you, my girl; you're through," is the final comment of the keeper of the resort. The last curtain leaves this little bundle of misery hugging to her sorry breast the one bit of revenge the play allows her. She has caused the arrest of the youth responsible for her misery, and expects him to get "ten years under the Mann act."

THE SYMPATHETIC EMPLOYER

The heroine of "Help Wanted" might be happy if she were given half a chance, but she isn't. She is sent out by an unsympathetic mother to find a position and she wanders into the office of a too sympathetic employer. The very first day she is there he insists upon taking her out to lunch and she has been warned that no stenographer should ever go to lunch with her employer.

To make matters worse the employer's stepson falls in love with her, and when the affair reaches its crisis, which it does the day the employer tries to kiss her, father and son are brought dramatically and belligerently face to face.

Father, angered out of all reason, puts the boy out of the firm and discharges the girl. And when the suffering heroine seeks her own home as a refuge she is soundly scolded by a too practical German mother for having lost a very good position over so trivial a thing as an employer's kiss.

When the girl casually remarks that the quarrel was precipitated by the young man, who wanted to marry her, her mother sends her tramping back to find the youth before his ardor cools. Being an obedient child she seeks her fiancé in his home, and there her ingenuousness, coupled with the boy's loyalty, wins forgiveness for them

and shields her forevermore, we hope, from the annoyances of her father-in-law to be. Jack Lait, a Chicago newspaper man, is the author of this little play, which has had successful production in both Los Angeles and Chicago.

A FIGHTING DESDEMONA

Miss Cecilia Loftus's contribution to the unhappy heroines of the season was that of *Desdemona* in Mr. Faversham's revival of "Othello." And a most unhappy *Desdemona* did Miss Loftus present. Not only was she a frail young thing as compared with the burly *Othello* of R. D. MacLean, but her timorous and gentle voice fell with the pleading accents of a child in trouble, and as misery wrapped itself about her, and she approached the culminating tragedy of the concluding act, she grew more worried and more pathetic with each scene.

Unlike most *Desdemonas*, however, this little lady was not willing to give up the ghost at the first suggestion of her irate lord that she was about to be smothered. When he placed the pillow over her head, in place of dying without a struggle she arose in her excitement and fought back. She was on her knees in the center of the bed striving to push *Othello* away from her, and in her struggles he practically lifted her and turned her about until her head finally rested against the foot-board of the bed. She lay in this position outside the coverlets when the cruel murder was done.

It was the most realistic death struggle to which any *Desdemona* of our experience has submitted. But it is quite in keeping with the general tone of the Faversham revival. The actor-manager himself is the gentleman, as one wit expressed it, who puts the "go" in *Iago*. Not only is his own performance of this master of villainies completely in the modern style, but the entire production is spirited and interesting. Mr. Faversham made the old play a romantic melodrama, rather than a somber tragedy, and it was particularly well acted in all of its principal characters.

THE WIFE OF OMAR KHAYYAM

The young lady to whom, "Omar, The Tentmaker," fashioned his first quatrains—she of the loaf of bread, the jug of wine and the spreading bough in Richard Walton Tully's dramatization—is not the

principal figure of this story of the Persian poet's life. But she is unhappy for all that. Guy Bates Post is the *Omar* and Jane Salisbury the lady in question.

It is during the riotous days of *Omar's* youth that they meet in the garden of her father, a teacher of the holy word of the prophet in Naishapur. *Shireen* is her name and the day following she is to become a member of the Shah's harem. Little wonder that she should elect to spend her last moonlit evening in the garden with Guy.

Her trouble really begins, however, after this prologue has been passed. The first act of the play is eighteen years later. *Omar* is still writing poetry and has become a very good two-handed wine bibber. *Shireen* is still a member of the harem, but sore beset with worries. She is the mother of a seventeen-year-old daughter. *Omar* is the girl's father, but doesn't know it, and there seems no way of bringing the family together. To tell the truth and shame the Shah would be to bring the authorities of Naishapur down upon the poet. So mother and daughter are obliged to stand aside while poor old *Omar* is jailed for his radical views on religion, and beaten for his temerity in explaining them.

It is while he is being bastinadoed that *Omar* sends his soul into the invisible, some letter of the after-life to spell. The effect of his soul's projection is gained by a dark change in which Mr. Post is raised bodily from the prison floor. He carries on his colloquy concerning the mysteries of the hereafter while suspended in mid-air.

There is happiness for the heroine, however, in the conclusion of "*Omar*." The Grand Vizier finally pardons the luckless poet and with his *Shireen* he goes back to the garden to spend his remaining years. Scenically it is the handsomest production of the year.

A FEW HAPPY HEROINES

Still, we must have contrast, and fortunately not all the heroines are sad. There is jolly Blanche Ring for instance who has been romping hither and thither about the country playing "When Claudia Smiles." The farce itself doesn't amount to much, but Miss Ring amounts to a great deal.

There are few young women on our stage who can sing popular songs with more engaging spirit than she, and there

is none whose light-heartedness is more infectious. So long as she strives to please she can make almost any form of entertainment worth while. This is particularly true of her appearance in "When Claudia Smiles" which was once, in its musicless stage, "Vivian's Papas." Miss Ring appears as a wise Broadway show girl who knows her way about, and her most satisfactory scene is one in which she burlesques the life story of the professional Southern beauty of aristocratic lineage who is "fo'ced to desert the dear old So'th and come No'th" to earn her living.

The lady who is present to inject laughter into "The Laughing Husband" is also a happy sort of heroine. When sorrow threatens her, she breaks into song and usually it's a pleasing song, for "The Laughing Husband," Charles Frohman's second musical comedy of the year, ("The Marriage Market" having been the first) has many attractive numbers.

This heroine is played by Miss Betty Callish, and Miss Callish has been freely spoken of as a protégée of Sarah Bernhardt. She is a pretty soubrette, who both sings and plays the violin—pleasantly but neither with surpassing skill. As the wife of "The Laughing Husband," he being a rather prosaic sort and she a temperamental devotee of the arts, she becomes involved in a flirtation with a literary count, causing her husband to cease laughing at the second act finale long enough to tell her, melodiously but firmly, that he is through with her forever. In the last act they consult William Norris as a divorce attorney, and discover him to be an expert in reconciliations. Most divorces, he argues, are the result of trivial quarrels, and could easily be avoided if the interested parties could be kept away from their meddling friends. He therefore provides a "reconciliation parlor"—a room bathed in soft lights and provided with all known aids to the spirit of romance—and by locking his clients in there usually succeeds in reuniting them.

DIVORCED HEROINE HAPPY

Katherine Grey, as the heroine in "The Rule of Three," which is one of the newest of the divorce comedies, is happy because, having been married three times, she has successfully divorced the two husbands she least admired and finds herself content

to live with No. 3. Her first was George Hassell, her second Orrin Johnson and her third Francis Byrne.

She is briefly worried, however, when she discovers that both her former mates are stopping in the same hotel with herself and her current husband. Nor is the situation made any clearer by her ten-year-old daughter, born of her first marriage, who insists on classifying the three as "father," "daddy," and "papa."

It is the lady herself, however, who causes the complications. Being a motherly soul she seeks to protect her former husbands from designing women and to arrange their second marriages to women of her selection, which causes husband No. 3 to become a bit jealous, not to say quite peevish. Then it appears there is some doubt as to whether or not the first divorce had been properly signed by the Reno judge who granted it, making it an open question as to which of her three husbands is legally entitled to regard himself as her prevailing lord and master. The conclusion is conventionally pleasant. The much married lady sticks to husband No. 3, while she succeeds in marrying off Nos. 1 and 2 to women she is willing to accept even though she may not thoroughly approve them.

THE PERSONS OF THE PICTURES

But enough of heroines, happy or unhappy. Let's to the picture gallery and catch them before the camera.

To the left of the title page, you will find José Collins, the English prima donna. Miss Collins spells her name with the acute "é," probably out of compliment to some Spanish ancestor, but no one ever thinks of calling her anything but "Josie." She did not come to America until two years ago, when the Shuberts imported her for the New York Winter Garden. In England she is, of course, well known. She made her début ten years ago in her mother's company, and mother you may recall as Lottie Collins, a divinity of the 'alls who rose to fame in a night as the result of a most effective boom—the boom that was featured by both the singer and the drummer in the orchestra in the song, "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!"

Following her début Miss José did a bit of everything there is for a singing soubrette to do in musical comedy, playing in London and touring the provinces. But

America has given her her best chance. Last season she was featured as the prima donna of "The Merry Countess," which was "Die Fledermaus" revised, and this season she became the prima donna of Mr. Ziegfeld's 1913 edition of "The Follies," a position she has held with entire satisfaction to her audiences.

VALLI VALLI AS A QUEEN

Not so many years ago Valli Valli, who usually eschews the prefix "Miss" in the cause of euphony and such distinction as her odd name gives her, was an ambitious little English actress, a dramatic soubrette with no idea of ever becoming a musical comedy star. She will tell you, should you ask her, that the best part she ever played was that of *Nello*, a boy, in a very serious drama entitled "The World Against Her."

But just as she was creating a place for herself as an actress George Edwardes, who has for so many years directed the Gaiety Theater in London, happened to see her playing. He needed a singing soubrette who also had had some dramatic training, and as soon as he discovered that Miss Valli could sing he offered her so generous a salary that she was won over to the Gaiety. She did not follow the English custom and marry into the English aristocracy, but she never went back to the drama. America knows her best for the part she played in popularizing "The Dollar Princess." A year ago she was the attractive heroine of "The Purple Road," which was too good to live, and this year she is playing the title-rôle in "The Queen of the Movies," the most successful of the musical plays with a moving picture background. Though her parents are English people, Valli Valli was born in Berlin, and she has two sisters, Ida and Lulu Valli, who are also on the stage. It may interest you to know she also sang *Sonia* in the Paris performance of "The Merry Widow."

Little Ina Claire, who came from just this side of Nowhere to make a name for herself in "The Quaker Girl" two years ago, has this winter been lending her attractively youthful presence and wee, small voice to "The Girl from Utah" in London, playing opposite Joseph Coyne, who has become English enough to drink tea for breakfast and wear a monocle, whether he has use for it or not. J. A. Malone, an

Irishman with an American stage training, has for years staged Mr. Edwardes's musical comedies for him. When the late Henry B. Harris produced "The Quaker Girl" in this country he brought Mr. Malone over to put it on. And when Mr. Malone went back to London he carried with him a rather strong impression of Miss Claire's ability as a singing soubrette. Which explains how she happened to be sent for when "The Girl from Utah" was done.

VENITA FITZHUGH'S GOOD LUCK

Venita Fitzhugh; who began the season with Donald Brian in "The Marriage Market" and was later transferred to "The Laughing Husband," is a Western girl, St. Louis being the city of her nativity. Which may and may not account for her readiness to take advantage of any emergency calculated to advance her professionally. Ten days after she made her début with a company playing "The Kissing Girl" the leading woman fell suddenly ill. John Cort, the manager of the company, was afraid he would be forced to temporarily close the tour, when a small voice at his elbow whispered: "Let me play that part." He looked down upon Miss Venita, and smiled, pleasantly but incredulously.

"Do you know it?" he asked.

"No," she answered, truthfully. "But I can learn it."

And she did. She spoke more of her own lines than she did those of the author, but she got through. After that she was with "The Enchantress" for two seasons, and once more she filled a breach when Kittie Gordon, the star, could not sing. For nearly a week she substituted for the older prima donna during the run at the New York Theater. Miss Fitzhugh's mother, Ida Fitzhugh, has been on the stage for many years and it was under her chaperonage that the young woman made her début.

Evidently the English players, Frank Kemble Cooper and Violet Kemble Cooper, his very blond daughter, like America. They came over in the fall of 1912 to play important parts in "The Indiscretion of Truth," which did not last as long as expected. Since then Mr. Cooper has appeared in a number of productions, being prominently cast this year in support of John Drew. But Miss

Violet has not been so fortunate. Last season she played several stock company engagements in Shakespearian revivals and understudied Blanche Bates while that actress was touring the West in "The Witness for the Defense." This season she succeeded Christine Norman in the "Peg O' My Heart" company, supporting Laurette Taylor. In New York, by the way, "Peg" is well past her 500th performance, and will continue until late spring, when Miss Taylor plans to sail for Europe for the first holiday she has had in two years.

If Henry B. Harris had lived, he would have given Miss Elsie Ferguson a chance to play Juliet. She was, he contended, the one American actress preeminently suited to a modern revival of the love tragedy. His death on the Titanic undoubtedly halted Miss Ferguson's career, but this season she overcame the handicap, and scored a distinct personal success in William Hurlbut's "The Strange Woman." Now she is to have a second chance as the heroine of "The Unseen Empire."

Miss Emily Stevens's stage career has embraced a series of fortunate and unfortunate experiences. Because as a beginner she somewhat resembled her aunt, Mrs. Fiske, in both method and manner, she was accused of deliberately imitating that actress. Later, although she personally scored a decided success on Broadway in "Septimus," with George Arliss, the play failed. A few seasons later, when she was given a chance that Grace George refused, to play the heroine in "Within the Law," that now popular melodrama proved a very uncertain success in Chicago. As a result Miss Stevens decided she was not eager to play the part on Broadway. It fell to Miss Jane Cowl who scored the success of her professional career in it.

This season Miss Stevens has again been both fortunate and unfortunate. She was assigned to the rôle of the heroine in "To-Day," which proved to be an unexpected financial success. But the part of the sinning wife she has been forced to play is most unsympathetic and has done little to advance her popularity with the public. Still she does not despair. Next season the Liebler Company is to send her out in a play they have been holding for her, and this may prove the exact opportunity for which she has been waiting.

Miss Jane Cowl may thank the opportunity that came to her in "Within the

Law" for having raised her to a position of such prominence among the younger leading women of America that, 'tis said, she commands a weekly salary of \$600. New York managers are willing and even eager to pay her this sum, because they know she will draw several times that amount to the box-office, which is the final and supreme test of dramatic art in this country. Last winter Miss Cowl and Miss Laurette Taylor shared the honor of being the society favorites of the season. Nightly the lines of carriages, taxis and automobiles that blocked the streets in front of the Eltinge and Cort Theaters were the dismay of the traffic squad, and the number of invitations to society affairs these young women refused would fill the note-books of a society reporter.

THE LUMINARY OF "THE MIDNIGHT GIRL"

There is much—and little—in a stage name. Consider, for example, the Tout sisters, Hazel and Maggie, of Ogden, Utah. Both musical young women and each with an unusual success to her credit. And yet probably not over a hundred people in America would recognize them as Hazel Dawn and Margaret Romaine. Any more than Maude Kiskadden of Salt Lake City could take the place of the adorable Maude Adams, or Ethel Blythe, daughter of Herbert Blythe, could command the attention that is given Ethel Barrymore, daughter of Maurice Barrymore, though they are one and the same.

I mention this fact, because it was brought to mind recently by the almost sensational success of Miss Romaine. In New York all that was known of her before she made her début in "The Midnight Girl" was that she was a sister of Hazel Dawn, a featured member of "The Pink Lady" company three years ago. Yet before twenty-four hours had passed, following her first appearance, she was the talk of theatrical circles, and Margaret Romaine had become a name to be honored among the light opera prime donne of America.

It does not often happen this way, particularly with handicaps such as Miss Romaine faced. True, she had had some experience singing in opera in Paris, where she has been studying, but she was not only making her first appearance in America among strangers, but she was also singing in a cast of popular favorites.

Opposite her was the stalwart and commanding barytone, George MacFarlane, who, because of the poise and confidence that his exceptional barytone voice and many successes have given him, has a way of over-shadowing the prima donna with whom he sings. But in this instance Miss Romaine not only accepted the implied challenge, but rose to it as only one of unusual gifts of voice and talent could have done.

As for "The Midnight Girl," it is, in story, the usual musical play from French sources. Three indiscreet Frenchmen—gay dogs, of course—become involved in certain amatory affairs. They bear the same surname, and as one of them is a French senator, and distinguished, each of the others claims his identity. When the three of them register at the same honeymoon hotel in the Pyrenees there are certain obvious complications which it requires a considerable amount of comedy and song to straighten out. It is a more tuneful musical show than the average and seems likely to prove popular.

A MIDDLE CLASS CLASSIC

And as though to prove true the adage, "It never rains, but it pours," the same week that Margaret Romaine rose from practical obscurity to a position of prominence in a night, Frank Craven, the comedian who had more to do with the success of George Broadhurst's "Bought And Paid For" than any other one feature of the performance, produced a little comedy of his own entitled "Too Many Cooks" and scored with it the success of the late season in New York.

It must be rather a fine sensation to go to bed one night a worried actor on salary and wake up next morning an all but famous playwright and star. That was Craven's experience.

"Too Many Cooks" owes its success to an assortment of simple virtues. It is clean, direct, human and true; a plain story of plain people settling their middle class problems in a middle class way, and doing it most amusingly.

Craven himself appears as an average clean-minded, whole-hearted, keen-witted youth who has determined to marry and settle down. He has taken his savings and started building a modest six-room cottage within commuting distance of New York. His fiancée is a pretty little stenographer

whom he met in a dairy lunch room. He has followed the usual custom of calling on Sunday evening and has taken her to the theater when he could afford it. He has met her father and mother, and understands vaguely that there is a sister and a brother or two. But when she refers casually to her "folks" he thinks she means only her parents. Then, suddenly, after the engagement is announced and the foundations for the little cottage in the country have been laid, the bride-to-be invites her relatives to go with her and inspect her new home.

Then Craven discovers there are, indeed, too many Cooks! Ten of them! Sisters, brothers, aunts, uncles and cousins, and rather a drab and uninteresting lot. But it is not their number that causes the trouble. It is their perfectly natural, though irritating, way of making suggestions as to how the house shall be built and furnished and partitioned.

Comes also Craven's uncle, by whom he is employed, who likewise has a few suggestions to make. Among them one that *he* should occupy the spare room and give the young people the benefit of *his* advice. All this leads to a quarrel and a broken engagement. The ring is returned, the marriage declared off and the love dream shattered, while in the midst of the tragedy the carpenters at work on the cottage go on strike.

The conclusion, of course, is a happy one, as it should be in so delightfully pleasant a little comedy. And it is not forced. With the help of the neighbors Craven finishes his cottage and plants the rose bushes and fixes the lawn just as he and his sweetheart had thought they would do. The last act sees the little home completed, but with a huge "For Sale" sign as its most prominent decoration.

Then, through the conniving, but without the actual assistance, of any of the relatives the young people are brought together. There is a complete understanding as to the ways in which interfering relatives should be treated, and a passing hand-organ man is heard grinding out the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" as the final curtain leaves the happy home builders seated on their own front porch. There was good excuse for the enthusiasm with which the New York reviewers received "Too Many Cooks" and its clever author-star.

THE SHOP

BOB DAVIS, of whom I told you something in our February number, has just made a flying trip abroad and bagged a dozen novels. Here are some of the authors with whom he has closed contracts for full book length novels for publication in *THE MUNSEY* or some of our other magazines:

ARNOLD BENNETT

ANTHONY HOPE

A. E. W. MASON

AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE

JOSEPH CONRAD

G. K. CHESTERTON

BEATRICE HARRADEN

S. R. CROCKETT

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

BARONESS ORCZY

MAURICE DRAKE

C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON

This is going some, all these contracts in three weeks and now, as I write, Bob Davis is crossing the blue again homeward bound. But while Davis has been hobnobbing with the English litterateurs, the home office has been active in this field as well, placing contracts with American and other authors.

* * * * *

The man who finds time dragging should get an editorial job on some monthly magazine. He would never find himself burdened again with time.

Merciful heavens, how the months come thundering in, one hot on the heels of the other! If the days were ten times their usual length the conscientious magazine editor could not finish his work to his satisfaction.

The magazine, unlike the daily newspaper, is not a necessity. Luxury, that it is, it must be good, or the public won't buy it.

To make a magazine that sells on its merits, a magazine for which there is a spontaneous demand in these days of big Sunday papers, keeps one guessing all the while and working all the while.

The magazine of nation wide circulation is so restricted in the scope of its topics that in this respect it has about one chance to a thousand with the daily newspaper.

The latter is a good deal of a machine, a part of our daily life. It mirrors the happenings of a day, the world over, covers the markets, the weather, amusements, marriages, deaths, shipping and other doings and incidents.

All these either come into the newspaper office in regular routine over the wires or are gathered up by the local staff. Then the editorials, and the day's issue is complete. Easy? No, not by any means easy, but compared with magazine making it is a dead straight cinch.

The magazine isn't timely. It cannot carry a scrap of news. News is news, fresh in the happening. A day old, and it is history, so the magazine can't touch it except it can it, and there is no demand for canned news.

The strong pull with a daily newspaper is its local news. The magazine can't get a look in on this. It has no local field. Its field is the world and the world is entirely preempted by daily newspapers.

If a magazine prints an article on politics or religion, it comes in for a roasting. If it criticises the government, public men or measures, railroads or institutions it is a muckraker. If it says something that has a punch to it it is undignified, unmagazine like; if it has no punch, it is deadily dull, and so it goes.

Difficult as it is to get good fiction and plenty of it it is far more difficult to get live, worthwhile articles suited to magazine publication—articles susceptible of illustration and such as would most likely command a reading in all sections of the country and command a reading by both men and women.

Fiction in the very nature of it has a wider appeal. It is the play in the home, and we all like the play. The demand for fiction, however, is so keen that to get the best and in the quantities we require it in this shop, is a big job in itself.

* * * * *

We have been mighty busy here the last four or five months, dynamiting conventionality out of this shop. Conventionality gets nowhere. It clogs imagination and is a brake on enterprise. Conventionality is incessant and insidious in its work, and its work is an easy job. It is a do-nothing job and a screaming protest against the do-somethings of life.

The common sense of a new idea or the new application of an old idea is all wrong in the eyes of conventionality. Conventionality and reactionaryism are twin brothers—reactionaryism in business, in government, in religion, in education, in art, in everything. I am inclined to think, though, that they are about one and the same thing—reactionaryism being merely an alias for conventionality.

In the very outset of its career MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE got into a row with conventionality and in those early days put up some vigorous fights, but with increasing age and increasing prosperity, and with intermittent spasms leaning towards highbrowism, conventionality stealthily got in its work with us, as it gets in its work everywhere unless clubbed into submission.

Conventionality is like barnacles that attach themselves to a ship, slowing down its speed and making progress difficult. It is this conventionality that we have been chiseling and crowbarring and dynamiting out of the shop. Its deep incrustation has been smashed into smithereens, and now we are having real fun, doing things as we like and as free mortals.

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What I am saying about conventionality must not be taken as a reflection on the staff that produced THE MUNSEY prior to the last few months. I myself have been primarily responsible for the magazine all the while, but working through others and turning the work off on others. I did not and could not get so close to it as I am now. Moreover, a man representing another cannot do stunts and take chances with that other man's property as he can with his own. The owner of a periodical

can experiment to his heart's content, and if he makes mistakes it is nobody's business, as it means a loss to no one except himself.

One thing on which we have been waging war is the conventional "article" of conventional length. Give a writer a subject and tell him you want an "article" on it, and straightway that subject, however slight-waisted, takes shape in the professional writer's mind in figures of three thousand or five thousand words. Tell him to cover that same idea in an editorial, and he will see it in concrete shape and square his work accordingly, with the result that ten chances to one his production will be worth while.

Now we are trying to get away from all these stilted length articles. Article writers for the most part seem to think in three thousand and five thousand words. In THE MUNSEY MAGAZINE of to-day we are allotting to an idea as near as possible the space it requires for its best presentation, be that space half a page, a page, or forty pages. The troublesome thing is to know what to do with the short "articles" of quarter, half, or full magazine page length. We have been trying to hit upon a method of presentation for these brieflets, articlettes, or what not—some general head, perhaps, that will cover them.

The point is this—there should not be a word of waste space given to an idea and there should not be a waste word inflicted on the reader. The system of buying manuscripts at so much a word, which has become more or less general, is the worst thing that ever happened to magazine making. Fancy a poet writing a poem in the meter of the coin of the realm, or an essayist writing to the chink of gold! Few men can do the best work there is in them conscious of the dollar-sign stamped on the multiplying pages.

* * * * *

We have finished with buying manuscripts by girth. Merit alone will determine their value to us. And we are getting a good line on the merit of manuscripts, a better line than ever before. This is how we manage it:

We make a copy of the first page of a manuscript, leaving off the author's name, and substitute it for the original page bearing his name. Thus the readers of the manuscript have no idea who wrote

it and consequently are not influenced by the name of the author.

It would surprise you to find from their reports how well many of the unknown writers measure up with those of towering fame. The fact is that the work of authors varies greatly. And yet it is difficult to convince the reading public that anything from the pen of an unknown writer can be as good as, or in any sense comparable with, that of the men who have established reputations. People are consciously or unconsciously influenced by big names. It is because of this fact that we worked out the plan of eliminating the names of the authors from manuscripts before they go into the hands of our staff readers.

* * * * *

It may interest you likewise to know how we fix upon the price for different novels. Our way of arriving at their value is perhaps peculiar to ourselves. This is how we work it out:

A full book length novel of first-rate merit by an unknown name is worth a given price for publication complete in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*. Another story of no more merit might be worth to us ten or even twenty times as much—the difference being wholly in the commercial value of the author's name.

Of course, some unknown author might submit a story bulging with genius. For such a story we should pay a good deal more than for the story of an unknown writer which is merely a first-rate piece of work. But the genius novel doesn't come along very frequently, and when it does it is more apt to be the product of a trained pen, behind which stands the man of inherent genius, than of the novice. And coming from the trained pen which has made a reputation, it would command a big price.

While we prefer stories of real merit by unknown authors to those of indifferent merit by the literary giants, nevertheless the works of known men have a very decided value to us in that they introduce the magazine to a wider circle of readers. I don't believe they have so much influence with our regular readers, who have come to rely upon the editors of *THE MUNSEY* to give them something worth

while in every number. The difference in price, and sometimes it is a very vast difference, between the cost of novels of known and unknown authors should properly be charged up to the circulation department rather than to the editorial department, and though we do not as a matter of fact keep our books quite in this way, it is really what it amounts to.

For example, a novel might cost as much as forty thousand dollars from some very great writer while the intrinsic value of the story itself would not be over five thousand dollars, the difference of thirty-five thousand being the commercial value of his name.

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In a former issue of *THE MUNSEY* I said something about the advantage to the new man of magazine publication for his novel over that of book publication, urging that in the magazine he would get a wide reading, whereas in book form he might not command much of an audience.

When it is known to the readers of a magazine, as I want it to be known to you, the readers of *THE MUNSEY*, that everything we print gets into the magazine on its merit, and for no other reason, the man of little or no reputation will come in for a wide reading, and a wide reading is what he wants. One or two first-rate books put before so big an audience as *THE MUNSEY* can give him, and his reputation is made, his place in the literary world fixed, and his fortune assured.

With the ready sale and big prices for fiction I wonder that thousands of men and women don't take up writing who are now devoting their lives to other fields of endeavor—many of them to less attractive and less remunerative fields, I am sure.

After all, writing is a trade, quite as much so as that of cabinet making. Genius is another matter, but there are few geniuses. Mechanics differ in skill and touch in all trades, and so with the mechanics of the pen. Many writers would have made better bricklayers, and many bricklayers would have made better writers. Quality of writing depends largely on temperament, feeling, imagination, analysis, the scope of experience, the knowledge chiseled out of life; training gives a man the trade, nothing more.

FRANK A. MUNSEY

THE PLANS

BY OWEN OLIVER

THE little general was pacing his office like a tethered hound, when the gaunt old chief of staff came in.

"There is news of the rebels' attack on Manos," he said.

"We knew they were beaten off," the general growled.

"Yes, they were beaten off; but they burned down the East Tower first. Most of the provisions were stored there. I don't suppose the garrison has enough left to last a week."

The general muttered to himself; tugged at his long mustache.

"How did the news come?" he asked.

"The American scout fellow brought it—Lieutenant Cartero."

"Carter," the general corrected. The chief of staff could never get foreign names right.

"He's been hanging round the rebels' outposts for two days, hiding behind bushes, and in a pool up to his neck. He heard a picket talking. They've shot two messengers from the president."

"And four of ours!"

"And when one got through, they ambushed the relief party. There's a traitor in the council."

"Well, I don't tell the council my plans now. Plans! They aren't worth calling plans. If we had the president here, he'd make a plan to stop the rebellion in a week. I was wondering if I could get him out at the cost of half the army; and whether even the president is clever enough to win with the other half."

"His excellency the president would be clever enough for anything, if he were not so foolishly merciful! But we can't get him out at the cost of the whole army. At least I can't see any way."

"Umph! The fact is you and I are only rough fighting soldiers, Manuel. Heavens! If only we had an officer who could make a real plan!"

"The American wants to speak to you. Perhaps he has one."

The general laughed bitterly.

"He's a backwoodsman, not a soldier! I'm not going to waste my time on his plans. Pat him on the back, and tell him to put on his best clothes and go and see Estelle Laresté."

The old man laughed.

"He's put on his new uniform," the chief of staff said; "but it's to see you. You'd better pat the boy yourself. He's useful."

"Send him in, then."

The chief of staff went out, and the general resumed his restless pacing and the tugging at his long mustache.

"If somebody could think of a plan!" he muttered; and the orderly announced Lieutenant Carter.

"If you want a messenger to Manos, sir," he began; and the general swept the proposal aside with his arm.

"I've sent four," he snapped. "They are feeding the crows. Some traitor betrayed them, most likely; for they were good men, and there was a chance of getting through then. Now there is none. If there were, I'd let you risk your life. It's what lives are for! There isn't. No, lieutenant. The rebels have spread right across the country now. They would take you, and my plans."

The tall young officer leaned down toward the little general.

"It wouldn't matter," he said softly, "if the plans were false ones!"

"But—" the general began; and stopped.

"If you wrote that you meant to force the North Pass, sir? They would mass there; and then you could go south. It's open country, except the hills and the wood by the creek. You would relieve Manos that way."

The general drew two deep breaths.

"And you would lie in six feet of earth!" he said.

"I would do that for the president," Carter declared. "Sir, I owe a life to him; and I've got to pay. He made a man of me when— But you know the president."

"Yes, yes. If my old life would save him— But you are a young man. You propose to let them take you?"

"Yes, sir."

The general did not answer for some seconds. His mind had made a curious excursion off the main track. After the war, they would set up a marble statue to this young foreigner in the market square, he was thinking.

"I wish I had a son to do this for his country," he said. "You have not spoken of your plan to any one?"

"No, sir."

"Keep silence. I shall show no one the letter, and tell no one that the plan is false; not even the council. If you lose your life, you will have done more with it than most men. I—I wish you were my son! I honor you, Lieutenant Carter. Be prepared to start at eight."

The lieutenant saluted and went. The general rang for his aide-de-camp.

"Summon the council at six," he commanded. "Don't let me be disturbed for the next half-hour. I am making a plan!"

II

ESTELLE LARESTE was lying on the sofa reading when her father, the treasurer, returned from the council meeting. At least he found her reading. A moment before he entered, she had been staring at the portrait of a young man in uniform; a young man who was safely back from a scouting expedition, she had heard.

The treasurer—a large, dreamy-looking man—stood beside her and patted her head. He was a widower, and she was his only child; a very beautiful girl, and a woman at eighteen, as maids with Spanish blood are.

"Well, Estelle," he said slowly. "He is back again, as I see that you know. The pitcher goes to the well once too often, remember. The society is impatient with me for sparing him. The general is going to send another messenger to Manos."

The girl sat up and clung to his arm.

"Oh, father! Another to die! It seems so cruel! Why cannot you settle it as they

do in America, Maurice—I mean Lieutenant Carter—says? They have a—I do not remember what the name is. They call one another dreadful names and tell lies, but they do not fight!"

"Ah!" said her father. "But once they fought! There are some things that talking cannot settle, Estelle. Blood must be spilled before this country is free."

The girl shuddered.

"Is it some one I know, father? The messenger? Why do you look like that?"

"It is Lieutenant Carter," he owned.

"He volunteered to the general; and the general recommended him to the council. I tried to stop them sending him, but they would not listen to me. I told them that he was a fool; but they answered that no one but a fool would go. The society will not spare him this time. He is a fool. He sees no danger. That is why he is dangerous."

"But you will not tell the society, father? I am your only child. He is so much to your little Estelle. So very much, father! You will not tell the society?"

"Our country's liberty is at stake, Estelle. He must not be allowed to reach the president. Once he was with the army, all would be over with the party of freedom."

"But the president is not a bad man, father."

"No. His fault is that he is good—too good for this country in its present state! I must tell the society about Carter's mission, my child. I would do it if he were my own son! I will tell them to take him alive, if they can."

"He will not be taken alive. He is so brave; so foolishly brave! Father, I am your little girl—the only one! We always loved each other so. Father, dear, you are so clever—can't you find out the plan some other way?"

"No. I cannot, Estelle. *Can you?*"

The girl stared up at him. Her dark eyes looked enormous in her pale face.

"If we had learned the contents of the letter that he carries," Laresté said, "then the society would let him pass unharmed. He is coming to say farewell to you to-night. He asked me, and I said that he might. He is young and foolish. Has he said that he loves you?"

"No. Not yet. Will the general tell Maurice the plan that he conceals from the council? From you?"

"No, no. He will not know what is in the letter. It is in a blank, square envelope. The general sealed it before us with the council's seal."

"Maurice would not open it—not for his life; not even for mine!"

"You would be no wiser if he did. It is sure to be in cipher. We have copies of that, and I keep the seal!"

"Father? What do you mean?"

"I could give you a letter indistinguishable from it. If he trusted his letter in your hands?"

"If! But Maurice is so—so trusting—of me! To betray him—"

"To save his life!"

The girl wrung her hands.

"His life! I would not cheat him for all the world else. What will you put in your letter, father?"

Laresté waved his hand impatiently.

"You are too young to understand policy, Estelle," he protested. "I shall write something that will put the enemy in our hands, with as little bloodshed as possible; that will end civic war; that will save this country of ours, and give its people freedom. Would you do nothing for that, Estelle? Do you not say the prayer that I taught you to lisp for your country? Do you not—"

"Oh!" she cried. "I would not do it for my country; not for prayers; not for you! It is for his life, if I do this wicked thing. Father, is there no honorable way? No other way at all to save him?"

"I will tell them to take him alive, if they can," her father promised slowly; "but they are bitter against him. Yesterday there was some shooting between him and a picket, and two of our men—I think they would tell me they could not take him alive. That is why I— You have dropped a portrait from your book, my dear. I noticed it there yesterday. It is for you that I want to save him, little daughter."

"Ah!" she cried. "You cannot do that—nor I. I shall save him only for himself—for another woman. Ah-h-h-h!" She screamed wildly. "He will hate me ever after; he will love some one else. But I can't let him die! I can't let him die!"

"He will love you again," her father assured her, "even if he hates you for a while. There was a time when your mother and I— She was a lovely creature, Estelle; it was not possible to help loving her. God rest her! She gave love for

love! I shall tell him how you have saved his life twice through me. It will be three times; for I shall make them spare him when we have conquered. We must conquer, Estelle. Heaven is on the side of the right, in the end, though sometimes it delays a long while. He will love you more for doing it, little one."

"Ah, no! Ah, no! He will say that his wife must love first his honor, not his life. But he shall not die. I—I—oh, why didn't I die with my mother?"

III

LIEUTENANT CARTER found Señorita Estelle Laresté alone in her father's drawing-room. They held hands and looked in each other's eyes. She gave a little sob, and his mouth twitched.

"So you are a hero," she said, with a tear running down each cheek. "They will put a marble statue of you in the great square, the general says, if you die. And what will they put in your friend's heart, Señor Maurice?"

"The remembrance that your friend did his duty, *señorita*. A month ago it would have been easier to go. Now— Since I may not come back, and since I love you greatly, may I kiss you once, Estelle?"

"Since you may not come back—and even though you may!— You may kiss me, Maurice. Ah!"

The girl clung round his neck, and they kissed many times.

"If they should take you!" she wailed. "If they should take you! The society—I mean the rebels!"

If Estelle's head had not been buried on the lieutenant's shoulder she would have seen his eyebrows rise when she spoke of the society. He came of a cleverer people than she, and he knew that the mind speaks truest at first thought. In his scouting he had found no surer test of the country people than this—that the disloyal thought of the rebels as the Society of Freedom.

"If the rebels should take me," he repeated, and shrugged his shoulders.

"They will find the—what you carry."

"Why, yes," he agreed. "They will find it. Of course!"

"But you conceal it, do you not?"

Again his eyebrows lifted.

"Why, no! What is the use? They would find it, anyhow."

"Where do you carry it?" she asked; and looked innocently up in his face.

His eyebrows and his features were still enough then. He wondered if his fingers had twitched on her warm shoulders.

"In my breast pocket, little Lady Eve," he answered, smiling as if her curiosity amused him.

"Next to your heart—which is my heart?"

"I carry a little picture of you there, my very dear lady. The letter is in the pocket on the other side."

He laughed and tapped it. She pressed on his tunic with her slender fingers.

"But it is small! It hardly crackles at all, Maurice! You should sew it in the lining. Then perhaps they would not find it. Men's fingers are so clumsy! Let me sew it in for you, dear. It would be safer then. I am sure, dear! It would make me easier, Maurice. When you are gone I shall cry! Let me sew it in. My work-basket is here. I am industrious, you see!"

"You must be a very industrious little lady to keep your work-basket in the drawing-room!"

He plunged his hand into the basket, but she snatched it away from him hastily.

"No, no!" she cried. "You must not meddle with that. I keep all my secrets there. Some day, perhaps—why, you look ill, Maurice!"

"I found the point of a needle," he said, and pretended to wipe his finger; but the wound was not there, only in his heart. He had felt a waxen seal underneath the wool!

"Oh, Maurice! Has it hurt you? Show me!"

"No, no! It's all right. It isn't the needle-point that hurts, Estelle. I am saying good-by to you; and perhaps it is for a long time."

"Oh, don't! Don't! I do so love you! Let me sew the letter in, just to give you one little chance more of safety! If it is ever so useless, it will comfort me to have done one little service for—for my dear lover! My fingers want to work for you! And—perhaps—they—might never—again!"

She sobbed suddenly. He held her close to him with one arm. With the other he took the letter from his pocket and held it behind her. His thumb-nail marked one corner slightly. He noted that a tiny spur of red wax jutted out on the right-hand side of the round impress; a very tiny spur.

"The little fingers shall work for me!" he assented. He took her hands and kissed the fingers one by one. "I will unbutton my tunic, and you shall make a slit in the lining, and I will put this letter in; and you shall sew it there with the little hands that work for my life—and my honor."

The girl put her hands on the table as if she steadied herself. Her lips moved before she spoke.

"A man is so foolish!" she said, as if she tried to laugh. "It must not be a gash that they could see, Maurice. I must unpick the lining at a seam, and sew it up very neatly. You must take off your tunic for that. The time is so short, Maurice. Take it off! Shall I hold the letter?"

"That must not leave my hands," he protested.

"But my hands are your hands!" she told him prettily.

He looked in her eyes; took her hands; placed the letter in them; kissed them. Then he unbuttoned his tunic rapidly; turned from her, as he drew it off, for perhaps five seconds. The letter was changed in two. He held out the tunic and she held out the other letter—the one which her father had prepared.

"An exchange," he said lightly.

He did not even glance at the letter then; but while she was working at the seam, with her head bent over it, he turned the envelope over in his hand; noted that there was no thumb-nail mark on the corner, and no little spur jutting out from the round of the seal.

It was well that her eyes were not on him at that instant. When she smiled up at him between the stitches, his lips were moving unsteadily.

"Little loved hands," he said, as if he excused his emotion. "Little loved hands that work for my life"—she smiled and nodded—"and my honor."

She dropped her head again. He stood looking down at her and smiled. Well, he thought that he smiled.

"Now you can put it in," she said presently.

He placed the letter in the opening and she began to sew it in.

"Some day you will thank me," she declared. "If you come back to me. Oh, Maurice! You surely will?"

"If I never come to thank you," he repeated slowly, "God pays the debts of the dead! Whether I come back or not, He

will requite you for to-night's work, Estelle."

She said nothing. A tear fell on the tunic. She wiped it off with her little lace handkerchief.

"It is finished," she announced presently. She rose and helped him to put his arms into the tight-fitting sleeves; buttoned the tunic for him. "Ah, Maurice!" she cried. "Anyhow, I shall have worked for your dear life!"

"Life is dear," he told her; "but there are dearer things."

"Love! Oh, Maurice!"

She put her hands on his shoulders, and held up her tear-stained face to him.

"Love!" he echoed. "Oh, Estelle!" His eyes were wet. She wiped them with the little handkerchief. He kissed her. "Love—and honor!" It was she who kissed him then. "Good-by. God guard you!"

She screamed with anguish.

"God guard you!" she prayed, clasping her hands. "God guard you. I love you so!"

He kissed her again and strode to the door. He turned there. She rocked to and fro as she stood by the table. One hand was on her heart; the other lay on the work-basket. He looked at that hand; waited for what seemed a long time; drew his breath through his teeth as she brought it away—empty!

"Oh, Maurice!" she cried. "If you never come back to me!"

He opened the door.

"God pays the debts of the dead!" he said again. "Farewell!"

In the passage he reeled like a drunken man.

IV

THE little general paced and paced his office, pulling and pulling at his long mustache. In five minutes he must go out and see Lieutenant Carter start off to his death. He struggled against a twitching of his fierce old mouth, walked to the mirror over the fireplace to see that he looked sufficiently stiff and stern.

In the glass he saw the door open, and Carter enter. He never knew what made him turn so quickly.

"Carter?" he inquired.

The lieutenant stood with his arm hanging by his side, forgetting to salute.

"Sir," he said in a voice that sounded

old, "the plans are safely delivered into the hands of the enemy!"

"You mean—" the general gasped.

"You mean—"

"They have changed the letter. They do not know that I know."

"They? Who?"

"I cannot tell you that, sir."

"Cannot—tell—me!" The general grasped his arm. "Cannot? Or will not?"

"Will not, sir."

"Will not tell me of traitors within these walls! I command you, Carter." The lieutenant made no answer. "You know the penalty of refusal?"

"Yes, sir. I have no care for my life now. I do not plead for that; but if I do not ride out to-night, they will know that I detected the exchange; and our plan will fail."

The general released Carter's arm and prowled across the little room again.

"You have the substituted letter, I suppose?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

Carter opened his tunic, ripped a seam with his penknife, and held out the letter. The general turned it over and over.

"I see no difference," he remarked.

"You saw it exchanged?"

"No, sir. I had marked the corner of the other envelope with my thumb-nail; and there was a slight flaw in the impression of the seal. This is perfect."

"You suspected that an attempt would be made to exchange it?"

"I suspected a moment before. I made the mark then."

"And you allowed the letter to be taken? You had your sword and revolver!"

"I judged it better to let them think that I carried their plans. Then they would let me pass—with whatever message you chose to give. You can trust my loyalty, since I have brought this to you."

The general laughed bitterly.

"You are a clever man!" he cried. "A clever man! On your own confession you are in close touch with the traitors. If I were a clever man, instead of a loyal, fighting old fool! If I were a clever man, Lieutenant Carter, I should say this—you gain my confidence by offering to carry a false plan. A false plan is no use to your friends; so you try to get a true one from me."

"Sir," Carter pleaded, "I did not ask

you whether you would put in a true or a false plan. If you choose, I will carry theirs; carry it through, if I am allowed, if you wish; throw myself into their hands if you order that. If you think me clever, as you say, will you consider this?—if I am a traitor, you are no worse off than if I had never told you my plan. If I am true to his excellency—before Heaven, I am!—I can enable you to deceive the enemy and rescue him. I am in your hands. What will you do?"

The general sat down to his desk, opened the letter, and took up his cipher book.

"If you are false," he observed coldly, "you know what they have written. It is best that you should know if you are true. This is their message in my name:

"I come in force by the South Road, starting at midnight to-morrow. Start about one to meet me by the river at two. Bring all ammunition, transport, and stores, evacuating Manos and returning with me to the city.

"Very well. Carry their plan. If you are a true man, tell the president that they know it, and he must be prepared for an ambush by the river. Tell him that I know it and have made *my* plan."

"Yes, sir. May I venture to make a suggestion?"

"No!" cried the general furiously. "No! I am aware that you are cleverer than I. Mine is a fool's plan! But it's hard to guess a fool's mind! That is *my* chance!"

He put the letter in a fresh envelope, closed this, and scribbled his initials across the flap.

"The treasurer has the seal," he remarked, "and I won't tell even him. Good night, Carter. God speed you—if you are a true man!"

"Sir," the lieutenant said, "on my honor, and on the honor of my country, I am true. Good night!"

The general paced the room once more, fuming like a caged lion, when Carter was gone.

"The treasurer keeps the seal!" he muttered; "and Carter loves Estelle Lareste; and a woman sewed that seam! I will make a plan. I used to call her my little sweetheart; and she ought to hang! Carlos! Carlos!"

His young aide-de-camp came quickly.

"Send for the chief of staff," the general

ordered; and paced and paced till the grim old officer appeared.

"There are traitors within these walls," the general said. "It is not enough to set guards to examine those who come in. Give orders that no one is to go out—no one whatever, and on no pretext whatever. It is sure to leak out that we are preparing for a march to-morrow. Keep the leakage inside the city."

"Very good," the chief of staff assented. "I will double the guards, and order them to shoot if any one breaks out."

"There is another thing," the general continued, playing with his great mustache. "Things will leak out within the city; but we can reduce the leakage. We must seem to be gay and careless, and give the women something to chatter about besides the movements of the army. I will have a dinner party to-morrow night; the council and the military heads of departments and all their grown-up families. The women will be too busy looking out their clothes to chatter to-morrow. We can break up at eleven, and start off when they think we are going to bed. Eh?"

"Yes," the chief of staff approved. "It may stop some of the chattering. A woman's tongue is never *quite* stopped. Anyhow, it will stop some of the worrying, by occupying their minds. Anything else?"

"No, I don't think so. Oh! By the way, you must make quite sure that Lareste brings little Estelle. I want to toast Carter and her! Some girls would have kept their lover back, but our Estelle is—her father's daughter! I used to call her my little sweetheart, when she was a baby. Tell her that, and say that she must come. Good night!"

And once more the old general was alone, pacing the room. Now he walked slowly, with his head bowed down.

"I called her my little sweetheart," he muttered. "And I've put a proclamation on every wall that any traitor, man or woman, found betraying us to the rebels shall hang!"

V

THEY were brave ladies and gentlemen at the general's dinner-party, and they tried bravely to be merry; but they threw off their mask of smiles when the general tapped on the drawing-room mantelpiece to command attention, just after eleven o'clock.

"It is no use pretending," he said, "that you do not know that our president and our friends are starving in Manos; and that we are making a desperate attempt to relieve him to-night. It is time that those who go and those who stay should know my plans. I have not told them before, for a good reason. There are traitors in this city—perhaps in this room—who betray our intentions to the rebels. Next to relieving Manos, my dearest wish—the dearest wish of most of you—is to hang the traitors on these walls. I shall hang one of them before I start to-night!"

There was a roar like the roar of angry lions and lionesses. Dignified men shook their fists and showed their teeth. Gracious ladies hissed and clenched their jeweled hands.

"I march out with a changed plan," the general said, "for I find that a traitor has betrayed the one I made yesterday. There are true men serving us in the ranks of the enemy, as there are false men serving among us. Our good friends have seized our betrayer and brought him to me. The guards upon the ramparts have him at the foot of the gallows. He hangs there when we start to-night!"

Again the ladies and gentlemen forgot their veneer of civilization.

"Traitor!" they yelled. "Traitor! Hang him! Hang, hang, hang!"

The women screamed the loudest. They had fathers, brothers, husbands, lovers, starving in Manos.

"Who is he?" a gentle-looking, fair-haired woman shrieked. "Let me curse him!" Her husband was reported wounded in the last bulletin that had got through from the president.

"Who is he?" a dozen demanded; and then a silence fell.

"The traitor who has betrayed our president, our country, and ourselves," the general said, "and who dies to-night, is—Lieutenant Maurice Carter!"

The silence was broken only by a long hiss—the sharp drawing of many breaths in horror and surprise. Then Estelle Laresté staggered forward.

"He is no traitor!" she cried. "He did not know. I stole the plans from him—I!"

The hissing sound died down, as if even breathing had stopped. There had been no one so loved in the city as Estelle Laresté.

"I pretended to sew the letter in his coat," she continued, twisting her handkerchief in her hands. "I took it, and put in another."

"And that," the general said sternly, "was sealed with the seal of the council—the seal that your father keeps! It contained a crafty plan to betray us to the rebels. I saw the plan before Lieutenant Carter left. He knew you for a traitress, Estelle Laresté; and he brought your letter to me!"

Estelle fainted without a sound. Her father caught her in his arm, and carried her to a big chair. The women standing near it drew away, holding their skirts as if they feared contamination. Laresté touched Estelle's pale cheek, and strode into the space in front of the general.

"Well?" he asked very steadily.

"I adopted that plan for my own," the general told him, "as the unlikeliest that the rebels would suspect. I judged that they would let Carter through with it. I hope he is now safely in Manos. *You* may know, Laresté?"

Laresté bowed.

"Carter is safely in Manos," he stated calmly. "I spared him because Estelle loves him. I have spared him for the same reason before. She took the letter from him, not for any love for the cause of freedom, but because I told her it was the only way to save his life."

"There is a proclamation on every wall," the general reminded him, "that any traitor betraying us to the enemy shall hang!"

The storm burst out again then. It would not have stopped an ugly outcry if the general had not waved them back from Laresté.

"I have never hanged a man without hearing him," he thundered, "and I won't now! I have never hung a woman yet."

The storm burst out again from the women.

"Hang her!" they cried. "Hang, hang!"

The men were silent.

"You won't hang her," Laresté said, when the general had obtained silence. "She is a child. She did it for her father's life—would you have had her betray *me*?—and for her lover's. I know you, general. I do not fear that you will hang Estelle. The only question is about myself."

"There is no question about *you!*" a voice cried. The uproar broke out again.

For a moment it seemed as if Lareste would be torn to pieces; but the officers sullenly obeyed the general's orders and kept the rest back. It was bad to look upon the men. They made one think of wolves. The women's faces made one think of the inferno.

"There is a question," Lareste insisted, when the general had obtained silence. "If you kill me, you kill your president. You have sent him directions to come out of Manos at one o'clock. At two he will reach the river pass. Our army will surround him there."

"And I shall be waiting to take your army in the rear," the general roared, "while your main force waits for me in the North Pass, according to the plan which you stole from Carter. It was a false plan to deceive you!"

He laughed fiercely. Lareste smiled.

"I thought you might try that some day," he observed. "We have scouts waiting to report the actual direction which you take, and our forces are ready to move and meet you; quite ready, general, for we do not rely merely on scouts outside the walls. Your new plan has already gone from this room. There are more 'rebels' here than I! It has been signaled from the walls. Our army will be in position long before you start. It will not seek a pitched battle, but will harass you sufficiently to prevent your reaching the river pass in time. You know how easily it can do that! We shall take the president, and if I hang he will hang!"

"If he comes to harm, *you* will hang," the general hissed. "Remember that too!" His face had gone pale.

Lareste drew himself up haughtily.

"The president was in no danger in my hands," he asserted. "I hate his policy, but I love the man. When we had captured him, I meant to say to him: 'We both love our country. Our country is not only those who follow me, and not only those who follow you. Give me your word to consult equally the wishes and needs of both, and you are free; free to rule, without competition from me. For you are the better man.' Even now, if I could meet him face to face—!"

He stopped, as if language had frozen on his lips. The rest followed his eyes to the door.

"The president!" they shouted. "The president!"

A small, gentle-faced man with a thin white mustache and scanty white hair advanced upon them, smiling and holding out his hand. Lieutenant Carter followed him. His left arm was in a sling. After him came a number of officers—a white-faced, tattered crowd, but how they smiled!

Mothers, wives, sisters, lovers, fathers, brothers, friends—all rushed upon them, kissed them, cried over them, stroked their faces. The president's hand was nearly shaken off, and the women embraced him till he gasped for breath. The fierce old chief of staff was generally reported to have wept when he shook hands, and some whispered that the general did so too.

Presently the old president stood up on the sofa. Several young officers held him protectingly, as if they feared that he might fall.

"My friends," he said, "my dear friends! God bless you! I am an old man and tired. I will say only the few things that must be said to-night. You see me here, thanks to the devotion and wisdom of Captain Carter. No one will grudge him his new rank. I have only anticipated the general's wish and yours." The general wrung Carter's uninjured hand. "He feared that the—the party of Señor Lareste, as I now learn, would keep in touch with the relieving force and prevent their reaching me in time. You have heard that he was right. So he made a new plan. We started at dusk and came through the North Pass. We surprised the—the men of the other party. They were not expecting any one from that side. They scattered—possibly the darkness magnified our little force—and we are here! There was little bloodshed. I am very glad. Let us have no more bloodshed, friends. I—you care for me, and I am getting old. Grant me that friends! Do not murmur. Lareste would not have harmed me. How can I harm Lareste? As for that child"—he pointed to Estelle, still unconscious in her chair—"when she was a baby, she used to play with the handle of my stick. It was a dog's head, as some of you may remember. Well, well! Time flies! I could make the babies happy; but they grow up and take their lives into their own hands. This little girl offered hers for her lover. I can't make the brave little life happy; but perhaps

Captain Carter can find another of his clever plans?"

Carter put his good arm round Estelle.

"Ah!" the president added. "That is the plan for Estelle; and for our country. Just love—God's great plan!"

I WONDER

I WONDER would we mourn less
If roses all were thornless
And kept perpetual glow:
If every fine ambition
Found quick and full fruition,
And Time, a true magician,
Made good to better grow.

I wonder would we mourn less
If roses all were thornless,
Nor, wilting, fell apart:
Nor Love had need to borrow
A subtle hint from Sorrow
That on some sure to-morrow
Black Death would break Love's heart.

I wonder, ah! I wonder
If over us and under
No cloud, no grave were waiting:
If Youth and Beauty never
Were doomed to fade or sever,
But lingered in—forever—
A radiant May of mating:

I wonder, ah! I wonder
If Death were buried under
The roses grown by Joy,
Whether this world we treasure
So multifaced with pleasure—
Beauty and Love *sans* measure—
Might not begin to cloy;

And we, though still enamored,
Enhaloed still, and glamoored
By Love's mysterious moon,
Would not, in secret places
Of prayer, with trembling faces
Alift to starry spaces,
Beg for a loftier boon:

Beseech for spirit pinions
To spread o'er new dominions
Of thought and feeling deep:
Beseech for death to take us—
From life's long dream to wake us—
E'en if death's end opacous
Were endless, glacial sleep.

Yet, when this dim suggestion
Of doubt, this covert question,
Stirs in my secret breast,
I turn mine eyes on thee, love,
In whose deep eyes I see, love,
A world from doubt so free, love,
It quells my qualm and quest.

And as my spirit swims on
Thy sea of kisses crimson—
Thy balmy-melting breath!—
It doth divine a morrow
Where Love need never borrow
A subtle hint from Sorrow
That Love must end in death.

Nathalie Austin

YOU NEVER KNOW YOUR LUCK*

BEING THE STORY OF A MATRIMONIAL DESERTER

A NOVEL—COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

BY GILBERT PARKER

AUTHOR OF "THE JUDGMENT HOUSE," "THE RIGHT OF WAY,"
"THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

PROEM

DID you ever see it in reaping time? A sea of gold it is, with gentle billows telling of sleep and not of storm, which, like regiments afoot, salute the reaper and say, "All is fulfilled in the light of the sun and the way of the earth; let the sharp knife fall." The countless million heads are heavy with fruition, and sun glorifies and breeze cradles them to the hour of harvest. The air—like the tingle of water from a mountain-spring in the throat of the worn wayfarer, bringing a sense of the dust of the world flushed away.

Arcady? Look closely. Here and there, like islands in the shining yellow sea, are houses—sometimes in a clump of trees, sometimes only like barebacked domesticity or naked industry in the workfield. Also rising here and there in the expanse, clouds that wind skyward, spreading out in a powdery mist. They look like the rolling smoke of incense, of sacrifice.

Sacrifice it is. The vast steam thrashers are mightily devouring what their servants, the monster steam-reapers, have gleaned for them. Soon, when September comes, all that waving sea will be still. What was gold will still be a rusted gold, but near to the earth—the stubble of the corn now lying in vast gainers by the railway lines, awaiting transport east and west and south and across the seas.

Not Arcady this, but a land of industry in the grip of industrialists, whose determination to achieve riches is, in spite of themselves, chastened by the magnitude and orderly process of nature's travail which is not pain. Nature hides her internal striving under a smother of white for many months in every year, when what is now gold in the sun will be a soft—sometimes, too, a hard—shining coverlet like impacted wool. Then, instead of the majestic clouds of incense from the thrashers, will rise blue spiral wreaths of smoke from the lonely home. Here the farmer rests till spring, comforting himself in the

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A FRESH YOUNG VOICE SINGING INTO THE MORNING

thought that while he waits, far under the snow the wheat is slowly expanding; and as in April, the white frost flies out of the soil into the sun, it will push upward and outward, green and vigorous, greeting his eye with the "What cheer, partner!" of a mate in the scheme of nature.

Not Arcady; and yet many of the joys of Arcady are here—bright, singing birds, wide adventurous rivers, innumerable streams, the squirrel in the wood and the bracken, the wildcat stealing through the undergrowth, the lizard glittering by the stone, the fish leaping in the stream, the plaint of the whippoorwill, the call of the bluebird, the golden flash of the oriole, the *honk* of the wild geese overhead, the whirr of the mallard from the sedge. And, more than all, a human voice declaring by its joy in song that not only

God looks upon the world and finds it very good.

CHAPTER I

"PIONEERS, O PIONEERS"

If you had stood on the borders of Askatoon, a prairie town, on the pathway to the Rockies one late August day not many years ago, you would have heard a fresh young human voice singing into the morning, as its possessor looked from a coat she was brushing out over the "field of the cloth of gold," which your eye has already been invited to see. With the gift of singing for joy at all, you should be able to sing joyously at twenty-one. This morning singer was just that age; and if you had looked at the golden carpet of wheat stretching for scores of miles, before you looked at her, you would have thought her curiously reminiscent of the scene. She was a symphony in gold—nothing less. Her hair, her cheeks, her eyes, her skin, her laugh, her voice—they were all gold. Everything about her was so demonstratively golden that you might have had a suspicion it was made and not born; as though it was unreal and the girl herself a proper subject of suspicion. The eyelashes were so long and so black, the eyes were so much like a topaz, and the little glint of gold in a tooth,—the one weak member of an otherwise perfect array—that an air of faint artificiality surrounded what was in every other way a remarkable effort of nature to give this region, where she was so very busy, a keynote.

Poseurs have said that nature is garish or exaggerated in this or that; but it is a libel. She is aristocratic to the *nth* degree, and is never overdone; she has courage but no ostentation. There was, however, just a slight touch of overemphasis in this singing-girl's presentation—that you were bound to say if you considered her quite apart from her place in this nature-scheme. She was not wholly aristocratic; she was lacking in that high, social refinement which would have made her gold not so golden, the black eyelashes not so black. Being unaristocratic is not always a matter of birth, though it may be a matter of parentage.

Her parentage was honest and respectable though not exalted. Her father had been an engineer who had lost his life on a new railway of the West. His widow had received a pension from the company insufficient to maintain her, and so she kept two boarders, the coat of one of whom her daughter was now brushing as she sang. The widow herself was the origin of the girl's slight disqualification for being of that higher circle of selection which nature arranges long before society makes its judicial decision. The father had been a man of intelligence, which his daughter to a real degree inherited; but the mother, as kind a soul as ever lived, was a product of southern English rural life—a little sumptuous, but wholesome, and for her daughter's sake at least, keeping herself well and safely within the moral pale in the midst of marked temptations. She was forty-five, and it says a good deal for her ample but proper graces that at forty-five she had numerous admirers. The girl was English in appearance, with a touch perhaps of Spanish—why, who can say? Was it because of those Spanish hidalgos wrecked on the Irish coast long since? Her mind and her tongue, however, were Irish like her father's. You would have liked her,—everybody did—yet you would have thought that nature had overdone herself for once, she was so pointedly designed to express the ancient dame's color-scheme, even to the delicate auriferous down on her youthful cheek and the purse-proud look of her faintly retroussé nose; though in fact she never had had a purse and scarcely needed one. In any case she had an ample pocket in her dress.

This fairly full description of her is given not because she is the most important person in the story, but because the end of the story would have been entirely different had it not been for her; and because she herself was one of those who are so much the sport of circumstances or chance that they express the full meaning of the title of this story. As a line beneath the title explains, the tale concerns a matrimonial deserter. Certainly this girl had never deserted matrimony, though she had on more than one occasion avoided it; and there had been men mean and low enough to imagine they might

allure her to the conditions of matrimony without its status.

As with her mother the advertisement of her appearance was wholly misleading. A man had once said to her that "she looked too gay to be good," but in all essentials she was as good as she was gay, and indeed rather better. Her mother had not kept boarders for seven years without getting some useful knowledge of the world, or without imparting useful knowledge; and there were men who, having paid their bills on demand, turned from her wiser if not better men. Because they had pursued the old but inglorious profession of hunting tame things, Mrs. Tyn-dall Tynan had exacted compensation in one way or another—by extras, by occasional and deliberate omission of table luxuries, and by making them pay for their own mending, which she herself only did when her boarders behaved themselves well. She scored in any contest—in spite of her rather small brain, large heart, and ardent appearance. A very clever, shiftless Irish husband had made her develop shrewdness, and she was so busy watching and fending her daughter that she did not need to watch and fend herself to the same extent as she would have done had she been free and childless and thirty. The widow Tynan was practical, and she saw none of those things which made her daughter stand for minutes at a time and look into the distance over the prairie towards the sunset light or the blue green foothills. She never sang—she had never sung a note in her life; but this girl of hers, with a man's coat in her hand, and eyes on the joyous scene before her, was forever humming or singing. She had even sung in the church choir till she declined to do so any longer, because strangers stared at her so; which goes to show that she was not so vain as people of her coloring sometimes are. It was just as bad, however, when she sat in the congregation; for then, too, if she sang, people stared at her. So it was that she seldom went to church at all; but it was not because of this that her ideas of right and wrong were quite individual and not conventional, as the tale of the matrimonial deserter will show.

This was not church, however, and briskly applying a light whisk-broom to

the coat, she sang one of the songs her father taught her when he was in his buoyant or in his sentimental moods, and that was a good portion of the time. It used to perplex her—the thrilling buoyancy and the creepy melancholy which alternately held her father; but as a child she had become so inured to it that she was not surprised at the alternate pensive gaiety and the blazing exhilaration of the particular man whose coat she now dusted long after there remained a speck of dust upon it. This was the song she sang:

"Whereaway, whereaway goes the lad that once was mine;

Hereaway I waited him, hereaway and oft;
When I sang my song to him, bright his eyes began to shine—

Hereaway I loved him well, for my heart was soft.

"Hereaway my heart was soft; when he kissed my happy eyes,

Held my hand, and pressed his cheek warm against my brow,
Home I saw upon the earth, heaven stood there in the skies—

Whereaway, whereaway goes my lover now?

"Whereaway goes my lad—tell me, has he gone alone?

Never harsh word did I speak, never hurt I gave;

Strong he was and beautiful; like a heron he has flown—

Hereaway, hereaway will I make my grave.

"When once more the lad I loved hereaway, hereaway,

Comes to lay his hand in mine, kiss me on the brow,

I will whisper down the wind, he will weep to hear me say—

'Whereaway, whereaway goes my lover now!'

There was a plaintive quality in the voice of this golden creature in perfect keeping with the music and the words; and though her lips smiled, there was a deep, far-away look in her eyes more in harmony with the coming autumn than with this gorgeous harvest-time.

For a moment after she had finished singing she stood unmoving, absorbed by the far horizon; then suddenly she gave a little shake of the body and said in a brisk, playfully reproving way:

"Kitty Tynan, Kitty Tynan, what a girl you are!"

There was no one near, so far as eye could see, so it was clear the words were addressed to herself.

She was expressing that wonder which so many folk feel at discovering in themselves characteristics heretofore unrecognized, or find themselves doing things out of their natural orbit, as they think. If any one had told Kitty Tynan that she had rare imagination she would have wondered what was meant. If any one had said to her, "What are you dreaming about, Kitty?" she would have understood, however, for she had had fits of dreaming ever since she was a child, and these fits had increased during the past two years—since the man came to live with them whose coat she had been brushing. Perhaps this was only imitation, because the man had a habit of standing or sitting still and looking into space for minutes—and on Sundays for hours—at a time; and often she had watched him as he lay on his back in the long grass, head on a hillock, hat down over his eyes, while the smoke from his pipe came curling up from beneath the rim. Also she had seen him more than once sitting with a letter before him and gazing at it for many minutes together. The curious thing was that it was the same letter on each occasion. It was a closed letter, and it also was unstamped. She knew that, because she had seen it in his desk—the desk once belonging to her father, a sloping thing with a green baize top. Sometimes he kept it locked, but very often he did not; and more than once, when he had asked her to get him something from the desk, not out of meanness, but chiefly because her moral standard had not a multitude of delicate punctilios, she had looked curiously at this letter. The envelope bore a woman's handwriting, and the name on it was not that of the man who owned the coat—and the letter. The name on the envelope was Shiel Crozier, Esq., but the name of the man who owned the coat was J. G. Kerry—James Gathorne Kerry, so he said.

Kitty Tynan had certainly enough imagination to make her cherish a mystery. She wondered greatly what it all meant. Never in anything else had she been inquisitive or prying where this man was concerned; but she felt that this letter had

the heart of a story, and she made up fifty stories which she thought would fit the case of J. G. Kerry, who for over four years had lived in her mother's house. He had become part of her life, perhaps just because he was a man—and what home is a real home without a man?—perhaps because he always had a kind, quiet word for her, and sometimes a word of buoyant cheerfulness; indeed, he showed in his manner occasionally almost a boisterous hilarity. He undoubtedly was what her mother called "a queer Dick," but also "a pippin with a perfect core," which was her way of saying that he was a man to be trusted with herself and with her daughter; who would stand loyally by a friend or a woman. He had stood by them both when Augustus Burlingame, the lawyer, who had boarded with them when J. G. Kerry first came, coarsely exceeded the bounds of liberal friendliness which marked the household and by furtive attempts at intimacy began to make life impossible for both mother and daughter. Burlingame took it into his head, when he received notice that his rooms were needed for another boarder, that J. G. Kerry was the cause of it. Perhaps this was not without reason, since Kerry had seen Kitty Tynan angrily unclasping Burlingame's arm from around her waist, and had used cutting and decisive words to the sensualist afterwards.

There had taken the place of Augustus Burlingame a land-agent—Jesse Bulrush—who came and went like a catapult, now in domicile for three days together, now gone for three weeks, a voluble, gaseous, humorous fellow, who covered up a well of commercial evasiveness, honesty and adroitness by a perspiring gaiety natural in its origin and convenient for harmless deceit. He was fifty, and no gallant save in words; and though a bachelor of so many years' standing it was a long time before he showed a tendency even to blandish a good-looking middle-aged nurse named Egan who also lodged with Mrs. Tynan; though even a plain-faced nurse in uniform has an advantage over a handsome unprofessional woman. Jesse Bulrush and J. G. Kerry were friends—became such confidential friends indeed to all appearance, though their social origin was evidently so different, that Kitty Tynan,

when she wished to have a pleasant conversation which gave her a glow for hours after, talked to the fat man of his lean and aristocratic-looking friend.

"Got his head where it ought to be—



AUGUSTUS BURLINGAME'S SUDDEN ATTEMPTS
AT INTIMACY

on his shoulders; and it ain't for playing football with," was the frequent remark of Mr. Bulrush concerning Mr. Kerry, and this always made Kitty Tynan want to sing, she could not have told why, save that it seemed to her the equivalent of a long history of the man whose past lay in mists that never lifted, and whom even the inquisitive Burlingame had been unable to probe when he lived in the same house. But then Kitty Tynan was as fond of singing as a canary, and relieved her feelings

constantly by this virtuous and becoming means, with her good contralto voice—a creature of contradictions; for if ever any one should have had a soprano voice it was she. She looked a soprano.

What she was thinking of as she sang with Kerry's coat in her hand it would be hard to discover by the process of elimination, as the detectives say when they are searching for a criminal. It is, however, of no consequence; but it was clear that the song she sang had moved her, for there was the glint of a tear in her eye as she turned towards the house, the words of the song singing themselves over in her brain:

"Hereaway my heart was soft; when he kissed
my happy eyes,
Held my hand, and pressed his cheek warm
against my brow,
Home I saw upon the earth, heaven stood there
in the skies—
Whereaway, whereaway goes my lover now?"

She knew that no lover had left her; that none was in the habit of laying his warm cheek against her brow; and perhaps that was why she had said aloud to herself, "Kitty Tynan, Kitty Tynan, what a girl you are!" Perhaps—and perhaps not.

As she stepped forward towards the door she heard a voice within the house and she quickened her footsteps. The blood in her face, the look in her eye quickened also. A figure appeared at the doorway—a figure in shirt-sleeves, which shook a fist at the hurrying girl.

"Villain!" he said gaily, for he was in one of his ebullient moods—after a long talk with Jesse Bulrush. "Hither with my coat; my spotless coat in a spotted world,—the unbelievable anomaly—

"For the earth of a dusty to-day
Is the dust of an earthly to-morrow."

When he talked like this she did not understand him, but she thought it was clever beyond thinking—a heavenly jumble. "If it wasn't for me you'd be carted for rubbish," she replied joyously as she helped him on with his coat, though he had made a motion to take it from her.

"I heard you singing—what was it?" he asked cheerfully on the surface, though his mind was on weighty things. The song she had sung, floating through the air, had

seemed familiar to him, though he had been greatly preoccupied with a big thing—a big business thing, which he had been planning for a long time, with Jesse Bulrush in the background or foreground, as scout or rear-guard or what you will.

"Whereaway, whereaway goes the lad that once
was mine,
Hereaway I waited him, hereaway and oft—"

she hummed with an exaggerated gaiety in her voice, for the song had made her sad, she knew not why.

At the words the flaming exhilaration of his look vanished, his eyes took on a strange poignant, distant look.

"That—oh, that!" he said, and with a little jerk of the head and a clenching of the hand he moved towards the street.

"Your hat!" she called after him, and ran inside the house. An instant later she gave it to him. Now his face was clear and his eyes smiled kindly at her.

"Whereaway, hereaway," is a wonderful song," he said. "We used to sing it when I was a boy—and after, and after. It's an old song—as old as the hills. Well, thanks—Kitty Tynan, Kitty Tynan, what a girl you are, to be so kind to a fellow like me!" he added.

"Kitty Tynan, Kitty Tynan, what a girl you are"—these were the very words she had used about herself a little while before. The song—why did it make Mr. Kerry go so strange in face all in a moment when he heard it? Kitty watched him striding down the street into the town.

Now a voice—a rich, quizzical, kindly voice—called out to her.

"Come, come, Miss Tynan, I want to be helped on with my coat," it said.

Inside the house a fat, awkward man was struggling, or pretending to struggle, into his coat.

"Roll into it, Mr. Roly-poly," she answered gaily as she entered.

"Of course I'm not the star-boarder—nothing for me!" he said in affected irony and protest.

"A little more to starboard and you'll get the coat on," she retorted with a glint of her late father's raillery, and she gave the coat a twitch which put it right on the ample shoulders.

"Bully! bully!" he said; "I'll give you the tip for the Askatoon cup."

"I'm a Christian. I hate horse-racers and gamblers," she returned mockingly.

"I'll turn Christian—I want to be loved, not hated," he chortled in the doorway.

"Roll 'on, proud porpoise!" she returned; which shows that her conversation was not quite aristocratic at all times.

"Golly, but she's a gold dollar in a gold bank!" Jesse Bulrush said as he lurched into the street.

She stood still in the middle of the room looking down the way the two men had gone. The quiet of the late summer day surrounded her. She heard the dizzy din of the bees, the sleepy grinding of the grasshoppers, the sough of the solitary pine at the door, and then behind them all a whizzing, machinelike sound. This particular sound went on and on.

She opened the door of the next room. Her mother sat at a sewing-machine intent upon her work, the needle eating up a spreading piece of cloth. "What are you making, mother?" Kitty asked.

"New blinds for Mr. Kerry's bedroom—he likes this green color," the widow added with a slight flush due to leaning over the sewing-machine, no doubt.

"Everybody does everything for him," remarked the girl almost pettishly.

"That's a nice spirit, I must say!" replied her mother, looking up reprovingly, the machine almost stopping.

"If I said it in a different way it would be all right," the other returned with a smile, and she repeated the words with a winning soft inflection like a born actress.

"Kitty—Kitty Tynan, what a girl you are!" declared her mother, and she bent smiling over the machine, which presently buzzed on its devouring way.

Three people had said the same thing within a few minutes. A look of pleasure stole over the girl's face, and her bosom rose and fell with a happy sigh. Somehow it was quite a wonderful day for her.

CHAPTER II

CLOSING THE DOORS

THERE are many people who, in some subtle psychological way, are very like

their names; as though some one had whispered to "the parents of this child" the name designed for it from the beginning of time. So it was with Shiel Crozier. Does not the name suggest a man lean and flat, sinewy, angular and isolated like a figure in one of El Greco's pictures in the Prado at Madrid? Does not the name suggest a figure of elongated humanity with a touch of ancient mysticism and yet also with a dash of the fantastical humor of Don Quixote?

In outward appearance Shiel Crozier, otherwise J. G. Kerry, of Askatoon, was like his name for the greater part of the time. Take him in repose and he looked a lank ascetic who dreamed of a happy land where flagellation was a joy and pain a panacea. In action, however, as when Kitty Tynan helped him on with his coat, he was a pure improvisation of nature. He had a face with a Cromwellian mole, which broke out in emotion like an April day, with eyes changing from a blue-gray to the deepest ultramarine that ever delighted the soul and made the reputation of an Old Master. Even in the prairie town of Askatoon, where every man is so busy that he scarcely knows his own children when he meets them, and almost requires an introduction to his wife when the door closes on them at bedtime, people took a second look at him when he passed. Many who came in much direct contact with him, as Augustus Burlingame the lawyer, had done, tried to draw from him all there was to tell about himself; which is a friendly custom of the far West. The native-born greatly desire to tell about themselves. They wear their hearts on their sleeves, and are childlike in the frank recitals of all they were and are and hope to be. This covers up also a good deal of business acumen, shrewdness and secretiveness which is not so childlike and bland.

In this they are in sharp contrast to those not native-born. These come from many places on the earth, and they are seldom garrulously historical. Some of them go to the prairie country to forget they ever lived before, and to begin the world again, having been hurt in life undeservingly; some go to bury their mistakes or worse in pioneer work and adventure; some flee from a wrath that

would devour them—the law, society, or a woman.

This much must be said at once for Crozier, that he had no crime to hide. It was not because of crime that "He buckles up his mouth like the bellyband on a bronco," as Malachi Deely, the exile from Tralee, said of him; and Deely was a man of "horse-sense," no doubt because he was a horse-doctor—"a veterenny surgeon," as his friends called him when they wished to flatter him. Deely added to this chaste remark about the bronco, that "Same as the bronco, you buckle him tightest when you know the divil is stirring in his underbrush." And he added further, "'Tis a woman that's put the mum-plaster on his tongue, Sibley, and I bet you a hunderd it's another man's wife."

Like many a speculator, Malachi Deely would have made no profit out of his bet in the end, for Shiel Crozier had had no trouble with the law, or with another man's wife, nor yet with any single maid—not yet; though there was now Kitty Tynan in his path. Yet he had had trouble. There was hint of it in his occasional profound abstraction; but more than all else by the fact that here he was a gentleman, having lived his life for over four years past as a sort of horse-expert, overseer, and stud-manager for Terry Brennan, the absentee millionaire. In the opinion of the West, "big-bugs" didn't come down to this kind of occupation unless they had been roughly handled by fate or fortune—by the law, society, or a woman.

"Talk? Watch me now—he talks like a testimonial in a frame," said Malachi Deely on the day this tale opens, to John Sibley, the gambling young farmer who, strange to say, did well out of both gambling and farming.

"Words to him are like nuts to a monkey—he's an artist, that man is. Been in the circles where the band plays good and soft, where the music smells—fairly smells like parfumery," responded Sibley. "I'd like to get at the bottom of him. There's a real good story under his asbestos vest—something that'd make a man call for the oh-be-joyful, same as I do now!"

After they had seen the world through the bottom of a tumbler Deely continued

the gossip. "Watch me now—been a friend of dukes in England and Ireland, that Mr. James Gathorne Kerry as any one can see; and there he is now feelin' the hocks of a filly or openin' the jaws of a stud-horse, age hunting! Why, you needn't tell me—I've had my mind made up ever since the day he broke the temper of that Inniskillen chestnut of Mr. Brennan's, and won the gold cup with her afterwards. He just sort of appeared out of the mist of the marnin', there being a divil's lot of excursions and conferences and holy gatherings in Askatoon that time back, ostensible for the business which their names denote, like the Diocessan Conference and the Pure White Water Society. That was their bluff; but they'd come for one good pure white diocessan thing before all, and that was to see the dandiest horse-racing which ever infested the West. Come—he come like that!"—Deely made a motion like the swoop of an aeroplane to earth—"and here he is buck-in' about like a rough-neck same as you and me; but yet a gent, a swell, a cream della cream, that's turned his back on a lady—a lady not his own wife, that's my belief."

"You surely have got women on the brain," retorted Sibley. "I ain't ever seen such a man as you. There never was a woman crossing the street on a muddy day that you didn't sprint to get a look at her ankles. Behind everything you see a woman. Horses is your profession, but woman is your practise."

"There ain't but one thing worth living for, and that's a woman," remarked Deely.

"Do you tell Mrs. Deely that?" asked Sibley.

"Watch me now, she knows—what woman is there don't know when her husband is what he is! And it's how I know that the trouble with James Gathorne Kerry is a woman. I know the signs. Divils me own, he's got 'em in his face."

"He's got in his face what don't belong here and what you don't know much about—never having kept company with that sort," retorted Sibley.

"The way he lives and talks—'No, thank you, I don't care for anny thing,' says he, when you're standin' at the door of a friendly saloon, which is established



PEOPLE TOOK A SECOND LOOK AT HIM WHEN HE PASSED

by law to bespeak peace and good-will towards men, and you ask him pleasant to come. He don't seem to have a single vice. Haven't we tried him? There was Belle Bingley, all frizzy hair and a kicker, we put her onto him. But he give her ten dollars to buy a hat on condition she behaved like a lady in the future—smilin' at her, the divil! And Belle, with temper like dinnamite, took it kneelin', as it were, and smiled back at him—her. Drink, women—nothin' seems to have a hold on him. What's his vice? Sure, then, that's what I say—what's his vice? He's got to have one—anny man as is a man has to have one vice."

"Bosh! Look at me," rejoined Sibley. "Drink—women—nit! Not for me! I've got no vice. I don't even smoke."

"No vice? Begobs, yours has got you like a tire on a wheel! Vice—what do you call gamblin'? It's the biggest vice ever tuk grip of a man. It's like a fever, and it's got you, John, like the nail on your finger."

"Well, p'r'aps, he's got that vice, too—

p'r'aps J. G. Kerry's got that vice same as me."

"Annyhow, we'll get to know all we want when he goes into the witness-box at the Logan murder trial next week—that's what I'm waitin' for," Deely returned with a grin of anticipation. "That opium-eating Gus Burlingame's got a grudge against him somehow, and when a lawyer's got a grudge against you it's just as well to look where y' are goin'. Burlingame don't care what he does to get his way in court. What set him against Kerry I ain't sure, but, bedad, I think it's looks. Burlingame goes in for looking like a picture in a frame—gold seals hangin' beyant his vest-pocket, broad silk cord to his eye-glass, loose flowin' tie, and long hair—makes him look pretentious and showy. But your 'Mr. Kerry, sir,' he don't have anny tricks to make him look like a doge from Veenis and all the eyes of the females battin' where'er he goes. Jealousy, John Sibley, me boy, is a cruel thing."

"Why is it *you* ain't jealous of him? There's plenty of women that watch you

go down-town—you got a name for it, anyway," remarked Sibley maliciously.

Deely nodded sagely. "Watch me now, that's right, me boy! I got a name for it, but I want the game without the name, and that's why I ain't puttin' on anny airs—none at all. I depend on me tongue, not on me looks, which goes against me. I like Mr. J. G. Kerry. I've plenty dealin's with him, naturally, both of us being in the horse business, and I say he's right as a gold dollar as he goes now. Also, and behold, I'd take my oath he never done anything to blush for. His trouble's been a woman—wayward woman what stoops to folly! Watch me now, I give up tryin' to pump him just as soon as I made up my mind it was a woman. That shuts a man's mouth like a poor-box."

"Next week's fixed for the Logan killin' case, is it?"

"Monday comin', for sure. I wouldn't like to be in Mr. Kerry's shoes. Watch me now, if he gives the evidence they say he can give—the prasecution say it—that Macmahon Gang behind Logan 'll get him sure as guns, one way or another."

"Some one ought to give Mr. Kerry the tip to get out and not give evidence," remarked Sibley sagely.

Deely shook his head vigorously. "Begobs, he's had the tip all right, but he's not goin'. He's got as much fear as a canary has whiskers. He doesn't want to give evidence, he says, but he wants to see the law do its work. Burlingame 'll try to make it out manslaughter; but there's a widow with two children to suffer for the manslaughter, just as much as though it was murder, and there isn't a man that doesn't think murder was the game, and the grand joory had that idea, too."

"Between Gus Burlingame and that Macmahon bunch of horse-thieves, the stranger in a strange land 'll have to keep his eyes open, I'm thinkin'."

"Divils me darlin', his eyes are open all right," returned Deely.

"Still I'd like to jog his elbow," Sibley answered reflectively. "It couldn't do any harm, and it might do good."

Deely nodded good-naturedly. "If you want to so bad as that, John, you've got the chance, for he's up at the Sovereign Bank now. I seen him leave the Great

Overland Railway Bureau ten minutes ago and get away quick to the bank."

"What's he got on at the bank and the railway?"

"Watch me, but it's some big deal. I've seen him with Studd Bradley—"

"The Great North Trust Company boss?"

"On it, my boy, on it—the other day as thick as thieves. Studd Bradley doesn't knit up with an outsider from the old country unless there's reason for it—good gold-currency reasons."

"A land deal, eh?" ventured Sibley. "What did I say—speculation, that's his vice, same as mine! P'raps that's what ruined him. Cards, speculation, what's the difference? And he's got a quiet look—same as me."

Deely laughed loudly. "And bursts out same as you! Quiet one hour like a mill-pond or a well, and then—*whish*, he's blazin'! He's a volcano in harness, that spalpeen."

"He's a volcano that doesn't erupt when there's danger," responded Sibley. "It's when there's just fun on that his volcano gets loose. I'll go wait for him at the bank. I got a fellow-feeling for Mr. Kerry. I'd like to whisper in his ear that he'd better be lookin' sharp for the Macmahon Gang, and that if he's a man of peace he'd best take a holiday till after next week, or get smallpox or something."

The two friends lounged slowly up the street, and presently parted near the door of the bank. As Sibley waited, his attention was drawn to a window on the opposite side of the street at an angle from themselves. The light was such that the room was revealed to its farthest corners, and Sibley noted that three men were evidently carefully watching the bank, and that one of the men was Studd Bradley, the so-called boss. The others were local men of some weight and position commercially and financially in the town. Sibley did not give any sign that he noticed the three men, but he watched carefully from under the rim of his hat. His observant imagination, however, read a story of consequence in the secretive vigilance of the three, who evidently thought that, standing far back in the room, they could not be seen.

Presently the door of the bank opened, and Sibley saw Studd Bradley lean forward eagerly, then draw back and speak hurriedly to his companions, using a gesture of satisfaction.

"Something damn funny there!" Sibley said to himself, and stepped forward to Crozier with a friendly exclamation.

Crozier turned rather impatiently, for his face was aflame with some exciting reflection. At this moment his eyes were the deepest blue that could be imagined—an almost impossible color, like that of the Mediterranean when it reflects the perfect sapphire of the sky. There was something almost wonderful in their expression. A woman once said as she looked at a picture of Herschel, whose eyes had the unworldly gaze of the great dreamer looking beyond this sphere, "The stars startled him." Such a look was in Crozier's eyes now, as though he was seeing the bright end of a long road, the desire of his soul.

That, indeed, was what he saw. After two years of secret negotiation he had (from accidental knowledge got from Jesse Bulrush, his fellow-boarder) come to the accomplishment of a big land deal in relation to the route of a new railway and a town-site, which would mean more to him than any one could know. If it went through he would have for an investment of ten thousand dollars a hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and that would solve an everlasting problem for him.

He had reached a critical point in his enterprise. All that was wanted now was ten thousand dollars in cash to enable him to close the great bargain and make his hundred and fifty thousand. But to want ten thousand dollars and to get it in a given space of time, when you have neither securities, cash, nor real estate, is enough to keep you awake at night. Crozier had been so busy getting the big business of the deal in shape that he had not deeply concerned himself with the absence of the necessary ten thousand dollars. He thought that he could get the money at the last moment, so good was the proposition; and it was best to leave raising the money to the last moment to avoid some one else cutting in and forestalling him. He must first have the stake to be played for before he moved to get the money with which

to make the throw. This is not generally thought a good way, but it was his way, and it had yet to be tested.

There was no cloud of apprehension, however, in Crozier's eyes as they met those of Sibley. He liked Sibley. At this point it is not necessary to say why. The reason will appear in due time. Sibley's face had always something of that immobility and gravity which Crozier's face had part of the time—paler, less intelligent, with dark lines and secret shadows which Crozier's face had not; but still with some of the El Greco characteristics which marked so powerfully that of Shiel Crozier, who passed as J. G. Kerry.

"Ah, Sibley," he said, "glad to see you. Anything I can do for you?"

"It's the other way if there's any doing at all," was the quick response.

"Well, let's walk along together," remarked Crozier cheerfully, though a little abstractedly, for he was thinking hard about his great enterprise.

"We might be seen," said Sibley, with an obvious undermeaning meant to provoke a question.

Crozier caught the undertone of suggestion. "Being about to burgle the bank, it's well not to be seen together—eh?"

"No, I'm not in on that business, Mr. Kerry. I'm for breaking banks, not burdling 'em," was the grim, merry reply.

They laughed, but Crozier knew that the observant gambling farmer was not talking at haphazard. They had met on the highway, as it were, many times since Crozier had come to Askatoon, and Crozier knew his man.

"Well, what *are* we going to do and who will see us if we do it?" Crozier asked briskly.

"Studd Bradley and his secret-service corps have got their eyes on this street—and on you," returned Sibley dryly.

Crozier's face sobered from its exhilaration and his eyes became less emotional. "I don't see them anywhere," he answered, but looking nowhere.

"They're in Gus Burlingame's office. They had you under observation while you were in the bank."

"I couldn't run off with the land, could I?" Crozier remarked dryly, yet sug-

gestively, in his desire to see how much Sibley knew.

"Well, you said it was a bank. I've no more idea what it is you're trying to run off with than I know what an ace is going to do when there's a joker in the pack," remarked Sibley; "but I thought I'd tell

thousand dollars. If you've got a big thing on, and you've got an outsider that you think is going to win and beat the favorite, it's just as well to run no risks. Believe me, Mr. Kerry, if you've got anything on that asks for your attention, it'd be sense and saving if you didn't give evidence at the Logan Trial next week. It's pretty well guessed what you're going to say and what you know, and you take it from me,



THREE MEN WERE EVIDENTLY CARE-
FULLY WATCHING THE BANK

you that Bradley and his lot are watchin' you gettin' ready to run." Then he hastily told what he had seen.

Crozier was reassured. It was natural that Bradley & Co. should take an interest in his movements. They would make a pile of money if he pulled off the deal—far more than he would. It wasn't strange that they should watch him going into the bank. They knew he wanted money, and a bank was the place to get it. That was the way he viewed the matter on the instant. He replied to Sibley cheerfully.

"A hundred to one is a lot when you win it," he said enigmatically.

"It depends on how much you have on," was Sibley's quiet reply—"a dollar or a

the Macmahon mob that's behind Logan 'll have it in for you. They're terrors when they get goin', and if your evidence puts one of that lot away, there'll be trouble for you. I wouldn't do it—honest, I wouldn't. I've been out West here a good many years, and I know the place and the people. It's a good place and there's lots of first-class people here, but there's a few offscourings that hang like wolves on the edge of the sheepfold, ready to murder and git."

"That was what you wanted to see me about, wasn't it?" Crozier asked quietly.

"Yes; the other was just a shot on the

chance. I don't like to see men sneaking about and watching. If they do, you can bet there's something wrong. But the other thing, the Logan Trial business, is a dead certainty. You're only a newcomer, in a kind of way, and you don't need to have the same responsibility as the rest. The Law'll get what it wants whether you chip in or not. Let it alone. What's the Law ever done for you that you should run risks for it? It's straight talk, Mr. Kerry. Have a cancer in the bowels next week or go off to see a dying brother, but don't give evidence at the Logan Trial—don't do it. I got a feeling—I'm superstitious—all sportsmen are. By following my instincts I've saved myself a whole lot in my time."

"Yes, all men that run chances have their superstitions, and they're not to be sneered at," replied Crozier thoughtfully. "If you see black, don't play white; if you see a chestnut crumpled up, put your money on the bay even when the chestnut is a favorite. Of course you're superstitious, Sibley. The tan and the green baize are covered with ghosts that want to help you, if you'll let them."

Sibley's mouth opened in amazement. Crozier was speaking with the look of the man who hypnotizes himself, who "sees things," who dreams as only the gambler and the plunger on the turf do dream, not even excepting the latter-day Irish poets.

"Say, I was right what I said to Deely—I was right," remarked Sibley almost huskily, for it seemed to him as though he had found a long-lost brother. No man except one who had staked all he had again and again could have looked or spoken like that.

Crozier looked at the other thoughtfully for a moment, then he said:

"I don't know what you said to Deely, but I do know that I'm going to the Logan Trial in spite of the Macmahon mob. I don't feel about it as you do. I've got a different feeling, Sibley. I'll play the game out. I shall not hedge. I shall not play for safety. It's everything on the favorite this time."

"You'll excuse me, but morphia-sucking Gus Burlingame is for the defense, and he's got his knife into you," returned Sibley.

"Not yet." Crozier smiled almost sardonically.

"Well, I apologize, but what I've said, Mr. Kerry, is said as man to man. You're ridin' game in a tough place, as any man has to do who starts with only his pants and his head on. That's the way you begun here, I guess; and I don't want to see your horse tumble because some one throws a fence-rail at its legs. Your class has enemies always in a new country—jealousy, envy."

The lean, aristocratic, angular Crozier, with a musing look on his long face, grown ascetic again, as he held out his hand and gripped that of the other, said warmly: "I'm just as much obliged to you as though I took your advice, Sibley. I am not taking it, but I am taking a pledge to return the compliment to you if ever I get the chance."

"Well, most men get chances of that kind," was the gratified reply of the gambling farmer, and then Crozier turned quickly and entered the doorway of the British Bank, the rival of that from which he had turned in disappointment a little while before.

Left alone in the street, Sibley looked back with the instinct of the hunter. As he expected, he saw a head thrust out from the window where Studd Bradley and his friends had been. There was a hotel opposite the British Bank. He entered and waited. Bradley and one of his companions presently came in and seated themselves far back in the shadow, where they could watch the doorway of the bank.

It was quite a half-hour before Shiel Crozier emerged from the bank. His face was set and pale. For an instant he stood as though wondering which way to go, then he moved up the street the way he had come.

Sibley heard a low, poisonous laugh of triumph rankle through the hotel office. He turned round. Bradley, the overfed, overconfident, overestimated financier, laid his hand on the shoulder of his companion as they moved toward the door.

"That's another gate shut," he said. "I guess we can close 'em all with a little care. It's working all right. He's got no chance of raising the cash," he added, as the two passed the chair where Sibley sat

with his hat over his eyes, chewing an unlighted cigar.

"I don't know what it is, but it's dirt—and muck at that," John Sibley remarked as he rose from his chair and followed the two into the street.

Bradley and his friends were trying steadily to close up the avenues of credit to the man to whom the success of his enterprise meant so much. To crowd him out would mean an extra hundred and fifty thousand dollars for themselves.

CHAPTER III

THE LOGAN TRIAL AND WHAT CAME OF IT

WHAT the case was in which Shiel Crozier was to give evidence is not important; what came from the giving of his testimony is all that matters; and this story would never have been written if he had not entered the witness-box.

A court-room at any time seems a little warmer than any other spot to all except the prisoner; but on a July day it is likely to be a punishment for both innocent and guilty. A man had been killed by one of the group of toughs called locally the Macmahon Gang, and against the charge of murder that of manslaughter had been set up in defense; and manslaughter might mean jail for a year or two or no jail at all. Any evidence which justified the charge of murder would mean not jail, but the rope in due course; for this was not Montana or Idaho where the law's delays outlasted even the memory of the crime committed.

The court-room of Askatoon was crowded to suffocation, for the Macmahons were detested, and the murdered man had a good reputation in the district. Besides, a widow and three children mourned their loss, and the widow was in court. Also Crozier's evidence was expected to be sensational, and to prove the swivel on which the fate of the accused man would hang. Among those on the inside it was also known that the clever but dissipated Augustus Burlingame, the counsel for the prisoner, had a grudge against Crozier—no one quite knew why except Kitty Tynan and her mother—and that cross-examination would be pressed mercilessly

when Crozier entered the witness-box. As Burlingame entered the court-room he said to the Young Doctor,—he was always spoken of as the Young Doctor in Askatoon, though he had been there a good many years and he was no longer as young as he looked—who was also called as a witness, "We'll know more about Mr. J. G. Kerry when this trial is over than will suit his book." It did not occur to Augustus Burlingame that Crozier might find a way of throwing doubt on the fitness of the lawyer to represent innocence or the law, in view of the reason why he had fled the house of the showy but virtuous Mrs. Tynan.

Crozier entered the witness-box at a stage when excitement was at fever-height; for the Macmahon Gang had given evidence which every one believed to be perjured; and the widow of the slain man was weeping bitterly in her seat because of noxious falsehoods sworn against her honest husband.

There was certainly something very credible and prepossessing in the appearance of Crozier. He might be this or that, but he carried no evil or vice of character in his face. He was in his grave mood this summer afternoon. There he stood with his long face and the very heavy eyebrows, clean-shaven, hard-bitten, as though by wind and weather, composed and forceful, the mole on his chin a kind of challenge to the vertical dimple in his cheek, his high forehead more benevolent than intellectual, his brown hair faintly sprinkled with gray and a bit unmanageable, his fathomless eyes shining.

"No man ought to have such eyes," remarked a woman present to the Young Doctor, who abstractedly nodded assent, for like Malachi Deely and John Sibley, he himself had a theory about Crozier; and he had a fear of what the savage enmity of the morally and physically diseased Burlingame might do. He had made up his mind that so intense a scrupulousness as Crozier had shown since coming to Askatoon had behind it not only character, but the rigidity of a set purpose; and that view was supported by the stern economy of Crozier's daily life, broken only by sudden bursts of generosity for those in need.

In the box Crozier kept his eye on the crown attorney, who prosecuted, and on the judge. He appeared not to see any one in the court-room, though Kitty Tynan had so placed herself that he must see her if he looked at the audience at all. Kitty thought him magnificent as he told his story with a simple parsimony, but a thrilling choice of words which made every syllable poignant with effect. She liked him in his grave mood even better than when he was aflame with an internal fire of his own creation, when he was almost wildly vivid with life.

"He's two men," she had often said to herself; and she said it now as she looked at him in the witness-box, measuring out his words and measuring off at the same time the span of a murderer's life; for when the crown attorney said to the judge that he had concluded his examination there was no one in the room—not even the graceless Burlingame, who did not think the prisoner guilty.

"That is all," the crown attorney said to Crozier as he sank into his chair, greatly pleased with one of the best witnesses who had ever been through his hands—lucid, concentrated, exact, knowing just where he was going and reaching his goal without meandering. Crozier was about to step down when Burlingame rose.

"I wish to ask a few questions," he said.

Crozier bowed and turned, again grasping the rail of the witness-box with one hand, while with an air of both cogitation and suspense he stroked his chin with the long fingers of the other hand.

"What is your name?" asked Burlingame in a tone a little louder than he had used hitherto in the trial, indeed even louder than lawyers generally use when they want to bully a witness. In this case it was as though he wished to summon and startle the attention of the court.

For a second Crozier's fingers caught his chin almost spasmodically. The real meaning of the question, what lay behind it, flashed to his mind. He saw in lightning illumination the course Burlingame meant to pursue. For a moment his heart seemed to stand still, and he turned slightly pale, but the blue of his eyes took on a new steely look—a look also of striking watchfulness, as of an animal conscious of

its danger, yet conscious, too, of its power when at bay.

"What is your name?" Burlingame asked again in a somewhat louder tone, and turned to look at the jury, as if bidding them note the hesitation of the witness, though, indeed, the waiting was so slight that none but a trickster like Burlingame would have taken advantage of it, and only then when there was much behind.

For a moment longer Crozier remained silent, getting strength, as it were, and saying to himself, "What does he know?" and then, with a composed look of inquiry at the judge, who appeared to take no notice, he said: "I have already, in evidence, given my name to the court."

"Witness, what is your name?" again almost shouted the lawyer with a note of indignation in his voice, as though here was a dangerous fellow committing a misdemeanor in their very presence. He spread out his hands to the jury, as though bidding them observe, if they would, this witness hesitating in answer to a simple, primary question—a witness who had just sworn a man's life away!

"What is your name?"

"James Gathorne Kerry, as I have already given it to the court."

"Where do you live?"

"In Askatoon, as I have already said in evidence; and if it is necessary to give my domicile, I live at the house of Mrs. Tynan, Pearl Street—as you know."

The tone in which he uttered the last few words was such that even the judge pricked up his ears.

A look of hatred came into the decadent but able lawyer's face.

"Where do you live when you are at home?"

"The house of Mrs. Tynan is the only home I have at present."

He was outwitting the pursuer so far, but it only gained him time, as he knew; and he knew also that no suggestive hint concerning the episode at Mrs. Tynan's, when Burlingame was asked to leave her house, would be of any avail now.

"Where were you born?"

"In Ireland."

"What part of Ireland?"

"County Kerry."

"What place—what town or city or village in County Kerry?"

"In neither."

"What house, then—what estate?" Burlingame was more than nettled; and he sharpened his sword.

"The estate of Castlegarry."

"What was your name in Ireland?"

In the short silence that followed the quick drawn breath of many excited and some agitated people could be heard. Among the latter were Mrs. Tynan and her daughter and Malachi Deely; among those who held their breath in suspense were John Sibley, Studd Bradley, the financier, and the Young Doctor. The swish of a skirt seemed ridiculously loud in the hush, and the scratching of the judge's quill pen was noisily irritating.

"My name in Ireland was James Shiel Gathorne Crozier, commonly called Shiel Crozier," came the calm reply from the witness-box.

"James Shiel Gathorne Crozier in Ireland, but James Gathorne Kerry here!" Burlingame turned to the jury significantly. "What other name have you been known by in or out of Ireland?" he added sharply to Crozier.

"No other name so far as I know."

"No other name so far as you know," repeated the lawyer in a sarcastic tone intended to impress the court.

"Who was your father?"

"John Gathorne Crozier."

"Any title?"

"He was a baronet."

"What was his business?"

"He had no profession, though he had business, of course."

"Ah, he lived by his wits?"

"No, he was not a lawyer! I have said he had no profession. He lived on his money on his estate."

The judge waved down the laughter at Burlingame's expense.

"In official documents what was his description?" snarled Burlingame.

"Gentleman" was his designation in official documents."

"You, then, were the son of a gentleman?" There was a hateful suggestion in the tone.

"I was."

"A legitimate son?"

Nothing in Crozier's face showed what he felt, except his eyes, and they had a look in them which might well have made his questioner shrink. He turned calmly to the judge.

"Your honor, does this bear upon the case? Must I answer this legal libertine?"

At the word *libertine*, the judge, the whole court, and the audience started; but it was presently clear the witness meant that the questioner was abusing his legal privileges, though the people present interpreted it another way and quite rightly.

The reply of the judge was in favor of the lawyer.

"I do not quite see the full significance of the line of defense, but I think I must allow the question," was the judge's gentle and reluctant reply, for he was greatly impressed by this witness, by his transparent honesty and straightforwardness.

"Were you a legitimate son of John Gathorne Crozier and his wife?" asked Burlingame.

"Yes, a legitimate son," answered Crozier in an even voice.

"Is John Gathorne Crozier still living?"

"I said that gentleman *was* his designation in official documents. I supposed that would convey the fact that he was not living, but I see you do not quickly grasp a point."

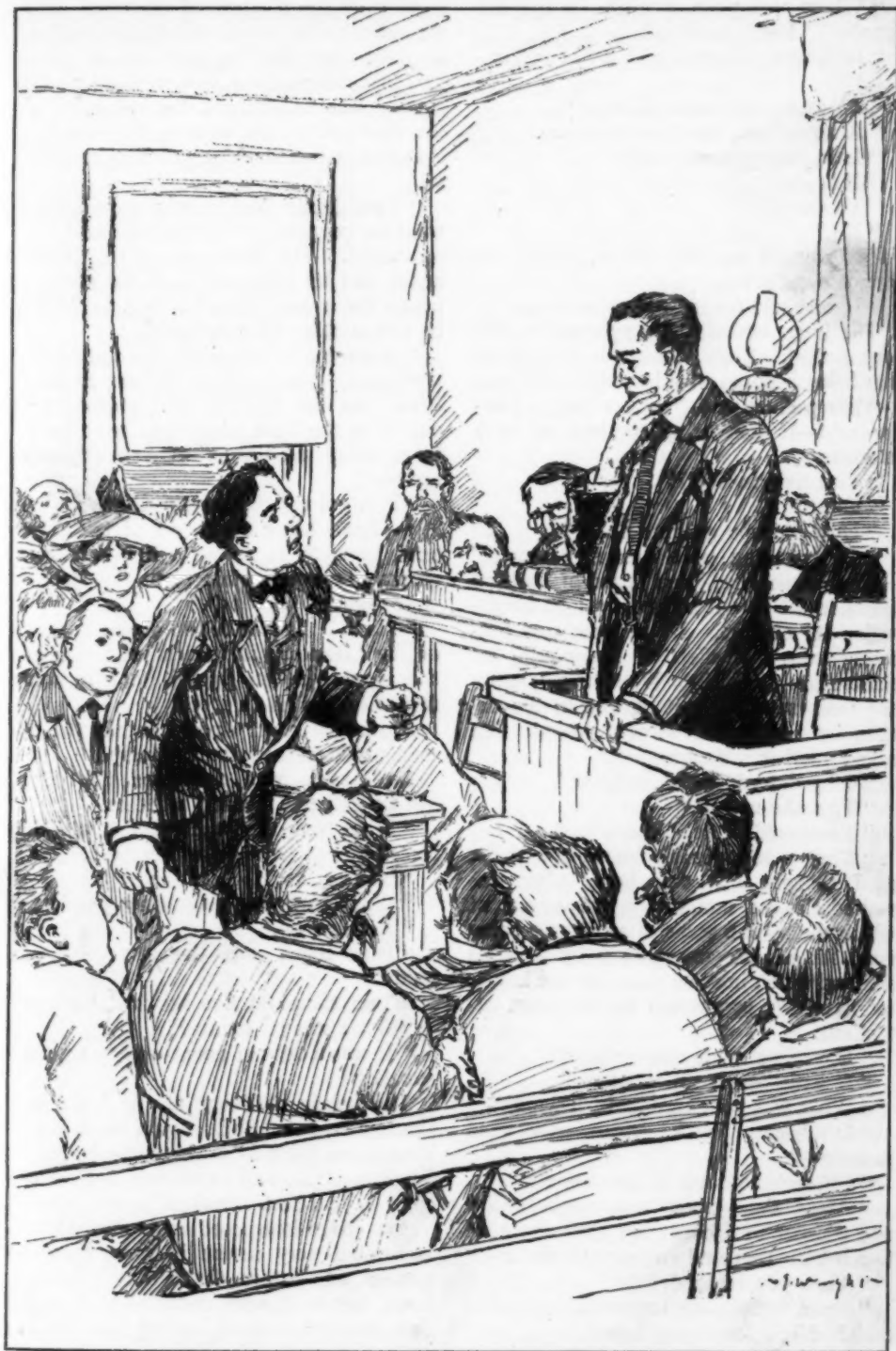
Burlingame was stung by the laughter in the court and ventured a *riposte*.

"But is once a gentleman always a gentleman an infallible rule?"

"I suppose not; I did not mean to convey that; but once a rogue always a bad lawyer holds good in every country," was Crozier's comment in a low, quiet voice which stirred, startled, and amused the audience again.

"I must ask counsel to put questions which have some relevance even to his own line of defense," remarked the judge sternly. "This is not a corner grocery."

Burlingame bowed. He had had a facer, but he had also shown the witness to have been living under an assumed name. That was a good start. He hoped to add to the discredit. He had absolutely no knowledge of Crozier's origin and past; but he was in a position to find it out if Crozier told the truth on oath, and he was sure he would.



"IS ONCE A GENTLEMAN ALWAYS A GENTLEMAN AN INFALLIBLE RULE?"

"Where was your domicile in the old country?" Burlingame asked.

"In County Kerry—with a flat in London."

"An estate in County Kerry?"

"A house and two thousand acres."

"Is it your property still?"

"It is not."

"You sold it?"

"No."

"If you did not sell, how is it that you do not own it?"

"It was sold for me—in spite of me."

The judge smiled, the people smiled, the jury smiled. Truly, though a life-history was being exposed with incredible slowness—"like pulling teeth," as the Young Doctor said—it was being touched off with laughter.

"You were in debt?"

"Quite."

"How did you get into debt?"

"By spending more than my income."

If Askatoon had been proud of its legal talent in the past it had now reason for revising its opinion. Burlingame was frittering away the effect of his inquiry by elaboration of details. What he gained by the main startling fact he lost in the details by which the witness scored. He asked another main question.

"Why did you leave Ireland?"

"To make money."

"You couldn't do it there?"

"They were too many for me over there, so I thought I'd come here," slyly answered Crozier, and with a grave face; at which the solemn scene of a prisoner being tried for his life was shaken by a broad smiling, which in some cases became laughter haughtily suppressed by the court attendant.

"Have you made money here?"

"A little—with expectations."

"What was your income in Ireland?"

"It began with three thousand pounds—"

"Fifteen thousand dollars about?"

"About that—about a lawyer's fee for one whisper to a client less than that. It began with that and ended with nothing."

"Then you escaped?"

"From creditors, lawyers, and other such? No, I found you here."

The judge intervened again almost

harshly on the laughter of the court, with the remark that a man was being tried for his life; that ribaldry was out of place, and that, unless the course pursued by the counsel was to discredit the reliability of the character of the witness, the examination was in excess of the privilege of counsel.

"Your honor has rightly apprehended what my purpose is," Burlingame said deprecatingly. He then turned to Crozier again, and his voice rose as it did when he began the examination. It was as though he was starting all over again.

"What was it compelled (he was boldly venturing) you to leave Ireland at last? What was the incident which drove you out from the land where you were born; from being the owner of two thousand acres—"

"Partly bog," interposed Crozier.

"—From being the owner of two thousand acres to becoming a kind of headgroom on a ranch. What was the cause of your flight?"

"Flight! I came in one of the steamers of the Company for which your firm are the agents—eleven days it took to come from Glasgow to Quebec."

Again the court rippled, again the attendant intervened threateningly.

Burlingame was nonplused this time, but he gathered himself together.

"What was the process of law which forced you to leave your own land?"

"None at all."

"What were your debts when you left?"

"None at all."

"How much was the last debt you paid?"

"Two thousand five hundred pounds."

"What was its nature?"

"It was a debt of honor—do you understand?"

The subtle challenge of the voice, the sarcasm was not lost. Again there was a struggle on the part of the audience not to laugh outright, and so be driven from the court as had been threatened.

The judge interposed again with the remark, not very severe in tone, that the witness was not in the box to ask questions, but to answer them. At the same time he must remind counsel that the examination must discontinue unless some-

thing more relevant immediately appeared in the evidence.

There was silence again for a moment, and even Crozier himself seemed to steel himself for a question he felt was coming.

"Are you married or single?" asked Burlingame, and he did not need to raise his voice to summon the interest of the court.

"I was married."

One person in the audience nearly cried out. It was Kitty Tynan. She had never allowed herself to think of that, but even if she had, what difference could it make whether he was married or single, since he was out of her star?

"Are you not married now?"

"I do not know."

"You mean you do not know if you have been divorced?"

"No."

"You mean your wife is dead?"

"No."

"What do you mean? That you do not know whether your wife is living or dead?"

"Quite so."

"Have you heard from her since you saw her last?"

"I had one letter."

Kitty Tynan thought of the unopened letter in a woman's handwriting in the green-baize desk in her mother's house.

"No more?"

"No more."

"Are we to understand that you do not know whether your wife is living or dead?"

"I have no information that she is dead."

"Why did you leave her?"

"I have not said that I left her. Primarily I left Ireland."

"Assuming that she is alive, your wife will not live with you?"

"Ah, what information have you to that effect?"

The judge informed Crozier that he must not ask questions of counsel.

"Why is she not with you here?"

"As you said, I am only picking up a living here, and even the passage by your own second-class steamship line is expensive!"

The judge suppressed a smile. He greatly liked the witness.

"Do you deny that you parted from your wife in anger?"

"When I am asked that question I will try to answer it. Meanwhile I do not deny what has not been put before me in the usual way."

Here the judge sternly rebuked the counsel, who ventured upon one last question.

"Have you any children?"

"None."

"Has your brother, who inherited, any children?"

"None that I know of."

"Are you the heir-presumptive to the baronetcy?"

"I am."

"Yet your wife will not live with you?"

"Call Mrs. Crozier as a witness and see. Meanwhile I am not upon my trial."

He turned to the judge, who promptly called upon Burlingame to conclude his examination.

Burlingame asked two questions more.

"Why did you change your name when you came here?"

"I wanted to obliterate myself."

"I put it to you, that what you want is to avoid the outraged law of your own country."

"No—I want to avoid the outrageous lawyers of yours."

Again there was a pause in the proceedings, and on a protest from the crown attorney the judge put an end to the cross-examination with the solemn reminder to a hushed assembly that a man was being tried for his life, and that the present proceedings were a lamentable reflection on the levity of human nature—at least of human nature in Askatoon. Turning with friendly scrutiny to Crozier, he said:

"In the early stage of his examination the witness informed the court that he had made a heavy loss through a debt of honor immediately before leaving England. Will he say in which way he incurred the obligation? Are we to assume that it was through gambling—card-playing, or other games of chance?"

"Through backing the wrong horse," was Crozier's instant reply.

"That phrase is often applied to mining or other unreal flights for fortune," said the judge with a dry smile.

"This was a real horse on a real flight to the winning-post," added Crozier with a quirk at the corner of his mouth.

"Honest contest with man or horse is no crime, but it is tragedy to stake all on the contest and lose," was the judge's grave and pedagogic comment. "We shall now hear from the counsel for the defense his reason for conducting his cross-examination on such unusual lines. Latitude of this kind is only permissible if it opens up any weakness in the case against the prisoner."

The judge thus did Burlingame a good turn as well as Crozier, by creating an atmosphere of gravity, even of tragedy, in which Burlingame could make his speech in defense of the prisoner.

Burlingame started hesitatingly, got into his stride, assembled the points of his defense with the skill of which he really was capable, when he was not under the influence of morphia, in which he occasionally indulged as a kind of antidote to less occasional bouts of drink. He made a strong appeal for acquittal, but if not complete acquittal, then manslaughter. He showed that the only real evidence which could convict his man of murder was that of the witness Crozier. If he had been content to discredit evidence of the witness by an adroit but guarded misuse of the facts he had brought out regarding Crozier's past; to emphasize the fact that he was living under an assumed name and that his *bona fides* was doubtful, he might have impressed the jury to some slight degree. He could not, however, control the malice he felt, and he was smarting from Crozier's retorts. He had a vanity easily lacerated, and he was now too savage to abate the ferocity of his forensic attack. He sat down, however, with a sure sense of failure. Every orator knows when he is beating the air, even when his audience is quiet and apparently attentive.

The crown attorney was a man of the quietest method and of cold, unforensic logic. He had a deadly precision of speech, a very remarkable memory, and a great power of organizing and assembling his facts. There was little left of Burlingame's appeal when he sat down. He declared that to discredit Crozier's evidence because he chose to use another name than his own,

because he was parted from his wife, because he left England practically penniless to earn an honest living—no one had shown it was not—was the last resort of legal desperation. It was an indefensible thing to endeavor to create prejudice against a man because of his own evidence given with great frankness. Not one single word of evidence had the defense brought to discredit Crozier, save by Crozier's own word of mouth, and if Crozier had cared to commit perjury the defense could not have proved him guilty of it. Even if Crozier had not told the truth as it was, counsel for the defense were incapable of convicting him of falsehood. But even if Crozier was a perjurer, justice demanded that his evidence should be weighed as truth from its own inherent probability and supported by surrounding facts. In a long experience he had never seen animus against a witness so recklessly exhibited as by counsel in this case.

The judge was not quite so severe in his summing up, but he did say of Crozier that his direct replies to Burlingame's questions, intended to prejudice him in the eyes of the community into which he had come a stranger, bore undoubted evidence of truth; for if he had chosen to say what might have saved him from the suspicions, ill or well founded of his present fellow citizens, he might have done so with impunity, save for the reproach of his own conscience. On the whole the judge summed up powerfully against the prisoner Logan, with the result that the jury were not out for more than a half-hour. Their verdict was guilty of murder.

In the scene which followed, Crozier dropped his head into his hand and sat immovable and overcome as the judge put on the black cap and delivered sentence. When the prisoner left the dock, and the crowd began to disperse, satisfied that justice had been done—save in that small circle where the Macmahons were supreme—Crozier rose with other witnesses to leave. As he looked ahead of him the first face he saw was that of Kitty Tynan, and something in it startled him. Where had he seen that look before? Yes, he remembered. It was when he was twenty-one and had been sent away to Algiers because he was falling in love with a farmer's

daughter. As he drove down a lane with his father towards the railway station, those long years ago, he had seen the girl's face looking at him from the window of a laborer's cottage at the crossroads; and its stupefied pain and disappointment haunted him for many years, even after the girl had married and gone to live in Scotland—that place of torment for an Irish person.

The look in Kitty Tynan's face reminded him of that farmer's lass in his boyhood's history. He was to blame then—was he to blame now? Certainly not consciously, certainly not by any intended word or act. Now he met her eyes and smiled at her, not gaily, not gravely, but with a kind of whimsical helplessness; for she was the first to remind him that he was leaving the court-room in a different position (if not a different man) from that in which he entered it. He had entered the court-room as James Gathorne Kerry, and he was leaving it as Shiel Crozier; and somehow James Gathorne Kerry had always been to himself a different man from Shiel Crozier, with different views, different feelings, if not different characteristics.

He saw faces turned to him, a few with intense curiosity, fewer still with a little furtiveness, some with amusement, and many with unmistakable approval; for one thing was clear, if his own evidence was correct: he was the son of a baronet, he was heir-presumptive to a baronetcy, and he had scored off Augustus Burlingame in a way which delighted a naturally humorous people. He noted, however, that the nod which Studd Bradley, the financier, gave him had in it an enigmatic something which puzzled him. Surely Bradley could not be prejudiced against him because of the evidence he had given. There was nothing criminal in living under an assumed name, which, anyhow, was his own name in three-fourths of it, and in the other part was the name of the county where he was born.

"Divils me own, I told you he was up among the dukes," said Malachi Deely to John Sibley as they came out. "And he's from me own county, and I know the name well enough; an' a damn good name it is. The bulls of Castlegarry was famous in the south of Ireland."

"I've a warm spot for him. I was right, you see. Backing horses ruined him," said Sibley in reply; and he looked at Crozier admiringly.

There is the communion of saints, but nearer and dearer is the communion of sinners; for a common danger is their bond, and that is even more than a common hope.

CHAPTER IV

"STRENGTH SHALL BE GIVEN THEE"

ON the evening of the day of the trial, Mrs. Tynan, having fixed the new blind to the window of Shiel Crozier's room, which was on the ground floor front, was lowering and raising it to see if it worked properly, when out in the moonlit street she saw a wagon approaching her house surrounded and followed by obviously excited men. Once before she had seen just such a group nearing her door. That was when her husband was brought home to die in her arms. She had a sudden conviction, as, holding the blind in her hand, she looked out into the night, that again tragedy was to cross her threshold. Standing for an instant under the fascination of terror, she recovered herself with a shiver, and, stepping down from the chair where she had been fixing the blind, with the instinct of real woman, she ran to the bed of the room where she was and made it ready. Why did she feel that it was Shiel Crozier's bed which should be made ready? Or did she not feel it? Was it only a dazed, automatic act, not connected with the person who was to lie in the bed? Was it that she was a fatalist, and that the habit of trouble and sorrow was so common to her that she assumed naturally that whatever this tragedy was it must touch the man nearest to her—and certainly Shiel Crozier was far nearer than Jesse Bulrush. Quite apart from wealth or position, personality plays a part more powerful than all else in the eyes of every woman who has a soul which has substance enough to exist at all. Such men as Crozier have compensations for "whate'er they lack." It never occurred to Mrs. Tynan to go to Jesse Bulrush's room or the room of middle-aged, comely Nurse Egan.

She did the instinctive thing, as did the woman who sent a man a rope as a gift, on the ground that the fortune in his hand said that he was born not to be drowned.

Mrs. Tynan's instinct was right. By the time she had flashed the bed into shape, got a bowl of water ready, lighted a lamp, and drawn the bed out from the wall, there was a knocking at the door. In a moment she had opened it, and was faced

Sibley had shown unmistakable signs of interest in her daughter.

"Where's the Young Doctor?" she asked, catching sight of Crozier's face as they laid him on the bed.

"He's done the first aid, and he's off getting what's needed for the operation. He'll be here in a minute or so," said a banker who, a few days before, had refused Crozier credit.



THE FIRST FACE HE SAW WAS THAT OF KITTY TYNAN AND SOMETHING IN IT STARTLED HIM

by John Sibley, whose hat was off as though he was in the presence of death. This gave her a shock, and her eyes strove painfully to see the figure which was being borne feet foremost over her threshold.

"It's Mr. Crozier?" she asked.

"He was shot coming home here — by the Macmahon mob, I guess," returned Sibley huskily.

"Is—is he dead?" she asked tremblingly.

"No. Hurt bad."

"The kindest man—it'd break Kitty's heart—and mine," she added hastily, for she might be misunderstood; and John

"Gently, gently—don't do it that way," said Mrs. Tynan in sharp reproof as they began to take off Crozier's clothes.

"Are you going to stay while we do it?" asked a maker of mineral waters, who whined at the Methodist class-meetings of a soul saved and roared at his employees like a soul damned.

"Oh, don't be a fool!" was the impatient reply. "I've a grown-up girl and I've had a husband. Don't pull at his vest like that. Go away. You don't know how. I've had experience—my husband . . . There, wait till I cut it away with the scissors. Cover him with the quilt.

Now, then, catch hold of his trousers under the quilt, and draw them off slowly. There, lift him—now slowly off. There you are—and nothing to shock the modesty of a grown-up woman or any other when a life's at stake. What does the Young Doctor say?"

"Hush! He's coming to," interposed the banker.

It was as though the quiet that followed the removal of his clothes and the touch of Mrs. Tynan's hand on his head had called Crozier back from unconsciousness.

The first face he saw was that of the banker. In spite of the loss of blood and his pitiable condition, a whimsical expression came to his eyes. "Lucky for you you didn't lend me the money," he said with a voice which had but a shadow of its old fulness.

The banker shook his head. "I'm not thinking of that, Mr. Crozier," he said. "God knows, I'm not!"

Crozier caught sight of Mrs. Tynan. "It's hard on you to have me brought here," he murmured as she took his hand.

"Not so hard as if they hadn't," she replied. "That's what a home's for—not just a place for eating and drinking and sleeping."

"It wasn't part of the bargain," he said huskily and weakly.

"It was *my* part of the bargain," she responded.

"Here's Kitty," said the maker of mineral waters, as there was the swish of a skirt at the door.

"Who are you calling 'Kitty'?" asked the girl herself indignantly, as they motioned her back from the bedside. "There's too many people here," she added abruptly to her mother. "We can take care of him"—she jerked her head towards the bed. "We don't want any help except—except from John Sibley here, if he will stay, and you, too," she added to the banker.

She had not yet looked at the figure on the bed. She felt she could not do so while all these people were in the room. She needed time to adjust herself to the situation. It was as though she was the authority in the household and took control even of her mother. Mrs. Tynan understood. She had a great belief in her

daughter and admired her cleverness, and she was always ready to be ruled by her; it was like being "bossed" by the man she had lost. Besides, she had a true instinct concerning Kitty's feelings at this moment, and she wished to humor her.

"Yes, you'd all better go," Mrs. Tynan said. "He wants all the air he can get, and I can't make things ready with you all in the room. Go outdoors for a while, anyway. It's summer and you'll not take cold! The Young Doctor has work to do, and my girl and I and these two will help him plenty"—she motioned to the banker and the gambling farmer.

In a moment the room was cleared of all save the four and Crozier, who knew that upon the coming operation depended his life. He had been conscious when the Young Doctor said this was so, and he was thinking as he lay there watching these two women out of his nearly closed eyes that he would like to be back in County Kerry at Castlegarry with the girl he had married and had left without a good-by near five years gone. If he had to die he would like to die at home; and that could not be.

Kitty had the courage to turn towards him now. As she caught sight of his face for the first time—she had so far kept her head turned away—she turned very pale. Then, suddenly, she gathered herself together with a courage worthy of the most primitive savage or the highest aristocrat—like those who went to the guillotine at the word of Danton. Going over to the bed she took the limp hand lying on the coverlet.

"Cheer up, soldier," she said in the colloquialism her father often used, and she smiled at Crozier a great-hearted, helpful smile.

"You are a brick of bricks, Kitty Tynan," he whispered, and smiled.

"Here comes the Young Doctor," said Mrs. Tynan as the door opened unceremoniously.

"Well, I have to take an excursion," Crozier said, "and I mayn't come back. If I don't, *au revoir*, Kitty."

"You are coming back, all right," she answered firmly. "It'll take more than a horse-thief's bullet to kill you. You've got to come back. You're as tough as nails. And I'll hold your hand all through it—yes, I will!" she added to the Young Doc-

tor, who had patted her shoulder and told her to go to another room.

"I'm going to help you, doctor-man, if you please," she said, as he turned to the box of instruments which his assistant held.

"There's another—one of my colleagues—coming, I hope," the Young Doctor replied.

"That's all right, but I am staying to see Mr. Crozier through. I said I'd hold his hand, and I'm going to do it," she added firmly.

"Very well; put on a big apron, and see that you go through with us if you start. No nonsense."

"There'll be no nonsense from me," she answered quietly.

"I want the bed in the middle of the room," the Young Doctor said, and the others gently moved it.

CHAPTER V

A STORY TO BE TOLD

A GREAT surgeon said a few years ago that he was never nervous when performing an operation, though there was sometimes a moment when every resource of character, skill, and brain came into play. That was when, having diagnosed correctly and operated, a new and unexpected seat of trouble and peril was exposed, and instant action had to be taken. The great man naturally rose to the situation and dealt with it coolly and implacably; but he paid the price afterwards in his sleep when, night after night, he performed the operation over and over again with the same strain on his subconscious self.

So it was with Kitty Tynan in her small way. She had insisted on being allowed to help at the operation, and the Young Doctor, who had a good knowledge of life and knew the stuff in her, consented; and so far as the operation was concerned she justified his faith in her. When the banker had to leave the room at the sight of the carnage, she remained, and she and John Sibley were as cool as the Young Doctor and his fellow-anatomist, till it was all over, and Shiel Crozier was started again on a safe journey back to health. Then a thing which would have been amusing if it had not been so deeply hu-

man happened. She and John Sibley went out of the house together into the moonlit night, and the reaction seized them both at the same moment. She gave a gulp and burst into tears, and he, though as tall as Crozier, also broke down, and they sat on the stump of a tree together, her hand in his, and cried like two children.

"Never since I was a little runt—did I—never cried in thirty years—and here I am—leaking like a pail!"

Thus spoke John Sibley in gasps and squeezing Kitty's hand all the time unconsciously, but spontaneously, and as part of what he felt. He would not, however, have dared to hold her hand on any other occasion, while always wanting to hold it, and wanting her also to share his varied and not wholly reputed, though far from precarious, existence. He had never got so far as to tell her that; but if she had sense and understanding she would realize after to-night what he had in his mind.

She, feeling her arm thrill with the magnetism of his very vital palm, had her turn at explanation of the weakness. "I wouldn't have broke down myself—it was all your fault," she said. "I saw it—yes—in your face as we left the house. I'm so glad it's over safe—no one belonging to him here, and not knowing if he'd wake up alive or not—I just was swamped!"

He took up the misty excuse and explanation. "I had a feeling for him from the start; and then that Logan Trial today, and the way he talked out straight, and told the truth to shame the devil—it's what does a man good! And going bung over a horse-race—that's what got me, too, where I was young and tender. Swatted that Burlingame every time—one eye, two eyes all black, teeth out, nose flattened—called him an 'outrageous lawyer'—my, that last clip was a good one! You bet he's a sport—Crozier!"

Kitty nodded eagerly while still wiping her red eyes. "He made the judge smile—I saw it, not ten minutes before his honor put on the black cap. You couldn't have believed it, if you hadn't seen it—Here, let go my hand," she added, suddenly conscious of the enormity John Sibley was committing by squeezing it recklessly now.

It is perfectly true that she did not quite realize that he had taken her hand—that *he* had taken her hand. She was conscious in a nice, sympathetic way that her hand had been taken, but it was lost in the abstraction of her emotion. She only realized how far she had committed herself when his demonstrations became so fervid that her mind must recognize as well as her senses.

"Oh, here, let it go quick!" she added—"and not because mother's coming, either," she added as the door opened and her mother came out—not to spy, not to reproach her daughter for sitting with a man in the moonlight at ten o'clock at night, but—good, practical, old-fashioned soul—to bring them each a cup of beef-tea.

"Here, you two," she said, as she hurried to them. "You need something after that business in there, and there isn't time to get supper ready. It's as good for you as supper, anyway. It's made of the best beef this side of the sea. I don't believe in underfeeding. Nothing's too good to swallow."

She watched them sip the tea slowly like two school-children.

"And when you've drunk it you must go right to bed, Kitty," she added presently. "You've had your own way, and you saw the thing through; but there's always a reaction, and you'll pay for it. It wasn't fit work for a girl of your age; but I'm proud of your nerve, and I'm glad you showed those doctors what you can do. You've got your father's brains and my grit," she added with a sigh of satisfaction. "Come along—bed now, Kitty. If you get too tired you'll have bad dreams."

Perhaps she was too tired. In any case she had dreams. Just as the great surgeon performed his operation over and over in his sleep, so Kitty Tynan, through long hours that night, and for many nights afterward, saw the swift knives, helped to staunch the blood, held the basin, disinfected the instruments which had made an attack on the man of men in her eyes, and saw the wound stitched up—the last act of the business before the Young Doctor turned to her and said, "You'll do wherever you're put in life, Miss Kitty Tynan. You're a great girl—and now run

away and get some fresh air and forget all about it."

Forget all about it! So the Young Doctor knew what happened after a terrific experience like that! In truth, he knew only too well. Great surgeons do surgery only and have innumerable operations to give them skill; but a country physician and surgeon must be a sane being to keep his nerve when called on to use the knife, and he must have a more than usual gift for such business. That is what the Young Doctor had; but he knew that it was not easy to forget those scenes in which man carved the body of fellow man, laying bare the very vitals of existence, seeing "the wheels go round."

It haunted Kitty Tynan in the nighttime, and perhaps it was that which toned down a little the color of her face—the kind of difference of coloring there is between natural gold and 14-carat. But in the daytime she was quite happy, and though there was haunting, it was Shiel Crozier who, first helpless, then convalescent, was haunted by her presence. It gave him pleasure, but it was a pleasure which brought pain. He was not so blind that he hadn't caught at her romance in which he was the central figure—a romance which had not vanished since the day he declared in the court-room that he was married—or had been married. Kitty's eyes told their own story, and it made him very uneasy and remorseful. Yet he could not remember when, even for an instant, he had played with her. She had always seemed part of a simple family life for which he and Jesse Bulrush and her mother and the nurse—Nurse Egan—were responsible. What a blessing Nurse Egan had been! Otherwise all the nursing would have been performed by Kitty and her mother, and it might well have broken them down, for they were well determined to nurse him themselves.

When, however, Nurse Egan came back two days after the operation was performed they included her in the responsibility, as one of the family, and as she had no other important case on at the time, fortunately she could give Crozier her almost undivided attention. She had been at first disposed to keep Kitty out of the sick-chamber, as no place for a girl, but she

soon abandoned that position, for Kitty was not the girl ever to think of impropriety. Rather primitive and of a before-the-flood nature she was, but she had not the faintest vulgar strain in her. Her mind was essentially pure, and nothing material in her had been awakened.

Her greatest joy was to do the many things for the patient which a nurse must do—prepare his food, give him drink, adjust his pillows, bathe his face and hands, take his temperature; and on his part he tried hard to disguise from her the apprehension he felt, and to avoid any hint by word or look that he saw anything save the actions of a kind heart. True, her views as to what was proper and what was improper might possibly be on a different plane from his own. For instance, he had seen girls in her class in the West kiss young men freely—men whom they never expected to marry and had no thought of marrying; and that was not the custom of his own class in his home-country.

As he got well slowly, and life opened out before him again, he felt that he had to pursue a new course, and in that course he must take account of Kitty Tynan, though he could not decide how. He had a deep confidence in the Young Doctor, in his judgment and in his character; and it was almost inevitable that he should tell his life-story to the man whose skill had saved him from death in a strange land, with all undone he wanted to do ere he returned to a land which was not strange.

The thing happened, as such things do happen, in a quite natural way one day when he and the Young Doctor were discussing the probable verdict against the man who had shot him—the trial was to come on soon, and once again Augustus Burlingame was to be counsel for the defense; and once again Crozier would have to appear in a witness-box.

"I think you ought to know, Crozier, that, in view of the trial, Burlingame has written to a firm of lawyers in Kerry to secure full information about your past," the Young Doctor said.

Crozier gave one of those little jerks of the head characteristic of him and said, "Why, of course, I knew he would do that after I gave my evidence in the Logan Trial." He raised himself on his elbow.

"I owe you a great deal," he added feelingly, "and I can't repay you in cash or kindness for what you have done; but it is due you to tell you my whole story, and that is what I propose to do now."

"If you think—"

"I do think; and also I want both Mrs. Tynan and her daughter to hear my story. Better, truer friends a man could not have; and I want them to know the worst there is and the best there is, if there is any best. They and you have trusted me, been too good to me, and what I said at the trial is not enough. I want to do what I've never done—tell everything. It will do me good; and perhaps as I tell it I'll see myself and everything else in a truer light than I've yet seen it all."

"You are sure you want Mrs. Tynan and her daughter to hear?"

"Absolutely sure."

"They are not in your rank in life, you know."

"They are my friends, and I owe them more than I can say. There is nothing they cannot or should not hear. I can say that at least."

"Shall I ask them to come?"

"Yes. Give me a swig of water first. It won't be easy, but—"

He held out his hand and the Young Doctor grasped it.

Suddenly the latter said: "You are sure you will not be sorry? You are sure it is not a mood of the moment due to physical weakness?"

"Quite sure. I determined on it the day I was shot—and before I was shot."

"All right." The Young Doctor disappeared.

CHAPTER VI

"HERE ENDETH THE FIRST LESSON"

THE stillness of a summer's day in Prairie Land has all the characteristics of music. That is not so paradoxical as it seems. The effect of some music is to produce a divine quiescence of the senses, a suspension of motion and aggressive life, to reduce existence to mere pulsation. It was this kind of feeling which pervaded that region of sentient being when Shiel Crozier told his story. The sounds that



PERHAPS THE TALE WAS THE MORE IMPRESSIVE BECAUSE OF CROZIER'S DEEP BARYTONE VOICE

sprinkled the general stillness were in themselves sleepy notes of the pervasive music of somnolent nature—the sough of the pine at the door, the murmur of insect life, the low, thudding beat of the steam-thresher out of sight hard by, the purring of the cat in the arms of Kitty Tynan as, with fascinated eyes, she listened to a man tell the tale of a life as distant from that which she lived as she was from Eve.

She felt more awed than curious as the tale went on; it even seemed to her she was listening to a theme beyond her sphere, as though she were an eavesdropper at the curtains of a secret ceremonial. Once or twice she looked at her mother and at the Young Doctor, as though to reassure herself that she was not a vulgar intruder. It was far more impressive to her and to the Young Doctor, too, than the scene at the Logan Trial when a man was sentenced to death. It was strangely magnetic, this tale of a man's existence; and the clock which sounded so loud on the mantelpiece, as it mechanically ticked off the time, seemed only part of some mysterious machinery of life. Once a dove swept down upon the window-sill, and,

peering in, filled one of the pauses in the recital with its deep contralto note, and then fled like a small blue cloud into the wide (and as it seemed) everlasting space beyond the doorway.

There was nothing at all between themselves and the far sky-line save little clumps of trees here and there, little clusters of buildings and houses—no visible animal life. Everything conspired to give a dignity in keeping with the drama of failure being unfolded in the commonplace home of the widow Tynan. Yet the home, too, had its dignity. The engineer father had tastes, and he had insisted on plain, unfigured curtains and wall-paper and carpets, when carpets were used; and though his wife had at first protested against the unfigured carpets as more difficult to keep clean and as showing the dirt too easily, she had come to like the one-color scheme, and in that respect her home had an individuality rare in her surroundings.

That was why Kitty Tynan had always a good background; for what her bright coloring would have been in the midst of gaudy, cheap chintzes and "axminsters" such as abounded in Askatoon, is better

left to the imagination. It was not therefore, in sordid, mean, or incongruous surroundings that Crozier told his tale; as would no doubt have been arranged by a dramatist, if he had had the making of the story and the setting of it; and if it were not a true tale given just as it happened, as every one in Askatoon now knows.

Perhaps the tale was the more impressive because of Crozier's deep barytone voice, capable, as it was, of much modulation, yet, except when he was greatly excited, preserving a monotone like the note of a violin when the mute is on the strings.

This was his tale:—

"Well, to begin with, I was born at Castlegarry, in County Kerry—you know the main facts from what I said in court. As a boy I wasn't so bad a sort. I had one peculiarity. I always wanted 'to have something on,' as John Sibley would say. No matter what it was, I must have something on it. And I was very lucky—worse luck!"

They all laughed at the bull. "I feel at home at once," murmured the Young Doctor, for he had come from near Enniskillen years ago, and there is not so much difference between Enniskillen and Kerry when it comes to Irish bulls.

"Worse luck, it was," continued Crozier, "because it made me confident of always winning, particularly as I gained in confidence. It's hard to say how early I began to believe that I could see things that were going to happen. By the hour I used to shake the dice on the billiard-table at Castlegarry, trying to see with my eyes shut the numbers that were to come up. Of course now and then I saw the right numbers; and it deepened the conviction that if I cultivated the gift I'd be able to be right nearly every time. When I went to a horse-race I used to fasten my mind on the signal, and tried to see beforehand the number of the winner. Again sometimes I was very right indeed, and that deepened my confidence in myself. I was always at it. I'd try and guess—try and see—the number of the hymn which was on the paper in the vicar's hand before he gave it out, and I would bet with myself on it. I would bet with myself or with anybody available on any conceivable

thing—the minutes late a train would be, the pints of milk a cow would give, the people who would be at the hunt breakfast, the babies that would be christened on a Sunday, the number of eyes in a peck of raw potatoes. I was out against the universe. But it wasn't serious at all—just a boy's mania—till one day my father met me in London when I came down from Oxford, and took me to Brooks's Club in St. James's Street. There was the thing that finished me. I was twenty-one, and restless-minded, and with eyes wide open.

"Well, he took me to Brooks's where I was to become a member, and after a little while he left me to go and have a long powwow with the committee—he was a member of it. He told me quite needlessly to make myself at home, and I did so as soon as his back was turned. Almost the first thing with which I became sociable was a book which, as soon as I looked at it, had a fascination for me. The binding was very old, and the leather was worn, as you will see the leather of a pocketbook, till it looks and feels like a nice soap. That book brought me here."

He paused, and in the silence the Young Doctor pushed a glass of milk and brandy toward him. He sipped the contents. The others were in a state of tension. Kitty Tynan's eyes were fixed on him as though hypnotized, and the Young Doctor was scarcely less interested; while the widow of the departed engineer knitted harder and faster than she had ever done, and she could knit very fast, indeed.

"It was the betting-book of Brooks's, and it dated back almost to the time of the conquest of Quebec. Great men dead and gone long ago—near a hundred and fifty years ago—had put down their bets in the book, for Brooks's was then what it is now, the highest and best sporting club in the world."

Kitty Tynan's face had a curious look, for there was a club in Askatoon, and it was said that all the "sports" assembled there. She had no idea what Brooks's Club in St. James's Street would look like; but that did not matter. She supposed it must be as big as the Askatoon Court House at least.

"Bets—bets—bets by men whose names were in every history, and the names of

their sons and grandsons and great-grandsons; and all betting on the oddest things as well as the most natural things in the world. Some of the bets made were as mad as the bets I made myself. Oh! ridiculous, some of them were; and then again bets on things that stirred the world to the centre, from the loss of America to the beheading of Louis XVI.

"It was strange enough to see the half-dozen lines of a bet by a marquis whose great-grandson bet on the Franco-German War, that the government which imposed the tea-tax in America would be out of power within six months; or that the French Canadians would join the colonists in what is now the United States if they revolted. This would be side by side with a bet that an heir would be born to one new-married couple before another couple. The very last bet made on the day I opened the book was that Queen Victoria would make Lord Salisbury a duke, that a certain gentleman known as S. S. could find his own door in St. James's Square blindfolded from the club, and that Corsair would win the Derby.

"For two long hours I sat forgetful of the world and all in it, while I read that record—to me the most interesting the world could offer. Every line was part of the history of the country, a part of the history of many lives, and it was all part of the ritual of the temple of the great god Chance. I was fascinated, spellbound, lost in a land of wonders. Men came and went, but silently. At last a gentleman came whose picture I had so often seen in the papers—a man as well known in the sporting world as was Chamberlain in the political world. He was dressed spectacularly, but his face oozed good-nature, though his eyes were like bright bits of coal. He bred horses, he raced this, he backed that, he laid against the other; he was one of the greatest plungers, one of the biggest figures on the turf. He had been a kind of god to me—a god in a gray frock-coat with a gray top-hat and field-glasses slung over his shoulder; or in a hunting-suit of the most picturesque kind—great pockets in a well-fitting coat, splendid striped waistcoat—well, there, I only mention this because it played so big a part in bringing me to Askatoon!

"He came up to the table where I sat in the room with the beautiful Adam's fireplace and the ceiling like an architrave of Valhalla, and said: 'Do you mind—for one minute?' and he reached out a hand for the book.

"I gave it to him, and I suppose my admiration showed in my eyes, because as he hastily wrote—what a generous scrawl it was!—he said to me, 'Haven't we met somewhere before? I seem to remember your face.'

"Great gentleman, I thought, because I knew that he knew he had never seen me before, and I was overcome by the reflection that he wished to be civil in that way to me. 'It's my father's face you remember, I should think,' I answered. 'He is a member here. I am only a visitor. I haven't been elected yet.' 'Ah, we must see to that!' he said with a smile, and laid a hand on my shoulder as though he'd known me many a year—and I only twenty-one. 'Who is your father?' he asked. When I told him he nodded. 'Yes, yes, I know him—Crozier of Castlegarry, but I knew his father much better, though he was so much older than me, and indeed your grandfather also. Look—in this book is the first bet I ever made here after my election to the club, and it was made with your grandfather. 'There's no age in the kingdom of sport, dear lad,' he added, laughing—'neither age nor sex nor position nor place. It's the one democratic thing in the modern world. It's a republic inside this old monarchy of ours. Look, here it is, my first bet with your grandfather—and I'm only sixty now!' He smoothed the page with his hand in a manner such as I have seen a dean do with his sermon-paper in a cathedral pulpit. 'Here it is, thirty-six years ago.' He read the bet aloud. It was on the Derby, he himself having bet that the Prince of Wales's horse would win. 'Your grandfather, dear lad,' he repeated, 'but you'll find no bets of mine with your father. He didn't inherit that strain, but your grandfather and your great-grandfather had it—sportsmen both, afraid of nothing, with big minds, great eyes for seeing, and a sense for a winner almost uncanny. Have you got it by any chance? Yes, yes, by George and by John, I see you have—you are

your grandfather to a hair! His portrait is here in the club—in the next room. Have a look at it. He was only forty when it was done, and you're very like him—the cut of the jib is there.' He took my hand. 'Good-by, dear lad,' he said; 'we'll meet—yes, we'll meet often enough if you are like your grandfather. And I'll always like to see you,' he added generously.

"I always wanted to see you," I answered. 'I've cut your pictures out of the papers to keep them at Eton and Oxford.' He laughed in great good-humor and pride. 'So so, so so, and I am a hero—I've got one follower! Well, well, dear lad, I don't often go wrong, or anyhow I'm oftener right than wrong, and you might do worse than follow me—but no, I don't want that responsibility. Go on your own—go on your own.'

"A minute more and he was gone with a wave of the hand, and in excitement I picked up the betting-book. It almost took my breath away. He had staked a thousand pounds that the favorite of the Derby would not win the race, and that one of three outsiders would. As I sat overpowered by the magnitude of the bet the door opened, and he appeared with another man—not one with whose face I was then familiar, though as a duke and owner of great possessions, he was familiar to society. 'I've put it down,' he said. 'Sign it, if it's all in order.' This the duke did after apologizing for disturbing me. He looked at me keenly as he turned away. 'Not the most elevating literature in the library,' he said, smiling ironically. 'If you haven't got a taste for it beyond control, don't cultivate it.' He nodded kindly, and left; and again, till my father came and found me, I buried myself in that book of fate—to me. I found many entries in my grandfather's name, but not one in my father's name. I have an idea that when a vice or virtue skips one generation, it appears with increased violence or persistence in the next, for passing over my father into my defenseless breast, the spirit of sport went mad in me—or almost so. No miser ever had a more cheerful and happy hour than I had as I read the betting-book at Brooks's. That is where it all started, the train of events which brought me here.

"I became a member of Brooks's soon

after I left Oxford. As some men go to the Temple, some to the Stock Exchange, some to Parliament, I went to Brooks's. It was the centre of my interest, and I took chambers in Park Place, St. James's Street, a few steps away. Here I met again constantly the great sportsman who had noticed me so kindly, and I became his follower, his disciple. I had started with him on a wave of prejudice in his favor; because that day when I read in the betting-book what he had staked against the favorite, I laid all the cash and credit I could get with his outsiders and against the favorite, and I won five hundred pounds. What he won (to my youthful eyes) was fabulous. There's no use saying what you think—you good friends, who've always done something in life—that I was a good-for-nothing creature to give myself up to the turf, to horses and jockeys, and the janissaries of sport. You must remember that for generations my family had run on a very narrow margin of succession, there seldom if ever being more than two born in any generation of the family, so that there was always enough for the younger son or daughter; and to take up a profession was not necessary for livelihood. If my mother, who was an intellectual and able woman, had lived, it's hard to tell what I should have become; for steered aright, given right ideas of what life should mean to a man, I might have become ambitious and forged ahead in one direction or another. But there it was—she died when I was ten, and there was no one to mould me. At Eton, at Oxford—well, they are not preparatory schools to the business of life. And when at twenty-four I inherited the fortune my mother left me, I had only one idea—to live the life of a sporting gentleman. I had a name as a cricketer—"

"Ah—I remember, Crozier of Lammis!" interjected the Young Doctor involuntarily. "I'm a north of Ireland man, but I remember—"

"Yes, Lammis," the sick man went on. "Castlegarry was my father's place, but my mother left me Lammis. When I got control of it, and of the securities she left, I felt my oats, as they say; and I wasn't long in making a show of courage, not to say rashness, in following my leader. He

gave me luck for a time, indeed so great that I could even breed horses of my own. But the luck went against him at last, and then, of course, against me; and I began to feel that suction which, as it draws the cash out of your pocket, the credit out of your bank, seems to draw also the whole internal economy out of your body—a ghastly, empty, collapsing thing.”

Mrs. Tynan gave a great sigh. She had

factory! When things were balancing pretty easily, I married. It wasn't a sordid business to restore my fortunes—I'll say that for myself; but it wasn't the thing to do, for I wasn't secure in my position. I might go on the rocks; but was there ever a gambler who didn't believe that he'd pull it off in a big way next time, and that the turn of the wheel against him was only to tame his spirit? Was there ever a gambler



"LOOK, HERE IT IS, MY FIRST BET
WITH YOUR GRANDFATHER"

once put two hundred dollars in a mine—on paper—and it ended in a lawsuit; and on the verdict in the lawsuit depended the two hundred dollars and more. When she read a fatal telegram to her saying that all was lost she had had that empty, collapsing feeling.

Pausing for a moment in which he sipped some milk, Crozier then continued: "At last my leader died, and the see-saw of fortune began for me; and a good deal of my sound timber was sawed into logs and made into lumber to build some one else's fortune—on the turf. You never know who it is that eats up your porridge re-

or sportsman of my class who didn't talk about the 'law of chances,' on the basis that if red, as it were, came up three times, black stood a fair chance of coming up the fourth time? A silly enough conclusion; for on the law of chances there's no reason why red shouldn't come up three hundred times; and so I found that your run of bad luck may be so long that you cannot have a chance to recover, and are out of it before the wheel turns in your favor. I oughtn't to have married."

His voice had changed in tone, his look become most grave, there was something very like a look of awe in his face, of

deprecating submission in his eyes. His fingers fussed with the rug that covered his knees.

"God help the man that's afraid of his own wife," remarked the Young Doctor to himself, not erroneously reading the expression of Crozier's face and the tone of his voice. "There's nothing so unnerving."

"No, I oughtn't to have done it," Crozier went on. "But I will say again it wasn't a sordid marriage, though she had expectations, great expectations—but not immediate, and she was a girl of great character. She was able and brilliant and splendid and far-seeing, and she knew her own mind, and was radiantly handsome."

Kitty Tynan almost sniffed. Through a whole fortnight she had, with a courage and a rightmindedness quite remarkable, fought her infatuation for this man, and as she fought she had imagined a hundred times what his wife was like. She had pictured to herself a gossamer kind of woman, delicate, and in contour like one of the fashion-plate figures she saw in the picture-papers. She had imagined her with a wide, drooping hat, with a soft-clinging gown, and a bodice like a great white handkerchief crossed on her breast, holding a basket of flowers, while a King Charles spaniel gamboled at her feet.

This was what she had imagined with a kind of awe; but the few words Crozier had said of her gave the impression of a Juno commanding and exacting, bullying, sailing on with this man of men in her wake, who was afraid of stepping on her train. Why shouldn't she think that? She was only a simple prairie girl who drew her own comparisons according to her kind and from what she knew of life. So she imagined Crozier's wife to have been a Zenobia Queen of Palmyra kind of person, who swept up the dust of the universe with her skirts, and gave no chance at all to the children of nature called Kitty, who wore skirts scarcely lower than their ankles. She almost sniffed, and she became angry, too, that a man like Crozier, who had faced the offensive Augustus Burlingame in the witness-box as he did, who took the bullet of the assassin with such courage, who broke a horse like a Mexican, who could ride like a leech on a filly's flank, should

crumble up at the thought of a woman who, anyhow, couldn't be taller than Crozier himself was, and hadn't a hand like a piece of steel and the skin of an antelope. It was enough to make a cat laugh—or a woman cry with rage.

"Able and brilliant and splendid and far-seeing and radiantly handsome!" There the picture was of a high, haughty, and overbearing woman, in velvet, or brocade, or poplin—yes, something stiff and overbearing like gray poplin. Kitty looked at herself suddenly in the mirror,—the half-length mirror on the opposite wall—and she felt her hands clench and her bosom beat hard under her pretty and inexpensive calico frock, a thing for Chloe, not for Juno.

She was very angry with Crozier, for it was absurd, that look of deprecating homage, that recumbent respect in his face, that "Hush—she—is—coming" in his eyes. What a fool a man was where a woman was concerned! Here she had been fighting herself for a fortnight to conquer a useless passion for her man of all the world, fit to command an array of giants; and she saw him now almost breathless as he spoke of a great wildcat of a woman who ought to be by his side now. What sort of a woman was she anyhow, who could let him go away as he had done and live apart from her all these years, while he "slogged away"—that was the Western phrase which came to her mind—to pull himself level with things again? Her feet shuffled unevenly on the floor, and it would have been a joy to shake the invalid there with the rapt look on his face. Unable to bear the situation without some demonstration, she got to her feet and caught up the glass of brandy and milk with a little exclamation.

"Here," she said, holding the glass to his lips; "here, keep up your strength, soldier. You don't need to be afraid at a five-thousand-mile range."

The Young Doctor started, for she had said what was in his own mind, but what he would not have said for a thousand dollars. It was fortunate that Crozier was scarcely conscious of what she was saying. His mind was far away. Yet, when she took the glass from him again, he touched her arm.

"Nothing is good enough for your friends, is it?" he said.

"That wouldn't be an excuse for not getting them the best there was at hand," she answered with a little laugh, and at least the Young Doctor read the meaning of her words.

Presently Crozier, with a sigh, continued: "If I had done what my wife wanted from the start I shouldn't have been here. I'd have saved what was left of a fortune, and I'd have had a home of my own."

"Is she earning her living too?" asked Kitty softly, and Crozier did not notice the irony under the question.

"She has a home of her own," answered Crozier almost sharply, certainly with a little nervousness. "Just before the worst came to the worst she inherited her fortune—plenty of it, as I got near the end of mine. One thing after another had gone. I was mortgaged up to the eyes. I knew the money-lenders from Newry to Jewry and Jewry to Jerusalem. Then it was I promised her I'd bet no more—never again; I'd give up the turf; I'd try and start again. Down in my soul I knew I couldn't start again—not just then. But I wanted to please her. She was remarkable in her way—one of the most imposing intelligences I have ever known. So I promised. I promised I'd bet no more."

The Young Doctor caught Kitty Tynan's eyes by accident, and there was the same look of understanding in both. They both knew that here was the real tragedy of Crozier's life. If he had had less reverence for his wife, less of that obvious prostration of soul, he probably would never have come to Askatoon or have left Ireland.

"I broke my promise," he murmured. "It was a horse—well, never mind. I was as sure of Flamingo as that the sun would rise by day and set by night. It was a certainty; and it *was* a certainty. The horse could win, it would win—I had it from a sure source. My judgment was right, too. I bet heavily on Flamingo, intending it for my last fling, and to save what I had left, to get back what I had lost. I could get odds on him. It was good enough. From what I knew it was like picking up a goldmine. And I was right—right as could be. There was no chance about it. It was be-

ing out where the rain fell to get wet. It was just being present when they called the roll of the good people that God meant to be kind to. It meant so much to me. I couldn't bear to have nothing and my wife to have all. I simply couldn't stand—"

The Young Doctor met again the glance of Kitty Tynan, and there was again a new and sudden look of comprehension in the eyes of both. They began to see light where their man was concerned.

After a moment of struggle to control himself, Crozier proceeded. "It didn't seem like betting. Besides, I had planned it, that when I showed her what I had won, she would shut her eyes to the broken promise, and I'd make another and keep it ever after. I put on all the cash there was to put on—all I could raise on what I had left of my property."

He paused as though to get strength to go on. Then a look of intense excitement suddenly possessed him, and there passed over him a wave which transformed him. The naturally grave medieval face became fired, the eyes blazed, the skin shone, the mouth almost trembled with agitation. He was the dreamer, the enthusiast, the fanatic almost, with that look which the pioneer, the discoverer, the adventurer has when he sees the end of his quest.

His voice rose, vibrated. "It was a day to make you thank Heaven the world was made. Such days only come once in a while in England, but when they do come what price Arcady or Askatoon! Never had there been so big a Derby. Everybody had the fever of the place at its worst. I was happy. I meant to pouch my winnings and go straight to my wife and say '*Peccavi*,' and I should hear her say to me, 'Go and sin no more.' I was happy. The sky, the green of the fields, the still, homelike, comforting trees, the mass of glorious color, the hundreds of horses that weren't running, and the scores that were to run, sleek and long, and made like shining silk and steel, it all was like heaven on earth to me—a horse-race heaven on earth! There you have the state of my mind in those days, the kind of man I was."

He sat up straight, and he gazed straight in front of him as though he saw Epsom Downs before his eyes, as though he was

watching the fateful race that bore him down. He was terribly, exhaustingly alive. Something possessed him, and he possessed his hearers.

"It was just as I said and knew—my horse, Flamingo, stretched away from the rest at Tattenham Corner and came sailing away home two lengths ahead. It was a sight to last a lifetime, and that was what I meant it to be for me. The race was all Flamingo's own, and the mob was going wild, when all of a sudden a woman—she was the widow of a racing-man gone suddenly mad—she rushed out in front of the horse, snatched at its bridle with a shrill cry, and down she came, and down Flamingo and the jockey came, a *mêlée* of crushed humanity. And that was how I lost my last two thousand five hundred pounds, as I said at the Logan Trial."

"Oh! Oh!" said Kitty Tynan, her face aflame, her eyes like topaz suns, her hands wringing. "Oh, that was—oh, poor Flamingo!" she added.

A strange smile shot into Crozier's face, and the dark passion of reminiscence fled away from his eyes. "Yes, you are right, little friend," he said. "That was the real tragedy after all. There was the horse doing his best, his most beautiful best, as though he knew so much depended on him, stretching himself with the last ounce of energy that he could summon, feeling the proud song of success in his heart—yes, he knows, he knows what he has done, none so well!—and out comes a black, hateful thing against him, and down he goes, his game over, his course run! I felt exactly what you feel, and I felt that first of all when it happened. Then I felt for myself afterward, and I felt it hard, as you can think."

The break went from his voice, but it rang with reflective, remembered misery. "I was ruined. One thing was clear to me. I would not live on my wife's money. I would not eat and drink what her money bought. No, I would not live on my wife. Her brother, a good enough impulsive lad, with a tongue of his own and too small to thrash, came to me in London the night of the race. He said his sister had been in the country—down to Epsom,—and that she bitterly resented my having broken my promise and lost all I had. He

said he had never seen her so angry, and he gave me a letter from her. On her return to town she had been obliged to go away at once to see her sister taken suddenly ill. He added, with an unfeeling jibe, that he wouldn't like the reading of the letter himself. If he hadn't been such a chipmonk of a fellow I'd have wrung his neck. I put the letter—her letter—in my pocket, and next day gave my lawyer full instructions and a power of attorney. Then I went straight to Glasgow, took steamer for Canada, and here I am. That was near five years ago."

"And the letter from your wife?" asked Kitty Tynan demurely and slyly. The Young Doctor looked at Crozier, surprised at her temerity, but Crozier only smiled gently. "It is in the desk there. Bring it to me, please," he said.

In a moment Kitty was beside him with the letter. He took it, turned it over, examined it carefully as though seeing it for the first time, and laid it on his knee.

"I have never opened it," he said. "There it is, just as it was handed to me."

"You don't know what is in it?" asked Kitty in a shocked voice. "Why, it may be that—"

"Oh, yes, I know what is in it!" he replied. "Her brother's confidences were enough. I didn't want to read it. I can imagine it all."

"It's pretty cowardly," remarked Kitty.

"No, I think not. It would only hurt, and the hurting could do no good. I can hear what it says, and I don't want to see it."

He held the letter up to his ear whimsically. Then he handed it back to her and she replaced it in the desk.

"So, there it is, and there it is," he sighed. "You have got my story, and it's bad enough, but you can see it's not what the unwholesome Burlingame suggested."

"Burlingame—but Burlingame's beneath notice," rejoined Kitty. "Isn't he, mother?"

Mrs. Tynan nodded. Then, as though with sudden impulse, Kitty came forward to Crozier and leaned over him. The look of a mother was in her eyes. Somehow she seemed to herself twenty years older than this man with the heart of a boy, who was afraid of his own wife.

"It's time for your beef-tea, and when you've had it you must get your sleep," she said with a hovering solicitude in her voice.

"I'd like to give him a thrashing first, if you don't mind," said the Young Doctor to her.

"Please let a little good advice satisfy you," Crozier remarked ruefully. "It will seem like old times," he added rather bitterly.

"You are too young to have had 'old times,'" said Kitty with gentle scorn. "I'll like you better when you are older," she added.

"Hussy!" returned Crozier with an air of mock anger, though there was sadness in his face still.

"Naughty jade," exclaimed the Young Doctor, "you ought to be more respectful to those older than yourself."

"Oh, grandpapa!" she retorted mockingly.

CHAPTER VII

A WOMAN'S WAY TO KNOWLEDGE

THE harvest was over. The grain was cut, the prairie no longer waved like a golden sea, but the smoke of the incense of sacrifice still rose in innumerable spirals in the circle of the eye. The ground appeared bare and ill-treated, like a sheep first shorn; but yet nothing could take away from it the look of plenty, even as the fat sides of the shorn sheep invite the satisfied eye of the expert. The land now, all stubble, still looked good for anything. If bare, it did not seem starved. It was naked and unshaven; it was stripped like a boxer for the rubbing down after the fight. Not so refined and suggestive and luxurious as when it was clothed with the coat of ripe corn in the ear, it still showed the muscle and fibre of its being to no disadvantage. And overhead the joy of the prairie grew apace.

September saw the vast prairie spaces around Askatoon shorn and shriveled of its glory of ripened grain, but with a new life come into the air—sweet, stinging, vibrant life, which had the suggestion of nature recreating her vitality, inflaming itself with Edenic strength, a battery charging itself, to charge the world in turn with its force

and energy. Morning gave pure elation, as though all created being must strive; noon was the pulse of existence at the top of its activity; evening was glamorous; and all the lower sky was spread with those colors which Titian stole from the joyous horizon that filled his eyes. There was in that evening light somehow just a touch of pensiveness—the triste delicacy of heliotrope, harbinger of the Indian summer soon to come, when the air would make all sensitive souls turn to the past and forget that to-morrow was all in all.

Sensitive souls, however, are not so many as to crowd each other unduly in this world, and they were not more multitudinous in Askatoon than elsewhere. Not everybody was taking joy of sunrises and losing themselves in the delicate contentment of the sunset. There were many who took it all without thought, who absorbed it unconsciously, and got something from it; though there were many others who got nothing out of it at all, save the health and comfort brought by a precious climate whose solicitous friend is the sun. These heeded it little, even though a good number of them came from the damp islands lying between the north Atlantic and the German Ocean. From Erin and England and the land o' cakes they came, had a few days of staring bright-eyed happy incredulity as to the permanency of such conditions, and then settled down to take it as it was—endless days of sunshine and stirring vivacious air—as though they had always known it and had it.

There were exceptions, and these had joy in what they saw and felt according to the measure of their temperament. Shiel Crozier saw and felt much of it, and probably the Young Doctor saw and felt it as much as any one; stray people here and there who take no part in this veracious tale, had it in greater or less degree; fat Jesse Bulrush was so sensitive to it that he, as he himself said, "almost leaked sentimentality," and Kitty Tynan had it in rare measure. She was beating with life, as a bird drunken with the air's sweetness sings itself into an abandonment of motion.

Before Crozier came she had enjoyed existence as existence, wondering often why it was she wanted to spring up from

the ground with the idea that she could fly, if she chose to try. Once when she was quite a little girl she had said to her mother, "I'm going to *ile* away," and her mother, puzzled, asked her what she meant. Her reply was, "It is in the hymn." Her mother persisted in asking what hymn, and was told with something like scorn that it was the hymn she herself had taught her only child—"I'll away, I'll away to the Promised Land."

She had thought that "I'll away" meant that there was some delicious motion which was to *ile*, and she had visions of something between floating and flying as being that blessed means of transportation.

As the years grew, she still wanted to "ile away" whenever the spirit of elation came upon her, and it had increased greatly since Shiel Crozier came. Out of her star as he was, she still felt near to him, and as though she understood him and he comprehended her. He had almost at once become to her an admired and splendid mystery which, however, at first she did not dare wish to solve. She had been content to be a kind of handmaiden to a generous and adored master. She knew that where he had been she could in one sense never go, and yet she wanted to be near him just the same. This was intensified after the Logan Trial and the shooting of the man who somehow seemed to have made her live in a new way.

As long ago as she could recall she had, in a crude, untutored way, been fond of the things that nature made beautiful; but now she seemed to see them in a new light; but not because any one had deliberately taught her. Indeed, it bored her almost to hear books read as Jesse Bulrush and Nurse Egan and the Young Doctor, and even her mother, read them to Crozier after his operation, to help him pass away the time. The only time she ever cared to listen—at school, though quick and clever, she had never cared for the printed page—was when, by chance, poetry or verses were read or recited. Then she would listen eagerly, not attracted by the words, but by the music of the lines, by the rhyme and rhythm, by the underlying feeling; and she got something out of it which had in one sense nothing to do with the verses

themselves or with the conception of the poet.

Curiously enough, she most liked to hear Jesse Bulrush read, and he was the only man who read poems of his own initiative. He was a born sentimentalist, and this became by no means subtly apparent to Kitty during Crozier's illness. Whenever Nurse Egan was on duty Jesse contrived to be about, and to make himself useful and ornamental too; for he was a picturesque figure, with a taste for figured waistcoats and clean linen—he always washed his own white trousers and waistcoats, and he had a taste in ties which he made for himself out of silk bought by the yard. He was, in fact, a clean, wholesome man, with a flair for material things, as he had shown in the land proposal on which Shiel Crozier's fortunes hung, but with no gift for carrying them out, having neither constructive ability nor continuity of purpose. Yet he was an agreeable, humorous, sentimental soul, who at fifty years of age found himself "an old bach," as he called himself, in love at last with a middle-aged nurse with dark-brown hair and set figure, keen, intelligent eyes, and a most cheerful, orderly and soothing way with her.

Before Shiel Crozier was taken ill their romance began; but it grew in volume and intensity after the trial and the shooting, when they met by the bedside of the wounded man. Jesse had been away so much in different parts of the country before then that their individual merits never had had a real chance to make permanent impression. By accident, however, his business made it necessary for him to be much in Askatoon at the moment, and it was a propitious time for the activities of Cupid.

It had given Jesse Bulrush real satisfaction that Kitty Tynan listened to his reading of poetry—Longfellow, Byron, Tennyson, Whyte Melville, and Adam Lindsay Gordon chiefly—with such absorbed interest. His content was the greater because his lovely nurse—he did think she was lovely, as Rubens thought his painted ladies beautiful, though their cordial, ample, ostentatious proportions are not what Raphael regarded as the lines of the divine human figure—because his lovely nurse listened to his fat, happy

voice rising and falling, swelling and receding on the waves of verse; though it meant nothing to her beyond the fact that his voice—very pleasant to hear—was having a good opportunity to show itself.

This was not apparent to her Bulrush, though Crozier and Kitty understood. Jesse only saw in the blue-garbed, clear-visaged woman a mistress of his heart, who had all the virtues and graces and who did not talk. That, to him, was the best thing of all. She was a superb listener, and he was a prodigious talker—could anything be more appropriate?

One day he went searching for Kitty at her favorite retreat, a little knoll behind and to the left of the house where a half-dozen trees made a pleasant resting-place of a fine lookout point. He found her in her usual place, with a look almost pensive on her face. He did not notice that, for he was visibly excited and elated.

"I want to read you something I've written," he said, and he drew from his pocket a paper.

"If it's another description of the timberland you've got for sale—please, not to me," she answered provokingly, for she guessed well what he held in his hand. She had seen him writing it. She had even seen some of the lines scrawled and rescrawled on bits of paper, showing careful if not swift and skilful manufacture. One of these crumpled-up bits of paper she had in her pocket now, having recovered it that she might tease him by quoting the lines at a provoking opportunity.

"It's not that. It's some verses I've written," he said with a wave of his hand.

"All your own?" she asked with an air of assumed innocent interest, and he did not see the frivolous gleam in her eyes, nor notice the touch of aloes on her tongue.

"Yes. Yes. I've always written verses more or less—I write a good many advertisements in verse," he added cheerfully. "They are very popular—not genius, quite, but there it is, the gift; and it has its uses in commerce as in affairs of the heart. But if you'd rather not, if it makes you tired—"

"Courage, soldier, bear your burden!" she said gaily. "Mount your horse and get galloping," she added motioning him to sit down.

A moment later he was pouring out his soul through a succulent and pleasing voice, from fat lips, flanked by a high-colored, healthy cheek like a russet apple:

"Like jewels of the sky they gleam,
Your eyes of light, your eyes of fire;
In their dark depths behold the dream
Of Life's glad hope and Love's desire.

"Above your quiet brow, endowed
With Grecian charm to crown your grace,
Your hair in one soft Titian cloud
Throws heavenly shadows on your face."

"Well, I've never had verses written to me before," Kitty remarked demurely when he had finished and sat looking at her questioningly. "But 'dark depths'—that isn't the right thing to say of my eyes! And Titian cloud of hair—is my hair Titian? I thought Titian hair was bronzy—tawny was what Mr. Burlingame called it when he was spouting,"—her upper lip curled in contempt.

"It isn't you, and you know it," he replied jerkily.

She bridled. "Do you mean to say that you come and read to me without a word of explanation, so that I shouldn't misunderstand, verses written for another? Do you mean to say that my eyes aren't eyes of light and eyes of fire, that I haven't got a Grecian brow? Do you mean to say those verses don't fit me—except for the Titian hair and heavenly shadows? And that I've got no right to think they're not meant for me? Is that so, that a man that's lived in my mother's house five years, eating at the same table with the family, and having his clothes mended free, with supper to suit him and no questions asked—is that so, that he takes up my time with poetry, four lines at a stretch, and a rhyme every other line, and then tells me it isn't for me!"

Her eyes flashed, her bosom palpitated, her hand made passionate little gestures, and she really seemed a little fury let loose. For a moment he was quite deceived by her acting; he did not see the lurking grin in the depths of her eyes.

Her voice shook with assumed passion. "Because I didn't show what I felt all these five years, and only forgot myself and exposed my real feelings when you read these verses to me, do you think any

man that was a gentleman wouldn't in the circumstances say, 'These verses are for you, Kitty Tynan'? You betrayed me into showing you what I felt, and then you tell me your verses are for another girl!"

"Girl! Girl! Girl!" he burst out. "Nurse is thirty-seven—she told me so herself, and how could I tell that you—

"Carryings on! I've acted like a man all through—never anything else in your house, and it's a shame that I've got to listen to things that have never been said of me in all my life. My mother was a good, true woman, and she brought me up—"

"Oh, that's it, put it on your mother



SHE PUT BOTH HANDS ON HIS BIG, PANTING CHEST AND PUSHED HIM BACKWARD TOWARD THE HOUSE

why, it's absurd! I've only thought of you always as a baby in long skirts—" she spasmodically drew her skirts down over her pretty, shapely ankles, while she kept her eyes covered with one hand—"and you've seen me makin' up to *her* ever since Crozier got the bullet. Ever since he was operated on, I've—"

"Yes, yes, that's right," she interrupted. "That's manly! Put the blame on him—him that couldn't help himself, struck by a horse-thief's bullet in the dark, him that's no more to blame for your carryings on while death was prowling about the door there—"

"Carryings on! Carryings on!" Jesse Bulrush was thoroughly deceived and thoroughly excited and indignant—the little devil to put him in a hole like this!

now, poor woman! who isn't here to stretch out her hand and stop you from playing a double game with two girls so placed they couldn't help themselves, just doing kind acts for a sick man." Suddenly she got to her feet. "I tell you, Jesse Bulrush, that you're a man—you're a man—"

But she could keep it up no longer. She burst out laughing, and the false tears of the actress she dashed from her eyes as she added: "That you're a man after my own heart! But you can't have it, even if you are after it, and you're welcome to the thirty-seven-year-old seraph in there!" She tossed a hand towards the house.

By this time he was on his feet, too, almost bursting. "Well, you wicked little rip—you darned little actress, you Ellen Terry at twenty-two, to think you could

play it up like that! Why, never on the stage was there such—!"

"It's the poetry made me do it—it inspired me," she gurgled. "I felt—why, I felt here"—she pressed her hand to her heart—"all the pangs of unrequited love—oh, go away, go back to the house and read that to her! She's in the sitting-room, and my mother's away down-town. Now's your chance, Claude Melnotte!"

She put both hands on his big, panting chest and pushed him backward towards the house. "You're good enough for anybody, and if I wasn't so young and daren't leave mother till I get my wisdom-teeth cut, and till I'm thirty-seven—oh, oh, oh!" She laughed till the tears came into her eyes. "This is as good as—as a play."

"It's the best acted play I ever saw from 'Ten Nights in a Barroom' to 'Struck Oil,'" rejoined Jesse Bulrush with a face still half-ashamed yet beaming. "But, tell me, you heartless little woman, are the verses worth anything? Do you think she'll like them?"

Kitty grew suddenly serious, and a curious look he could not read deepened in her eyes. "Nurse'll like them—of course she will," she said gently. "She'll like them because they are you. Read them to her as you read them to me, and she'll only hear your voice, and she'll think them clever and you a wonderful man, even if you are fifty and weigh five hundred pounds. It doesn't matter to a woman what a man's saying or doing, or whether he's so much cleverer than she is, if she knows that under everything he's saying, 'I love you.' A man isn't that way, but a woman is. Now go." Again she pushed him with a small, brown hand.

"What a girl you are!" he said admiringly.

"Then be a father to me," she said teasingly.

"I can't marry both your mother—and her."

"P'raps you can't marry either," she replied sarcastically, "and I know that in any case you'll never be any relative of mine by marriage. Get going!" she said almost impatiently.

He turned to go, and she said after him, as he rolled away: "I'll let you hear

some of my verses one day when you're older and can bear them and understand them."

"I'll bet they beat mine," he called back.

"You'll win your bet," she answered, and stood leaning against a tree with a look that required interpretation emerging and receding in her eyes. When he had disappeared, sitting down, she drew from her breast a slip of paper, unfolded it, and laid it on her knee. "It is better," she said. "It's not good poetry, of course, but it's truer and it's not done according to a pattern like his. Yes, it's real, real, real, and he'll never see it—never see it now, for I've fought it all out, and I've won."

Then she slowly read the verses aloud.

"Yes, I've won," she said with determination. So many of her sex have said things just as decisively, and while yet the exhilaration of their decision was inflaming them, have done what they said they would never, never, never do. Still there was a look in the fair face which meant a new force awakened in her character.

For a long time she sat brooding, forgetful of the present and of the little comedy of elderly lovers going on inside the house. She was thinking of the way conventions hold and bind us; of the lack of freedom in the lives of all, unless they live in wild places beyond the social pale. Within the past few weeks she had had visions of such a world beyond this active and ordered civilization, where the will and the conscience of a man or woman was the only law. She was not lawless in mind or spirit. She was only rebelling against a situation in which she was bound hand and foot, and could not follow her honest and exclusive desire, if she wished to do so.

Here was a man who was married, yet in a real sense he had no wife. Suppose that man cared for her, what a tragedy it would be for them to be kept apart! This man did not love her; and so there was no tragedy for both; yet all was not over yet—yes, all was "over and over and over," she said to herself as she sprang to her feet with a sharp exclamation of disgust—with herself.

Her mother was coming hurriedly towards her from the house. There was a

quickness in her walk suggesting excitement, yet from the look in her face it was plain that the news she brought was not painful.

"He told me you were here, and—"

"Who told you I was here?"

"Mr. Bulrush—"

"So it's all settled!" she said with a little quirk of her shoulders.

"Yes, he's asked her, and they're going to be married. It's enough to make you die laughing to see the two middle-aged doves cooing in there."

"I thought perhaps it would be you. He said he would like to be a father to me."

"That would prevent me if nothing else would," answered the widow of Tyndall Tynan. "A stepfather to an unmarried girl—both eying each other for a chance to find fault—if you please, no thank you!"

"That means you won't get married till I'm out of the way?" asked Kitty with a look which was as much touched with myrrh as with mirth.

"It means I wouldn't get married till you are married, anyway," was the complacent answer.

"Is there any one special that—"

"Don't talk nonsense. Since your father died I've thought only of his child and mine, and I've not looked where I might. Instead, I've done my best to prove that two women could live and succeed without a man to earn for them; though of course without the pension it couldn't have been done in the style we've done it. We've got our place!"

There is a dignity attached to a pension which has an influence quite its own, and in the most primitive communities it has an aristocratic character which commands general respect. In Askatoon people gave Mrs. Tynan a better place socially because of her pension than they would have done if she had earned double the money which the pension brought her. "Everybody has called on us," she added with reflective pride.

"Principally since Mr. Crozier came," added Kitty. "It's funny, isn't it, how he made people respect him before they knew who he was?"

"He would make Satan stand up and

take off his hat, if he paid Hades a visit," said Mrs. Tynan admiringly. "Anybody'd do anything for him."

Kitty eyed her mother closely. There was a strange, far-away, brooding look in Mrs. Tynan's eyes, and she seemed for a moment lost in thought.

"You're in love with him," said Kitty sharply.

"I was, in a way," answered her mother frankly. "I was, in a way—a kind of way, till I knew he was married. But it didn't mean anything. I never thought of it except as a thing that couldn't be."

"Why couldn't it be?" asked Kitty, smothering an agitation rising in her breast.

"Because I always knew he belonged to where we didn't, and because if he was going to be in love himself it would be with some girl like you. He's young enough for that, and it's natural he should get as his profit the years of youth that a young woman has yet to live."

"As though it was a choice between you and me, for instance!"

Mrs. Tynan started, but recovered herself. "Yes. If there had been any choosing, he'd not have hesitated a minute. He'd have taken you, of course. But he never gave either of us a thought that way."

"I thought that till—till after he'd told us his story," replied Kitty boldly.

"What has happened since then?" asked her mother with sudden apprehension.

"Nothing has *happened* since. I don't understand it, but it's as though he'd been asleep for a long time and was awake again."

Mrs. Tynan gravely regarded her daughter, and a look of fear came into her face. "I knew you kept thinking of him always," she said; "but you had such sense, and he never showed any feeling for you—and young girls get over things. Besides, you always showed you knew he wasn't a possibility. But since he told us that day about his being married and all, has—has he been different towards you?"

"Not a thing, not a word," was the reply; "but—but there's a difference with him in a way. I feel it when I go in the room where he is."

"You've got to stop thinking of him," insisted the elder woman querulously. "You've got to stop it at once. It's no good. It's bad for you. You've too much sense to go on caring for a man that—"

"I'm going to get married," said Kitty firmly. "I've made up my mind. If you have to think about one person, you

"My God—oh, Kitty!" said the other, breaking down. "You can't mean it—oh, you can't mean that you'd—"

"I've got to work out my case in my own way," broke in Kitty calmly. "I know how I've got to do it. I have to make my own medicine—and take it. You say John Sibley is vicious. He has only got one vice."



"YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THINKING OF HIM"

should stop thinking about another; anyhow, you've got to make yourself stop. So I'm going to marry—and stop."

"Who are you going to marry, Kitty? You don't mean to say it's John Sibley!"

"P'r'aps. He keeps coming."

"That gambling and racing fellow!"

"He owns a big farm, and it pays, and he has got an interest in a mine, and—"

"I tell you, you sha'n't," peevishly interjected Mrs. Tynan. "You sha'n't. He's vicious. He's vicious. He's—oh, you sha'n't! I'd rather—"

"You'd rather I threw myself away—on a married man?" asked Kitty covertly.

"Isn't it enough? Gambling—"

"That isn't a vice; it's a sport. It's the same as Mr. Crozier had. Mr. Crozier did it with horses only, the other does it with cards and horses. The only vice John Sibley's got is me."

"Is you?" asked her mother bewilderedly.

"Well, when you've got an idea you can't control and it makes you its slave, it's a vice. I'm John's vice, and I'm thinking of trying to cure him of it—and cure myself, too," Kitty added, folding and unfolding the paper in her hand.

"Here comes the Young Doctor," said

her mother, turning towards the house. "I think you don't mean to marry Sibley, but if you do, make him give up gambling."

"I don't know that I want him to give it up," answered Kitty musingly.

A moment later she was alone with the Young Doctor.

CHAPTER VIII

ALL ABOUT AN UNOPENED LETTER

"WHAT'S this you've been doing?" asked the Young Doctor, with a quizzical smile. "We never can tell where you'll break out."

"Kitty Tynan's measles!" she rejoined, swinging her hat by its ribbon. "Mine isn't a one-sided character, is it?"

"I know one of the sides quite well," returned the Young Doctor.

"Which, please, sir?"

The Young Doctor pretended to look wise. "The outside. I read it like a book. It fits the life in which it moves like the paper on the wall. But I'm not sure of the inside. In fact, I don't think I know that at all."

"So I couldn't call you in if my character was sick inside, could I?" she asked obliquely.

"I might have an operation and see what's wrong with it," he answered playfully.

Suddenly she shivered. "I've had enough of operations to last me a while," she rejoined. "I thought I could stand anything, but your operation on Mr. Crozier taught me a lesson. I'd never be a doctor's wife if I had to help him cut up human beings."

"I'll remember that," the Young Doctor replied mockingly.

"But if it would help put things on a right basis, I'd make a bargain that I wasn't to help do the carving," she rejoined wickedly. The Young Doctor always incited her to say daring things. They understood each other well. "So don't let that stand in the way," she added slyly.

"The man that gets you will be glad to get you without the anatomy," he returned gallantly.

"I wasn't talking of a man; I was talking of a doctor."

He threw up a hand and his eyebrows. "Isn't a doctor a man?"

"Those I've seen have been mostly fish."

"No feelings—eh?"

She looked him in the eyes and he felt a kind of shiver go through him. "Not enough to notice—I never observed you had any," she replied. "If I saw that you had I'd be so frightened I'd fly. I've seen pictures of an excited whale turning a boat full of men over. No, I couldn't bear to see you show any feeling."

The dark eyes of the Young Doctor suddenly took on a look which was a stranger to them. In his relations with women he was singularly impersonal, but he was a man, and he was young enough to feel the Adam stir in him. The hidden or controlled thing suddenly emerged. It was not the look which would be in his eyes if he were speaking to the woman he wanted to marry. Kitty saw it and she did not understand it, for she had at heart a feeling that she could go to him in any trouble of life and be sure of healing. To her he seemed wonderful, but she thought of him as she would have thought of her father, as a being of authority and knowledge—that operation showed him a great man, she thought, so skilful and precise and splendid; and the whole countryside had such confidence in him.

She regarded him as a being apart; but for a moment, an ominous moment, he was almost one with that race of men who feed in strange pastures. She only half saw the reddish glow which came swimming into his eyes, and she did not realize it, for she did not expect to find it there. For an instant, however, he saw with new eyes that primary eloquence of woman life, the unspent splendor of youth, the warm joy of the material being, the mystery of maidenhood in all its efflorescence. It was the emergence of his own youth again, as why should it not, since he had never married and had never dallied! But in a moment it was gone again—driven away.

"What a wicked little flirt you are!" he said, with a shake of the head. "You'll come to a bad end if you don't change your ways."

"Perform an operation, then, if you think you know what's the matter with me," she retorted.

"Sometimes in operating for one disease we come on another, and then there's a lot of thinking to be done," he suggested.

The look in her face was quizzical; yet there was a strange, elusive gravity in her eyes, an almost pathetic appealing. "If you were going to operate on me what would it be for?" she asked more flippantly than her face showed.

"Well, it's obscure, and the symptoms are not usual, but I should strike for the cancer love," he answered, with a direct look.

She flushed and changed on the instant. "Is love a cancer?" she asked. All at once she felt sure that he read her real story, and something very like anger quickened in her.

"Unrequited love is," he answered deliberately.

"How do you know it is unrequited?" she asked sharply.

"Well, I don't know it," he answered, dismayed by the look in her face. "But I certainly hope I'm right. I do, indeed."

"And if you were right what would you do—as a surgeon?" she questioned with an undertone of meaning.

"I would remove the cause of the disease."

She came close and looked him straight in the eyes. "You mean that *he* should go? You think that would cure the disease? Well, you are not going to interfere. You are not going to manœuvre anything to get him away—I know doctor's tricks. You'd say he must go away east or west to the sea for change of air to get well. That's nonsense, and it isn't necessary. You are absolutely wrong in your diagnosis—if that's what you call it! He is going to stay here. You aren't going to drive away one of our boarders and take the bread out of our mouths. Anyhow, you're wrong. You think because a girl worships a man's ability that she's in love with him. I adore your ability, but I'd as soon fall in love with a lobster—and be boiled with the lobster in a black pot. Such conceit men have!"

He was not convinced. He had a deep-seeing eye, and he saw that she was boldly

trying to divert his belief or suspicion. He respected her for it. He might have said he loved her for it with a kind of love which can be spoken of without blushing or giving cause to blush, or reason for jealousy, anger or apprehension.

He smiled down into her gold-brown eyes and he thought what a real woman she was. He felt, too, that she would tell him something that would give him further light if he spoke wisely now.

"I'd like to see some proof that you are right, if I am wrong," he answered cautiously.

"Well, I'm going to be married," she said with an air of finality.

He waved a hand deprecatingly. "Impossible—there's no man worth it. Who is the undeserving wretch?"

"I'll tell you to-morrow," she replied. "He doesn't know yet how happy he's going to be. What did you come here for? Why did you want to see me?" she added. "You had something you were going to tell me. Hadn't you?"

"That's quite right," he replied. "It's about Crozier. This is my last visit to him professionally. He can go on now without my care—yours will be sufficient for him. It has been all along the very best care he could have had. It did more for him than all the rest, it—"

"You don't mean that," she interrupted, with a flush and a bosom that leaped under her pretty gown. "You don't mean that I was of more use than the nurse—than the future Mrs. Jesse Bulrush?"

"I mean just that," he answered. "Nearly every sick person, every sick man, I should say, has his mascot, his ministering angel, as it were. It's a kind of obsession, and it often means life or death, whether the mascot can stand the strain of the situation. I know an old man—down by Dingley's Flat it was, and he wanted a boy—his grand-nephew—beside him always. He was getting well, but the boy took sick and the old man died the next day. The boy had been his medicine. Sometimes it's a particular nurse that does the trick; but whoever it is, it's a great vital fact. Well, that's the part you played to Mr. Shiel Crozier of Lammis and Castle-garry aforetime. He owes you much, a very great deal."

"I am glad of that," she said softly, her eyes on the distance.

"She is in love with him in spite of what she says," remarked the Young Doctor to himself. "Well," he continued aloud, "the fact is, Crozier's almost well in a way, but his mind is in a state, and he is not going to get wholly right as things are. Since things came out in court, since he told us his whole story, he has been different. It's as though—"

She interrupted him hastily and with suppressed emotion. "Yes, yes, do you think I've not noticed that? He's been asleep in a way for five years, and now he's awake again. He is not James Gathorne Kerry now; he is James Shiel Gathorne Crozier, and—oh, you understand, he's back again where he was before—before he left *her*!"

The Young Doctor nodded approvingly. "What a little brazen wonder you are! I declare you see more than—"

"Yet you won't have me?" she asked mockingly.

"You're too clever for me," he rejoined with spirit. "I'm too conceited. I must marry a girl that'd kneel to me and think me as wise as Socrates. But he's back again, as you say, and, in my view his wife ought to be back again also."

"She ought to be *here*," was Kitty's swift reply, "though I think mighty little of her—mighty little, I can tell you. Stuck-up, great tall stork of a woman, that lords it over a man as though she was a goddess. Wears diamonds in the middle of the day, I suppose, and cold-blooded as—as a fish."

"She ought to have married me, according to your opinion of me. You said I was a fish," remarked the Young Doctor, with a laugh.

"The whale and the catfish!"

"Heavens, what spite!" he rejoined. "Catfish—what do you know about her? You may be brutally unjust—waspishly unjust, I should say."

"Do I look like a wasp?" she asked half tearfully.

She was in a strange mood.

"You look like a golden busy bee," he answered. "But tell me, how did you come to know enough about her to call her a cat?"

"Because, as you say, I was a busy golden bee," she retorted.

"That information doesn't get me much further," he answered.

"*I opened that letter*," she replied.

"That letter"—you mean you opened the letter he showed us which he had left sealed as it came to him five years ago?" The Young Doctor's face wore a look of trouble and dismay.

"I steamed the envelope open—how else could I have done it! I steamed it open, saw what I wanted, and closed it up again."

The Young Doctor's face was pale now. This was a terrible revelation. He had a man's view of such conduct. He almost shrank from her, though she stood there as inviting and pretty and innocent a specimen of girlhood as the eye could wish to see. She did not look dishonorable.

"Do you realize what that means?" he asked in a cold, hard tone.

"Oh, come, don't put on that look and don't talk like John the Evangelist," she retorted. "I did it, not out of curiosity, and not to do any one harm, but to do her good—his wife."

"It was dishonorable—wicked and dishonorable."

"If you talk like that, Mr. Piety, I'm off," she rejoined, and she started away.

"Wait—wait," he said, laying firm fingers on her arm. "Of course you did it for a good purpose. I know. You cared enough for him for that."

He had said the right thing, and she halted and faced him. "I cared enough to do a good deal more than that if necessary. He has been like a second father to me, and—"

Suddenly a light of humor shot into the eyes of both. Shiel Crozier as a "father" to her was too gayly artificial not to provoke their natural sense of the grotesque.

"I wanted to find out his wife's address to write to her and tell her to come quick," she explained. "It was when he was at the worst. And then, too, I wanted to know the kind of woman she was before I wrote to her. So—"

"You mean to say you read that letter through that he had kept unopened and unread for five long years?" The Young Doctor was certainly shocked and disturbed again.



"I OPENED THAT LETTER,"
SHE REPLIED

"Every word of it," Kitty answered shamelessly, "and I'm not sorry. It was in a good cause. If he had said 'Courage, soldier,' and opened it five years ago, it would have been good for him. Better to get things like that over."

"It was *that* kind of a letter, was it—a catfish letter?"

Kitty laughed a little scornfully. "Yes, just like that, Mr. Easily Shocked. Great, showy, purse-proud creature!"

"And you wrote to her?"

"Yes, a letter that would make her come if anything would. Talk of tact, I was as smooth as a billiard-ball. But she hasn't come."

"The day after the operation I cabled to her," said the Young Doctor.

"Then you steamed the letter open and read it, too?" asked Kitty sarcastically.

"Certainly not. Ladies first—and last," was the equally sarcastic answer. "I cabled to Castlegarry, his father's place, also to Lammis that he mentioned when he told us his story—Crozier of Lammis, he was."

"Well, I wrote to the London address in

the letter," added Kitty. "I don't think she'll come. I asked her to cable me, and she hasn't. I wrote such a nice letter, too. I did it for his sake."

The Young Doctor laid his hands on both her shoulders. "Kitty Tynan, the man who gets you will get what he doesn't deserve," he remarked.

"That might mean anything," she answered.

"It means that he owes you more than he can guess."

Her eyes shone with a strange, soft glow. "In spite of opening the letter?"

The Young Doctor nodded, then added humorously: "That letter you wrote her—I'm not sure that my cable wouldn't have far more effect than your letter."

"Certainly not. You tried to frighten her, but I tried to coax her—to make her feel ashamed. I wrote as though I was fifty."

The Young Doctor regarded her quizzically and even dubiously. "What was the sort of thing you said to her?"

"For one thing, I said that he had every comfort and attention two loving women



"SHE'S COMING; HIS WIFE'S COMING—SHE'S IN QUEBEC NOW"

and one fond nurse could give him; but that, of course, his legitimate wife would naturally be glad to be beside him when he passed away, and that if she made haste she might be here in time."

The Young Doctor leaned against a tree shaking with laughter.

"What are you smiling at?" Kitty asked ironically.

"Oh, she'll be sure to come—nothing will keep her away after being coaxed like that!" he said when he could get his breath again.

"Laughing at me as though I was a clown in a circus!" she exclaimed. "Laughing when, as you say yourself, the man that she—the cat—wrote that fiendish letter to is in trouble."

"It was a fiendish letter, was it?" he asked, suddenly sobered again. "No, no, don't tell me," he added with a protesting gesture. "I don't want to hear. I don't want to know. I oughtn't to know. Besides, if she comes, I don't want to be prejudiced against her. He is troubled, poor fellow."

"Of course he is. There's the big land deal—his syndicate. He's got a chance of

making a fortune, and he can't do it because—but Jesse Bulrush told me in confidence, so I can't explain."

"I have an idea, a pretty good idea—Askatoon is small."

"And mean sometimes."

"Tell me what you know. Perhaps I can help him," urged the Young Doctor. "I have helped more than one good man turn a sharp corner here."

She caught his arm.

"You are as good as gold," she said.

"You are—impossible," he replied.

They talked of Crozier's land deal and syndicate as they walked slowly toward the house. Mrs. Tynan met them at the door, a look of excitement in her face.

"A telegram for you, Kitty," she announced.

"For me!" exclaimed Kitty eagerly. "It's a year since I had one."

She tore open the yellow envelope. A light shot up in her face as she read the message.

She thrust the telegram into the Young Doctor's hands.

"She's coming; his wife's coming—she's in Quebec now. It was my letter—my let-

ter, not your cable, that brought her," Kitty added triumphantly.

CHAPTER IX

NIGHT SHADE AND MORNING GLORY

It was as though Crozier had been told of the coming of his wife, for when night came, on the day Kitty had received her telegram, he could not sleep. He was the sport of a consuming restlessness. His brain would not be still. He could not discharge from it the thoughts of the day and make it vacuous. It would not relax. It seized with intentness on each thing in turn which was part of his life at the moment and gave it an abnormal significance. In vain he tried to shake himself free of the successive obsessions which stormed down the path of the night, dragging him after them, a slave lashed to the wheels of a chariot of flame.

Now it was the great land deal and syndicate on which his future depended, and the savage fate which seemed about to snatch his fortune away as it had done so often before; as it had done on the day when Flamingo went down near the post at the Derby with a madwoman dragging at the bridle. He had had a sure thing then, and it was whisked away just when it would have enabled him to pass the crisis of his life. Wife, home, the old fascinating, crowded life—they had all vanished because of that vile trick of destiny; and ever since then he had been wandering in the wilderness through years that brought no fruit of his labors. Yet here was his chance, his great chance to get back what he had and was in the old misspent days, with new purposes in life to follow and serve; and it was all in danger, cruel danger, of being swept away when it was almost within his grasp.

If he could but achieve the big deal he could return to wife and home, he could be master in his own house, not a dependent on his wife's bounty. That very evening Jesse Bulrush, elated by his own good fortune in capturing Cupid, had told him as sadly as was possible, while his own fortunes were as he thought soaring, that every avenue of credit seemed closed, that neither bank nor money-lender, trust or

loan company, would let him have the ten thousand dollars necessary for him to hold his place in the syndicate; while each of the other members of the clique had flatly and cheerfully refused, saying they had all they could carry as it was. Crozier had commanded Jesse not to approach them, but the fat sentimentalist had an idea that his tongue had a gift of wheedling, and he believed that he could make them "shell out," as he put it. He had failed, and he was obliged to say so, when Crozier, suspecting, brought him to book.

"They mean to crowd you out—that's their game," Bulrush had said. "They've closed up all the ways to cash or credit. They mean to do you out of your share. Unless you put up the cash within the four days left they'll put it through without you. They told me to tell you that."

And Crozier had not even cursed them. He said to Jesse Bulrush that it was an old game to get hold of a patent that made a fortune for a song while the patentee died in the poorhouse. Yet that four days was time enough for a live man to do a "flurry of work," and he was fit enough to walk up their backs yet with hobnailed boots, as they said in Kerry when a man was out for war.

Over and over again this hovering tragedy drove sleep from his eyes; and in the spaces between there were a hundred fleeting visions of little and big things to torture him—remembrances of incidents when debts and disasters dogged his footsteps, and behind them all, floating among the elves and gnomes of ill-luck and disappointment, was a woman's face. It was not his wife's face, not a face that belonged to the old life, but one which had been part of his daily existence for four years. It was the first face he saw when he came back from unconsciousness after the operation which saved his life—the face of Kitty Tynan.

And ever since the day when he had told the story of his life this face had kept passing before his eyes with a disturbing persistence. Kitty had said to her mother and to the Young Doctor that he had seemed like one who had awakened after he had told his story, and in a sense it was startlingly true. It was as though, while he was living under an assumed

name, the real James Shiel Gathorne Crozier did not exist, or was in the far background of the doings and sayings of J. G. Kerry. His wife and the past had been shadowy in a way, had been as part of a life lived out, which would return in some distant day, but was not vital to the present. Much as he had loved his wife, the violent wrench away from her had seemed almost as complete as death itself; but the resumption of his own name and the telling of his story had produced a complete psychological change in him mentally and bodily. The impersonal feeling which had marked his relations with the two women of this household, and with all women, was suddenly gone. He longed for the arms of a woman round his neck—it was five years since any woman's arms had been there, since he had kissed any woman's lips. Now in the hour when his fortunes were again in the fatal balance, when he would be started again for a fair race with the wife from whom he had been so long parted, another face came between.

All at once the question Burlingame asked him as to whether his wife was living came to him. He had never for an instant thought of her as dead, but now a sharp and terrifying anxiety came to him. If his wife was living! *Living?* Her death had never been even a remote possibility to his mind, though the parting had had the decisiveness of death. Beneath all his shrewdness and ability he was at heart a dreamer, a romancist to whom life was an adventure in a half-real world.

It was impossible to sleep. He tossed from side to side. Once he got up in the dark and drank great draughts of water; once again as he thought of Mona, his wife, as she was in the first days of their married life, a sudden impulse seized him. He sprang from his bed, lit a candle, went to the desk where his unopened letter lay, and took it out. With the feeling that he must destroy this record, this unread but, as he knew, ugly record of their differences, and so clear her memory of any cruelty, of any act of anger, he was about to hold it to the flame of the candle when he thought he heard a sound behind him as of the door of his room gently closing. Laying the letter down, he went to the door and opened it. There was no one stirring. Yet

he had a feeling as though some one was there in the darkness. His lips framed the words, "Who is it? Is any one there?" but he did not utter them.

A kind of awe possessed him. He was Celtic; he had been fed on the supernatural when he was a child; he had had strange, indefinable experiences of hallucinations in the days when he lived at Castlegarry, and all his life he had been a friend of the mystical. It is hard to tell what he thought as he stood there and peered into the darkness of the other room—the living-room of the house. He was in a state of trance, almost—the victim of the night. But as he closed the door softly the words of the song that Kitty Tynan had sung to him the day when he found her brushing his coat came to him and flooded his brain. The last two verses of the song kept drowning his sense of the actual, and he was swayed by the superstition of bygone ancestors:

"Whereaway goes my lad—tell me, has he gone alone?

Never harsh word did I speak, never hurt I gave;

Strong he was and beautiful; like a heron he has flown—

Hereaway, hereaway will I make my grave.

"When once more the lad I loved hereaway, hereaway

Comes to lay his hand in mine, kiss me on the brow,

I will whisper down the wind, he will weep to hear me say—

'Whereaway, whereaway goes my lover now!'

He went to bed again, but sleep would not come. The verses of the lament kept singing in his brain. He tossed from side to side, he sought to control himself, but it was of no avail. Suddenly he remembered the bed of boughs he had made for himself at the place where Kitty had had her meeting with the Young Doctor the day before. Before he was shot he used to sleep in the open in the summer time. If he could get to sleep anywhere it would be there.

Hastily dressing himself in flannel shirt and trousers, and dragging a blanket from the bed, he found his way to the bedroom door, went into the other room, and felt

his way to the front door which would open into the night. All at once he was conscious of another presence in the room, but the folk-song was still beating in his brain, and he reproved himself for succumbing to fantasy. Finding the front door in the dark, he opened it and stepped outside. There was no moon, but there were millions of stars in the blue vault above, and there was enough light for him to make his way to the place where he had slept "hereaway and oft."

He knew that the bed of boughs would be dry, but the night would be his, and the good, cool ground and the soughing of the pines and the sweet infinitesimal and innumerable sounds of the breathing earth, itself asleep. He found the place and threw himself down. Why, here were green boughs under him, not the dried remains of what he had placed there. Kitty—it was Kitty, dear, gay, joyous, kind Kitty, who had done this thing, thinking that he might want to sleep in the open again after his illness. Kitty—it was Kitty who had so thoughtfully served him; Kitty, with the instinct of true, unselfish womanhood, with the gift of the outdoor life, with the unpurchasable gift of friendship. What a girl she was! How rich she could make the life of a man!

"Hereaway my heart was soft; when he kissed
my happy eyes,
Held my hand, and laid his cheek warm against
my brow,
Home I saw upon the earth, heaven stood there
in the skies—
Whereaway, whereaway goes my lover now?"

How different she was, this child of the West, of nature, from the woman he had left behind in England—the sophisticated, well-appointed, well-controlled girl—ah, too well-controlled even in the first days of married life—too well-controlled for him who had the rushing impulses of a Celtic warrior of olden days. Delicate, refined, perfectly poised, and Kitty to her like a sunflower to a sprig of heliotrope. Mona—Kitty, the two names, the two who, so far, had touched his life, each in her own way as none others had done, they floated before his eyes till sight and feeling grew dim. With a last effort he strove to eject Kitty from his thoughts, for there was the

wife he had won in the race of life, and he must stand by her, play the game, ride honestly, even in exile from her, run straight, even with that unopened, bitter, upbraiding letter in the—

He fell asleep, and soon and slowly and ever so dimly the opal light of the prairie dawn came stealing over the landscape. With it came stealing the figure of a girl towards the group of trees where lay the man of Lammis on the bed of green boughs which she had renewed for him. She had followed him from the dark room where she had waited near him through the night—near him, to be near him for the last time; alone with him and the kind, holy night before the morrow came which belonged to the other woman, who had written to him as she never could have written to any man in whose arms she ever had lain. And the pity and the tragedy of it was that he loved his wife—the catfish wife. The sharp, pitiless instinct of love told her that the stirring in his veins which had come of late to him, which beat higher, even poignantly, when she was near him now, was only the reflection of what he felt for his wife. She knew the unmerciful truth, but it only deepened what she felt for him, yet what she must put away from herself after to-morrow. Those verses she wrote—they were to show that she had conquered herself! Yet, but a few hours after, here she was kneeling outside his door at night, here she was pursuing him to the place where he slept. The coming of the other woman—she knew well that she was *something* to this man of men—had aroused in her all she had felt, had terribly intensified it.

She trembled, but she drew near, accompanied by the heavenly odors of the freshened herbs and foliage and the cool tenderness of the river close by. In her white dress and loosened hair she was like some spirit of a new-born world finding her way to the place she must call home. It was all so dim, so like clouded silver, the trees and the grass and the bushes and the night. Noiselessly she stole over the grass and into the shadows of the trees where he lay. Again and again she paused. What would she do if he was awake and saw her? She did not know. The mo-

ment must take care of itself. She longed to find him sleeping.

It was so. The hazy light showed his face upward to the skies, his breast rising and falling in a heavy, luxurious sleep.

She drew nearer and nearer till she was kneeling beside him. His face was warm with color even in the night air—warmer than she had ever seen it. One hand lay across his chest and one was thrown back over his head with the abandon of perfect rest. All the anxiety and restlessness which had tortured him had fled, and his manhood showed bold and serene in the lightening dusk.

A sob almost broke from her as she gazed her fill, then slowly she leaned over and softly pressed her lips to his—the first time that ever in love they had been given to any man. She had the impulse to throw her arms round him, but she mastered herself. He stirred, but he did not wake. His lips moved as she withdrew hers.

"My darling," he said in the quick, broken way of the dreamer.

She rose swiftly and fled away among the trees toward the house.

The words he had said in his sleep—was it in reality the words of unconsciousness, or was it subconscious knowledge?—they kept ringing in her ears.

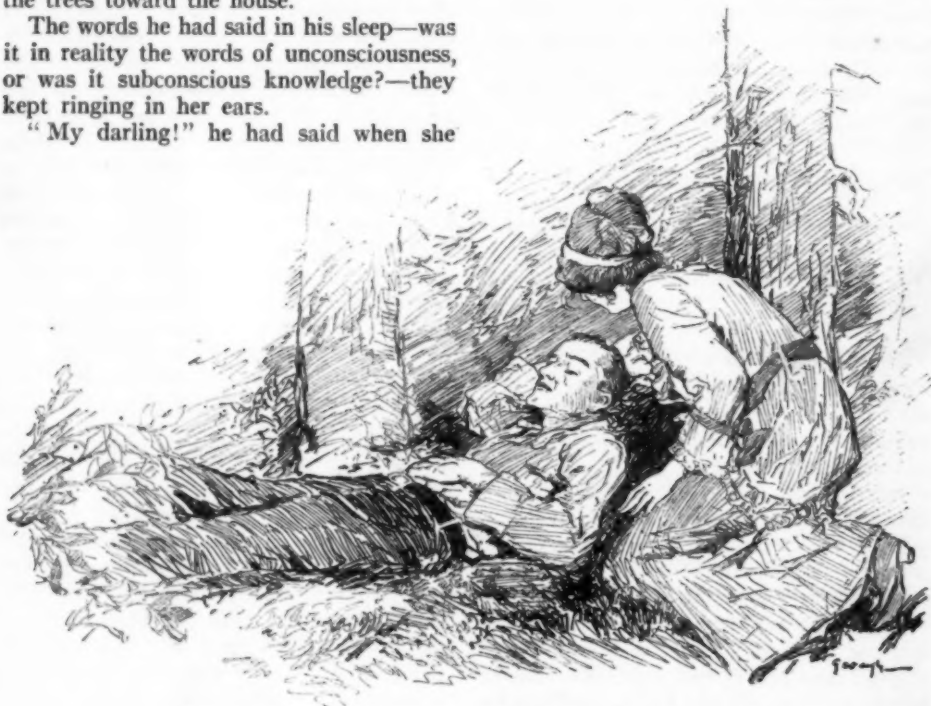
"My darling!" he had said when she

kissed him. There was a light of joy in her eyes now, though she felt that the words were meant for another. Yet it was her kiss, her own kiss which had made him say it. If—but with happy eyes she stole to her room.

CHAPTER X

"S. O. S."

At breakfast next morning Kitty did not appear. Had it been possible she would have fled into the far prairie and set up a lonely tabernacle there; for with the day came a reaction from the courage possessing her the night before, and in the opal wakening of the dawn. When broad daylight came she felt as though her bones were water and her body a wisp of straw. She could not bear to meet Shiel Crozier's eyes, and thus it was she had an early breakfast on the plea that she had ironing to do. She was not, however, prepared to see Jesse Bulrush drive up with a buggy



SHE DREW NEARER AND NEARER TILL SHE WAS KNEELING BESIDE HIM

after breakfast and take Crozier away. When she did see them at the gate the impulse came to cry out to Crozier—what to say she did not know, but still to cry out. The cry on her lips was that which she had seen in the newspaper the day before, the cry of the shipwrecked seafarers, the signal of the wireless telegraphy, "S. O. S."—the piteous call, "Save Our Souls!" It sprang to her lips, but it got no further save in an unconscious whisper. On the instant she felt so weak and shaken and lonely that she wanted to lean upon some one stronger than herself, as she used to lean against her father while he sat with one arm round her studying his railway problems. She had been self-sufficient enough all her life,—“an independent little bird of freedom,” as Crozier had called her—but she was like a boat tossed on mountainous waves now.

"S. O. S.—Save our souls!"

As though she really had made this poignant call Crozier turned round in the buggy where he sat with Jesse Bulrush, pale but erect; and, as though by instinct, he looked straight to where she was. When he saw her his face flushed, he could not have told why. Was it that there had passed to him in his sleep the subconscious knowledge of the kiss which Kitty had given him; and, after all, had he said "My darling" to her and not to the wife far away across the seas, as he thought? A strange feeling, as of secret intimacy, never felt before where Kitty was concerned, passed through him now, and he was suddenly conscious that things were not as they had ever been, that the old impersonal comradeship had vanished. It disturbed, it almost shocked him. Whereupon he made a valiant effort to recover the old ground, to get out of the new atmosphere into the old, cheering air.

"Come and say good-by, won't you?" he called to her.

"S. O. S.—S. O. S.—S. O. S.!" was the cry in her heart, but she called back to him from her lips, "I can't. I'm too busy. Come back soon, soldier!"

With a wave of the hand he was gone. "Not a care in the world she has," Crozier said to Jesse Bulrush. "She's the sunniest creature Heaven ever made."

"Too skittish for me," responded the

other with a sidelong look, for he had caught a note in Crozier's voice which gave him a sudden suspicion.

"You want the kind you can drive with an oat-straw and a chirp—eh, my friend?"

"Well, I've got what I want," was the reply. "Neither of us 'll kick over the traces."

"You are a lucky man," replied Crozier. "You've got a remarkably big prize in the lottery. She is a fine woman, is Nurse Egan, and I owe her a great deal. I only hope things turn out so well that I can give her a good, fat wedding-present. But I sha'n't be able to do anything that's close to my heart if I can't get the cash for my share in the syndicate."

"Courage, soldier, as Kitty Tynan says," responded Jesse Bulrush cheerily. "You never know your luck. The cash is waiting for you somewhere, and it'll turn up, be sure of that."

"I'm not sure of that. I can see as plain as your nose how Bradley and his clique have blocked me everywhere from getting credit, and I'd give five years of my life to beat them in their dirty game. If I fail to get it at Aspen Vale I'm done. But I'll have a try—a good, big try. How far exactly is it? I've never gone by this trail."

Bulrush shook his head reprovingly. "It's too long a journey for you to take after your knock-out. You're not fit to travel yet. I don't like it a bit. Lydia said this morning it was a crime against yourself, going off like this, and—"

"Lydia?—oh, yes, *pardonnez moi, m'sieu!* I did not know her name was Lydia."

"I didn't either till after we were engaged."

Crozier stared in blank astonishment. "You didn't know her name till after you were engaged? What did you call her before that or then?"

"Why, I called her Nurse," answered the fat lover. "We all called her that, and it sounded comfortable and homelike and good for every day. It sounded as though you had confidence and your life was in her hands—a first-class you-and-me kind of feeling."

"Why don't you stick to it, then?"

"She doesn't want it. She says it sounds

so old, and that I'd be calling her 'mother' next."

"And won't you?" asked Crozier slyly.

"Everything in season," beamed Jesse, and he shone, and was at once happy and composed.

Crozier relapsed into silence, for he was thinking that the lost years had been barren of children. He turned back to the home they had left. It was some distance away now, but he could see Kitty still at the corner of the house with a small harvest of laundered linen in her hand.

"She made that fresh bed of boughs for me—ah, but I had a good sleep last night!" he added aloud. "I feel fit for the fight before me." He drew himself up and began to nod here and there to people who greeted him.

In the house behind them at the moment Kitty was saying to her mother, "Where is he going, mother?"

"To Aspen Vale," was the reply. "If you'd been at breakfast you'd have heard. He'll be gone two days, perhaps three."

Three days! She regretted now that she had not said to herself, "Courage, soldier," and gone to say good-by to him when he called to her. Perhaps she would not see him again till after the other woman—till after the wife—came. Then—then the house would be empty; then the house would be so still. And then John Sibley would come and—

CHAPTER XI

IN THE CAMP OF THE DESERTER

THREE days passed, but before they ended there came another telegram from Mrs. Crozier stating the time of her expected arrival at Askatoon. It was addressed to Kitty, and Kitty almost savagely tore it up into little pieces and scattered it to the winds. She did not even wait to show it to the Young Doctor; but he had a subtle instinct as to why she did not; and he was rather more puzzled than usual at what was passing before his eyes. In any case, the coming of the wife must alter all the relations existing in the household of the widow Tynan. The old, unre-

strained, careless friendship could not continue. The newcomer would import an element of caste and class which would freeze mother and daughter to the bones. Crozier was the essence of democracy, which in its purest form is akin to the most aristocratic element and is easily affiliated with it. He had no fear of Crozier. Crozier would remain exactly the same; but would not Crozier be whisked away out of Askatoon to a new fate, reconciled to being a receiver of his wife's bounty?

"If his wife gets her arms round his neck, and if she wants to get them there, she will; and once there he'll go with her—like a gentleman," said the Young Doctor sarcastically. Admiring Crozier as he did, he also had underneath all his knowledge of life a wholesome fear—or an unreasonable apprehension of man's weakness where a woman was concerned. The man who would face a cannon's mouth would falter before the face of a woman whom he could crumple with one hand.

The wife arrived before Crozier returned, and he and Kitty met the train. The local telegraphist had not divulged to any one the contents of the telegram to Kitty, and there were no staring spectators on the platform. As the great express stole in almost noiselessly, like a tired serpent, Kitty watched its approach with outward cheerfulness. She had braced herself to this moment till she looked the most buoyant, joyous thing in the world. It had not come easily. With desperation she had fought a fight during these three lonely days till at last she had conquered, sleeping each night on Crozier's bed of boughs under the stars, and coming in with the opal light of dawn. Now she leaned forward with heart beating fast, but with smiling face and with eyes so bright that she deceived the Young Doctor.

There was no sign of inward emotion, of hidden troubles, as she leaned forward to see the great lady step from the train—great in every sense was this lady in her mind; imposing in stature, a Juno, a tragedy queen, a Zenobia, a daughter of the gods who would not stoop to conquer. She looked in vain, however, for the Mrs. Crozier she had imagined made no ap-

pearance from the train. She hastened down the platform still with keen eyes scanning the passengers who were mostly alighting to stretch their legs and get a breath of air.

"She's not here," she said at last darkly to the Young Doctor who had followed her.

Then suddenly she saw emerge from a little group at the steps of a car a child in a long dress—so it seemed to her, the being was so small and delicate—and come forward, having hastily said good-by to her fellow-passengers. As the Young Doctor said afterward, "She wasn't bigger than a fly," and she certainly was as graceful and pretty and piquante as a child-woman could be.

Now, with her pretty, alert, rather assertive blue eyes she saw Kitty, and came forward. "Miss Tynan?" she asked with a smile and an encompassing look.

Now Kitty was idiomatic in her speech at times, and she occasionally used slang of the best brand, but she avoided those colloquialisms which were merely part of the vocabulary of the uneducated. Indeed, she had had no inclination to use them, for her father had set her a good example, and she liked to hear good English spoken. That was why Crozier's talk had been like music to her; and she had been keen to distinguish between the studied rhetorical method of Augustus Burlingame, who modeled himself on the orators of all the continents, and was what might be called a synthetic elocutionist. Kitty herself was as simple and natural as a girl could be, and as a rule had herself in perfect command; but she was so stunned by the sight of this *petite* person before her that in reply to Mrs. Crozier's question she only said abruptly—

"The same!"

Then she came to herself and could have bitten her tongue out for that plunge into the vernacular of the West; and forthwith a great prejudice was set up in her mind against Mona Crozier, in whose eyes she caught a look of quizzical criticism or, as she thought, contemptuous comment. That for one instant she had been caught unawares and so had put herself at a disadvantage angered her; but she had been embarrassed and confounded by this minia-

ture Juno, and her reply was a vague echo of talk she heard around her every day, purely mechanical and involuntary. Also she could have choked the Young Doctor, whom she caught looking at her with wondering humor, as though he was trying to see "what her game was"—as he said to her afterwards.

It was all due to the fact that from the day of the Logan Trial, and particularly from the day when Shiel Crozier had told his life-story, she had always imagined his wife as a stately Amazonian being with the bust of a Juno and the carriage of a Boadicea. She had looked for an empress in splendid garments, and—here was a humming-bird of a woman, scarcely bigger than a child, with the buzzing energy of a bee, but with a queer sort of manfulness, too; with a square, slightly projecting chin, as Kitty came to notice afterwards; together with some small lines about the mouth and at the eyes which were indicative of trouble endured and suffering undergone. Kitty did not notice that, but the Young Doctor took it in with his embracing glance as the wife encompassed Kitty with her inward comment, which was—

"So this is the chit who wrote to me like a mother!"

But Mona Crozier did not underestimate Kitty for all that, and she wondered why it was that Kitty had written as she did. One thing was quite clear: Kitty had had good intentions, else why have written at all?

All these thoughts had passed through the mind of each with a good many others while they were shaking hands, and the Young Doctor summoned his man to carry her hand luggage to the extra buggy he had brought to the station. One of the many other thoughts that were passing through three active minds was Kitty's inward comment:

"Just think; this is the woman that he talked of as if she was a sort of moving mountain that would fall on you and crush you, if you didn't look out!"

No doubt Crozier would have repudiated this description of his conversation, but the fact was he had unconsciously talked of Mona with a sort of hush in his voice, as expressing his own awe; for a

woman to him was always something outside his real understanding. He had a romantic medieval view, which translated weakness and beauty into a miracle, and what psychologists call "an inspired control."

"She's no bigger than—than a wasp," said Kitty to herself, after the Young Doctor had assured Mrs. Crozier that her husband was quite well again; that he had recovered more quickly than was expected, and had gained strength wonderfully after the crisis was passed.

"An elephant can crush you, but a wasp can sting you," was Kitty's further comment, "and that's why he was always nervous when he spoke of her." Then, as the Young Doctor had already done, she noticed the tiny lines about the tiny mouth, and the fine-spun webs about the bird-bright eyes.

The Young Doctor attributed these lines mostly to anxiety and inward suffering, but Kitty set them down as the outward signs of an inward fretfulness and quarrelsomeness, which was rendered all the more offensive in her eyes by the fact that Mona Crozier was the most spotless thing she had ever seen, at the end of a journey—and this, a journey across a continent. Orderliness and prim exactness, taste and fastidiousness, tireless tidiness were seen in every turn, in every fold of her dress, in the way everything she wore had been put on, in the decision of every step and gesture.

Kitty noticed all this, and she said to herself, "Wound up like a watch, cut like a cameo," and she instinctively felt the little dainty cameo brooch at her own throat, the only jewelry she ever wore, or had ever worn.

"Sensible of her not to bring a maid," commented the Young Doctor inwardly. "That would have thrown Kitty into a fit. But how she manages to look like this after six thousand miles of sea and land going is beyond me—and Crozier so rather careless in his ways! Not what you would call two notes in the same key—she and Crozier," he added as he told her she need not trouble about her luggage, and took charge of the checks for it.

"My husband was not well enough to come to the train?" Mrs. Crozier asked, as

the two-seated "rig" started away with the ladies in the back seat.

"Certainly, if he had known of your coming," was Kitty's reply.

"You have not told him I was coming?"

"Wasn't it better to have a talk with you first?" asked Kitty meaningly.

Mrs. Crozier almost nervously twitched the little jet bag she carried, then she looked Kitty in the eyes.

"You will, of course, have reason for thinking so, if you say it," was her enigmatical reply. "And of course you will tell me. You did not say to him that you had written to me, or that the doctor had cabled me?"

"Oh, you got his cable?" questioned Kitty with a little ring of triumph in her voice, meant to reach the ears of the Young Doctor. It did reach him, and he replied to the question.

"We thought it better not, chiefly because he had for so many years held no communication with you, and had lived—well, you may say he had lived a life that did not, unfortunately, take you into account." The little lady blushed, or flushed.

"May I ask how you know this to be so—if it is so," she asked, and there was the sharpness of the wasp in her tone as it seemed to Kitty.

"The Logan Trial—I mentioned it in my letter to you," interposed Kitty. "He was shot for the evidence he gave at the trial. Well, at the trial a great many questions were asked by a lawyer who wanted to hurt him, and he answered them."

"Why did the lawyer want to hurt him?" Mona Crozier asked quickly.

"Just mean-hearted envy and spite and devilry," was Kitty's answer. "They were both handsome men, and perhaps that was it."

"I never thought my husband handsome, though he was always distinguished looking," was the quiet reply.

"Ah, but you haven't seen him or heard from him for so long!" remarked Kitty a little spitefully.

"How do you know that?" Mrs. Crozier was nettled, though she did not show it; but Kitty felt it was so, and was glad.

"He said so at the Logan Trial."

"Was that the kind of question asked at the trial?" the wife quickly interjected.

"Yes, lots of that kind," returned Kitty.

"What was the object?"

"To make him look not so distinguished—to look like nothing. If a man wasn't handsome, but only distinguished"—Kitty's mood was dangerous—"and you make him look cheap, that's one advantage, and—"

Here the Young Doctor, having observed the rising tide of antagonism in the tone of the voices behind him, gently interposed, and made it clear that the purpose was to throw a shadow on the past of her husband in order to discredit his evidence; to which Mrs. Crozier nodded her understanding.

She liked the Young Doctor, as who did not who came in contact with him, except those who had fear of him, and who had an idea that he could read their minds as he read their bodies. And even this girl at her side—Mona Crozier realized that the part she had played was evidently an unselfish one, though she felt with strange accuracy and piercing intuition that whatever her husband thought of the girl, the girl thought too much of her husband. Somehow, all in a moment, it made her sorry for the girl's sake. The girl had meant well by her husband in sending for his wife—that was certain; and she did not look bad. She was too neat, too sedately and reservedly dressed, in spite of her auriferous face and head and her burnished tone, to be bad—too fearless in eye, too concentrated to be the rover in fields where she had no tenure or right.

She turned and looked Kitty squarely in the eyes, and a new, softer look came into her own, subduing what to Kitty was the challenging alertness and selfish inquisitiveness and superficiality.

"You have been very good to Shiel—you two kind people," she said in a different tone, and there came a sudden faint mist to her eyes.

That was her lucky moment, and she spoke as she did just in time, for Kitty was beginning to resent her deeply; to dislike her for more than was reasonable and certainly without any justice.

Kitty spoke up quickly. "Well, you see, he was always kind and good to other people, and that was why—"

"But that Mr. Burlingame did not like him?" The wife had a strange intuition regarding Mr. Burlingame. She was sure that there was a woman in the case—the girl beside her?

"That was because Mr. Burlingame was not kind or good to other people," was Kitty's sedate response.

There was an undertone of reflection in the voice which did not escape Mrs. Crozier's senses, and it also caught the ear of the Young Doctor, to whom there came a sudden revelation of the reason why Augustus Burlingame had left Mrs. Tynan's house.

"Oh—!" exclaimed Mrs. Crozier enigmatically. Presently with a quick impulse of suppressed excitement as she saw the Young Doctor reining in the horses slowly, she added: "My husband—when have you arranged that I should see him?"

"When he gets back—home," Kitty replied with an accent on the last word.

Mrs. Crozier started visibly.

"When he gets back home—back from where—he is not here?" she asked with a look of anxiety and in a tone of chagrin.

She had come a long way, and had pictured this meeting at the end of the journey with a hundred variations, but never with this one—that she should not see him at once when the journey was over. Was it hurt pride or disappointed love which spoke in her face, in her words? After all, it was bad enough that her private life and affairs should be dragged out in a court of law; that these two kind strangers whom she had never seen till a few minutes ago, should be in the inner circle of knowledge of the life of her husband and herself, without her self-esteem being hurt like this. She was a very woman, and the look of the thing was not nice to her eyes, while it must belittle her in theirs. Had this girl done it on purpose? Yet why should she—she who had so appealed to her to come to him, have sought to humiliate her?

Kitty was not quite sure what she ought to say. "You see, we expected him back before this. He is very exact in all his—"

"Very exact?" asked Mrs. Crozier in astonishment.

This was a new phase of Shiel Crozier's

character. He must, indeed, have changed since he had caused her so much anxiety in days gone by.

"Usen't he to be so?" asked Kitty a little viciously. "He is so very exact," she added. "He expected to be back home before this"—how she loved to use that word *home*—"and so we thought he would be here when you arrived. But he has been detained at Aspen Vale. He had a big business deal on—"

"A big business deal? Is he—is he in a large way of business?" Mona asked almost incredulously and breathlessly. Shiel Crozier in a large way of business, in "a big business deal"—it did not seem possible. His had ever been the game of chance. Business—business?

"He doesn't talk himself, of course; that wouldn't be like him"—Kitty had joy in giving this wife the character of her husband—"but they say that if he succeeds in what he's trying to do now he will make a great deal of money."

"Then he has not made it yet?" asked Mrs. Crozier.

"He has always been able to pay his board regularly, with enough left for a pew in church," answered Kitty with dry malice; for she mistook the light in the other's eyes, and thought it was avarice; and the love of money had no place in Kitty's make-up. She herself would never have been influenced by money where a man was concerned.

"Here's the house," she quickly added; "our home—where Mr. Crozier lives. He has the best room, so yours won't be quite so good. It's mother's—she's giving it up to you. I suppose with your trunks and things you'll want a room to yourself," added Kitty, not at all unconscious that she was putting a phase of the problem of Crozier and his wife in a very commonplace way; but she did not look into Mrs. Crozier's face as she said it.

Mrs. Crozier, however, was fully conscious of the poignancy of the remark, and once again her face flushed slightly though she retained outward composure.

"Mother, mother, are you there?" Kitty called as she escorted the wife up the garden walk.

An instant later Mrs. Tynan cheerfully welcomed the disturber of the peace of the

home where Shiel Crozier had been the central figure for so long.

CHAPTER XII

AT THE RECEIPT OF CUSTOMS

"WHAT are you laughing at, Kitty? You cackle like a young hen with her first egg." So spoke Mrs. Tynan to her daughter, who alternately swung backward and forward in a big rocking-chair, silently gazing into the distant sky, or sat still and "cackled" as her mother had remarked.

A person of real observation and astuteness, however, would have noticed that Kitty's laughter told a story which was not joy and gladness—neither good humor nor the abandonment of a luxurious nature. It was reflectively scornful, it was tinged with bitterness and had the smart of the nettle.

Her mother's question only made her laugh the more, and at last Mrs. Tynan stooped over her and said, "I could shake you, Kitty. You'd make a snail fidget, and I've got enough to do to keep my senses steady with all house work—and now her in there!" She tossed a hand behind her fretfully.

Quick with love for her mother as she always was, Kitty caught the other's trembling hand. "You've always had too much to do, mother—always been slaving for others. You've never had time to think whether you're happy or not, or whether you've got a problem—that's what people call things, when they've got so much time on their hands that they make a play of their inside feelings and work it up till it sets them crazy."

Mrs. Tynan's mouth tightened and her brow clouded. "I've had my problems too, but I always made quick work of them. They never had a chance to overlay me like a mother overlays her baby and kills it."

"Not 'like a mother overlays,' but 'as a mother overlays,'" returned Kitty with a queer note to her voice. "That's what they taught me at school. The teacher was always picking us up on that kind of thing. I said a thing worse than that when Mrs. Crozier"—her fingers motioned

towards another room—"came to-day. I don't know what possessed me. I was off my trolley, I suppose, as John Sibley puts it. Well, when Mrs. James Shiel Gathorne Crozier said—oh, so sweetly and kindly—"You are Miss Tynan?" what do you think I replied? I said to her, 'The same!'"

Rather an acidly satisfied smile came to Mrs. Tynan's lips. "That was like the Slatterly girls," she replied. "Your father would have said it was the vernacular of the rail-head. He was a great man for odd words, but he knew always just what he wanted to say and he said it out. You've got his gift. You always say the right thing, and I don't know why you made that break with her—of all people."

A meditative look came into Kitty's eyes. "Mr. Crozier says every one has an imp that loves to tease us, and trip us up, and make us appear ridiculous before those we don't want to have any advantage over us."

"I don't want Mrs. Crozier to have any advantage over you and me, I can tell you that. Things'll never be the same here again, Kitty dear, and we've all got on so well—with him so considerate of every one, and a good friend always, and just one of us! and his sickness making him seem like our own, and—"

"Oh, hush—will you hush, mother!" interposed Kitty sharply. "He's going away with her back to the old country, and we might just as well think about getting other boarders, for I suppose Mr. Bulrush and his bonny bride will set up a little bulrush tabernacle on the banks of the Nile"—she nodded in the direction of the river outside—"and they'll find a little Moses and will treat it as their very own."

"Kitty, how can you?"

Kitty shrugged a shoulder. "It would be ridiculous for that pair to have one of their own. It's only the *young* mother with a new baby that looks natural to me."

"Don't talk that way, Kitty," rejoined her mother sharply. "You aren't fit to judge of such things."

"I will be before long," retorted her daughter. "Anyway, Mrs. Crozier isn't any better able to talk than I am," she added irrelevantly. "She never was a mother."

"Don't blame her," said Mrs. Tynan severely. "That's God's business. I'd be sorry for her, so far as that was concerned if I were you. It's not her fault."

"It's an easy way of accounting for good undone," returned Kitty. "P'r'aps it was God's fault, and p'r'aps if she had loved him more—"

Mrs. Tynan's face flushed with sudden irritation and that fretful look came to her eyes which accompanies a lack of comprehension. "Upon my word, well, upon my word, of all the vixens that ever lived, and you looking like a yellow pansy and too sweet for daily use! Such thoughts in your head—who'd have believed that you—!"

Kitty made a mocking face at her mother. "I'm more than a girl, I'm a woman, mother, who sees life all around me from the insect to the mountain, and I know things without being told. And I always did. Just life and living tell me things, and maybe, too, the Irish in me that father was."

"It's so odd. You're such a mixture of fun and fancy—at least you always have been; but there's something new in you these days. Kitty, you make me afraid—yes, you make your mother afraid. After what you said the other day about Mr. Crozier I've had bad nights, and I get nervous thinking."

Kitty suddenly got up, put her arm round her mother and kissed her. "You needn't be afraid of me, mother. If there'd been any danger, any real danger, I wouldn't have told you. Mr. Crozier's away, and when he comes back he'll find his wife here, and there's the end of anything or any thinking. If there'd been danger, it would have been settled the night before he went away. I kissed him that night as he was sleeping out there under the trees."

Mrs. Tynan sat down weakly and fanned herself with her apron. "Oh, oh, oh, dear Lord!" she said.

"I'm not afraid to tell you anything I ever did, mother," declared Kitty firmly; "though I'm not prepared to tell you everything I've felt. I kissed him as he slept. He didn't wake, he just lay there sleeping—sleeping." A strange distant

dreaming look came into her eyes. She smiled like one who saw a happy vision, and an eerie expression stole into her face. "I didn't want him to wake," she continued. "I asked God not to let him wake. If he'd waked—oh, I'd have been ashamed enough till the day I died in one way! Still he'd have understood, and he'd have thought no harm. But it wouldn't have been fair to him—and there's his wife in there," she added, breaking off into a different tone. "They're a long way above us—up among the peaks, and we're at the foot of the foothills, mother; but he never made us feel that, did he? The difference between him and most of the men I've ever seen! The difference!"

"There's the Young Doctor," said her mother reproachfully.

"He—him! He's by himself, with something of every sort in him from the top to the bottom. There's been a ditcher in his family, and there may have been a duke. But Shiel Crozier—Shiel"—she flushed as she said the name like that, but a little touch of defiance came into her face, too—"he is all of one kind. He's not a blend. And he's married to her in there!"

"You needn't speak in that tone about her. She's as fine as can be."

"She's as fine as a bee!" retorted Kitty. Again she laughed that mocking, almost mirthless laugh for which her mother had called her to account a little while before. "You asked me a while ago what I was laughing at, mother," she continued. "Why, can't you guess? Mr. Crozier talked of her always as though she was—oh, like the pictures you've seen of Britannia, all swelling and spreading, with her hand on a shield and her face saying, 'Look at me and be good,' and her eyes saying, 'Son of man, get upon thy knees!' Why, I expected—we all expected to see—a sort of great-goodness-gracious goddess, that kept him frightened to death of her. Bless you, he never opened her letter, he was so afraid of her; and he used to breathe once or twice hard—like that, when he mentioned her"—she breathed with such mock awe that her mother laughed with a little touch of kindly malice, too.

"Even her letter," Kitty continued re-

morselessly; "it was as though she—that little sprite—wrote it with a rod of chastisement, as the Bible says. It—"

"What do you know of the inside of that letter?" asked her mother staring.

"What the steam of the tea-kettle could let me see," responded Kitty defiantly; and then, to her shocked and astonished mother, she told what she had done, and what the nature of the letter was.

"I wanted to help him if I could, and I think I'll be able to do it—I've thought it all out," Kitty added eagerly with a glint of steel in the gold of her eyes and a strange fantastic kind of wisdom in her look.

"Kitty," said her mother severely and anxiously, "it's madness interfering with other people's affairs—of that kind. It never was any use."

"This will be the exception to the rule," returned Kitty. "There she is"—again she flicked a hand towards the other room—"after they've been parted five years. Well, she came after she read my letter to her, and after I'd read that unopened letter to him, which made me know how to put it all to her. I've got intuition—that's Celtic and mad," she added with her chin thrusting out at her mother, to whom the Irish that her husband had been, which was so deep in her daughter, was ever a mystery to her, and of which she was more or less afraid.

"I've got a plan, and I believe—I know—it will work," Kitty continued. "I've been thinking and thinking, and if there's trouble between them; if he says he isn't going on with her till he's made his fortune; if he throws that unopened letter in her face, I'll bring in my invention to deal with the problem, and then you'll see! But all this fuss for a little tiny button of a thing like that in there—pshaw! Mr. Crozier's worth a real queen with the beauty of one of the Rhine maidens—how he used to tell that story of the Rhinegold—do you remember? Wasn't it grand? Well, I am glad now that he's going—yes, whatever trouble there may be, still he is going. I feel it in my heart."

She paused and her eyes took on a sombre tone. Presently with a slight husky pain in her voice, like the faint echo of a wail, she went on: "Now that he's going

I'm glad we've had the things he gave us, things that can't be taken away from us. What you have enjoyed is yours forever and ever. It's memory, and for one moment or for one day or one year of those things you loved, there's fifty years, per-

comfortable just the same somehow, for she's as capable as capable can be. She had her things unpacked, her room in order herself—she didn't want your help or mine—and herself with a fresh dress on before you could turn round."



"I'M NOT AFRAID TO
TELL YOU ANY-
THING I EVER DID,
MOTHER"

haps, for memory. Don't you remember the verses I cut out of the newspaper:

'Time, the ruthless idol-breaker,
Smileless, cold iconoclast,
Though he rob us of our altars,
Cannot rob us of the past.'

"That's the way your father used to talk," replied her mother rather helplessly. "There's a lot of poetry in you, Kitty."

"More than there is in her?" asked Kitty, again indicating the region where Mrs. Crozier was.

"There's as much poetry in her as there is in—in me. But she can do things—that little bit of a baby-woman can do things, Kitty. I know women, and I tell you that if that woman hadn't a penny she'd set to and earn it; and if her husband hadn't a penny, she'd make his home

Kitty's eyes softened still more. "Well, if she'd been poor he would never have left her, and then they wouldn't have lost five years,—think of it, five years of life with the man you love lost to you!—and there wouldn't be this tough old knot to untie now."

"She has suffered, that little sparrow has suffered, I tell you, Kitty. She has a grip on herself like—like—"

"Like Mr. Crozier with a bronco under his hand," interjected Kitty. "She's too neat for me—too eternally spick and span for me, mother. It's as though the Being that made her said, 'Now I'll try and see if I can produce a model of a grown-up, full-sized piece of my work.' Mrs. Crozier is an exhibition model, and Shiel Crozier's over six feet three, and loose and free, and like a wapiti in his gait. If he was a wapiti

he'd carry the finest pair of antlers ever was."

"Kitty, you make me laugh," responded the puzzled woman. "You're the most whimsical creature, I declare, and—"

At that moment there came a small tapping at the door behind them, and a small silvery voice said, "May I come in?" as the door opened and Mrs. Crozier, very neatly and precisely yet prettily dressed, entered.

"Please make yourself at home—no need to rap," answered Mrs. Tynan. "Out in the West here we live in the open like. There's no room closed to you, if you can put up with what there is, though it's not what you're used to."

"For five months in the year during the past five years I've lived in a house about half as large as this," was Mrs. Crozier's reply. "With my husband away there wasn't the need of much room."

"Well, he only has one room here," responded Mrs. Tynan. "He never seemed too crowded in it."

"Where is it? Might I see it?" the small, dark-eyed, dark-haired wife, with the little touch of nectarine bloom and a little powder also, asked; and though she spoke in a matter-of-fact tone there was a look of wistfulness in her eyes, a gleam of which Kitty caught ere it passed.

"You've been separated, Mrs. Crozier," answered the elder woman, "and I've no right to let you into his room without his consent. You've had no correspondence for five years— isn't that so?"

"Did he tell you that?" the regal little lady asked composedly, but with an underglow of anger in her eyes.

"He told the court that at the Logan Trial," was the reply.

"At the murder trial—he told that?" Mrs. Crozier asked almost mechanically, her face gone pale and a little haggard.

"He was obliged to answer when that wolf Gus Burlingame was after him," interposed Kitty with kindness in her tone, for, suddenly, she saw through the outer walls of the little wife's being into the inner courts. She saw that Mrs. Crozier loved her husband now, whatever she had done in the past. The sight of love does not beget compassion in a loveless heart, but there was love in Kitty's heart; and it was

even greater than she would have wished any human being to see; and by it she saw with radium clearness behind the veil of the other woman's being.

"Surely he could have avoided answering that," urged Mona Crozier bitterly.

"Only by telling a lie," Kitty quickly answered, "and I don't believe he ever told a lie in his life. Come," she added, "I will show you his room. My mother needn't do it, and so she won't be responsible. You have your rights as a wife until they're denied you. You mustn't come, mother," she said to Mrs. Tynan, and she put a tender, golden hand on her arm. "This way," she added to the little person in the pale blue, which suited well her very dark hair, blue eyes, and rose-touched cheeks.

CHAPTER XIII

KITTY SPEAKS HER MIND AGAIN

A MOMENT later they stood inside Shiel Crozier's room. The first glance his wife gave encompassed the walls, the table, the bureau, and the desk which contained her own unopened letter. She was looking for a photograph of herself.

There was none in the room, and a parched and arid look came into her face. The glance and its sequel did not escape Kitty's notice. She knew well—as who would not—what Mona Crozier was hoping to see, and she was human enough to feel a kind of satisfaction in the wife's evident chagrin and disappointment; for the unopened letter in the baize-covered desk which she had read was sufficient warrant for a punishment and penalty due the little lady, and not the less because it was so long delayed—had not Shiel Crozier had his bitter herbs to drink over the past five years!

Moreover Kitty was sure beyond any doubt at all that Shiel Crozier's wife, when she wrote the letter, did not love her husband, or at least did not love him in the right or true way. She loved him only so far as her then selfish nature permitted her to do; only in so far as the pride of money which she had, and her husband had not, allowed her to do; only in so far as the nature of a tyrant could love (though

the tyranny was pink and white and sweetly perfumed and had the lure of youth). In her primitive way Kitty had intuitively apprehended the main truth, and that was sufficient to justify her in contributing to Mona Crozier's punishment.

And Kitty's perceptions were true. At the start Mona was in nature proportionate to her size; and when she married she had not loved Crozier as he had loved her. Maybe that was why—though he may not have admitted it to himself—he could not bear to be beholden to her when his ruin came. Love makes all things possible, and there is no humiliation in taking from one who loves and is loved—that uncapitalized and communal partnership which is not of the earth earthy. Perhaps that was why, though Shiel loved her, he had had a bitterness which galled his soul, why he had a determination to win sufficient wealth to make himself independent of her. Down at the bottom of his chivalrous Irish heart he had learned the truth, that to be dependent on her would beget in her contempt for him, and he would be only her paid paramour and not her husband in the true sense. Quixotic he had been, but under his quixotism there was at least the shadow of a great tragical fact, and it had made him a matrimonial deserter. Whether tragedy or comedy would emerge was all on the knees of the gods.

"It's a nice room, isn't it?" asked Kitty when there had passed from Mona Crozier's eyes the glaze or mist—not of tears, but stupefaction—which had followed her inspection of the walls, the bureau, the table, and the desk.

"Most comfortable, and so very clean—quite spotless," the wife answered admiringly, and yet a little drearily. It made her feel humiliated that her man could live this narrow life of one room without despair, with sufficient resistance to the lure of her hundred and fifty thousand pounds and her own delicate and charming person. Here, it would seem, he was content. One easy chair made out of a barrel, a couch, a bed—a very narrow bed, like a soldier's, a bed for himself alone—a small table, a shelf on the wall with a dozen books, a little table, a bureau, and an old-fashioned,

sloping-topped, shallow desk covered with green baize, on high legs, so that he could stand as he wrote (Crozier had made that high stand for the desk himself) like a soldier, too. That was what the room conveyed to her—the spirit of the soldier, bare, clean, strong, sparse, a workshop and a chamber of sleep in one, like the tent of an officer on the march. After the feeling had come to her, to heighten the sensation, she espied a little card hung under the small mirror on the wall. There was writing on it, and going nearer she saw in red pencil the words, "Courage, soldier!"

These were the words which Kitty was so fond of using, and Kitty had a thrill of triumph now as she saw the woman whom Crozier had fled from looking at the card. She herself had come and looked at it many times since Crozier went away, for he had only put it there just before he left on this last expedition to Aspen Vale to carry through his deal. It had brought a great joy to Kitty's heart. It had made her feel that she had some share in his life; that, in a way, she had helped him on the march, the vivandière who carried the water-bottle which would give him drink when parched, battle-worn, or wounded.

Mona Crozier turned away from the card, sadly reflecting that nothing in the room recalled herself; that she was not here in the very core of his life in even the smallest way. Yet this girl, this sunny creature with the call of youth and passion in her eyes, this Ruth of the wheat-fields, came and went from this room as though she was a part of it. She did this and that for him, and no doubt was on such terms of intimacy with him that they were part of each other's life in a scheme of domesticity which was unlike any boarding-house scheme or organization she had ever known. Here in everything there was the air and the decorum and the unartificial comfort of home. Visions of apartments and lodgings and boarding-houses in the old land rose up before her, and the contrast was immeasurable.

This was why he could live without his wedded wife and her gold and her brocade, and the silk and the Persian rugs, the grand piano and the carriages and the high silk hat from Piccadilly. Her husband

had had the luxuries of wealth, and here he was living like a Spartan on his hill—and alone; though he had a wife that men had besieged both before and after marriage. A feeling of impotent indignation and anger suddenly took possession of her. Here he was with two women, unattached,—one interesting and good and agreeable and good looking, and the other almost a beauty—who were part of the whole rustic scheme in which he lived. They made him comfortable, they did the hundred things that a valet or a fond wife would do; they no doubt hung on every word he uttered—and he could be interesting beyond most men. She had realized terribly how interesting he was after he had fled; when men came about her and talked to her in many ways, with many variations, but always with the one tune behind all they said; always making for the one goal, no matter the point from which they started or how circuitous their route.

As time went on she had hungrily longed to see her husband, and other men had no power to interest her; but still she had not sought to find him. At first it had been offended pride, injured self-esteem, in which the value of her own desirable self and of her very desirable gold, was not lost; then it became the pride of a wife in whom the spirit of the eternal woman was working, and she would have died rather than have sought to find him. Five years—and not a word from him.

Five years and not a letter from him! Her eyes involuntarily fell on the high desk with the green baize top. Of all the letters he had written at that desk not one had been addressed to her. Slowly, and with an unintentional solemnity, she went up to it and laid a hand upon it. Her chin only cleared the edge of it—he was a tall man, her husband.

"This is the place of secrets, I suppose," she said with a bright smile and an attempt at gaiety to Kitty, who had watched her with burning eyes; for she had felt the thrill of the moment. She was as sensitive to atmosphere of this sad play of life as nearly and as vitally as the deserted wife.

"I shouldn't think it a place of secrets," Kitty answered after a moment. "He

seldom locks it, and when he does I know where the key is."

"Indeed?" Mona Crozier stiffened. A look of reproach and reprobation came into her eyes. It was as though she was looking down from a great height upon a poor creature who did not know the first rudiments of personal honor, the fine elemental customs of life.

Kitty saw and understood, but she did not hasten to reply, or to set things right. She met the lofty look unflinchingly, and she had pride and some little malice too—it would do Mrs. Crozier good, she thought—in saying, as she looked down on the humming-bird trying to be an eagle:

"I've had to get things for him—papers and so on, and send them on when he was away, and even when he was at *home* I've had to act for him; and so even when it was locked I had to know where the key was. He asked me to help him that way."

Mona noted the stress laid upon the word "*home*," and for the first time she had a suspicion that this girl knew more than even the Logan Trial had disclosed, and that she was being satirical and suggestive.

"Oh, of course," she returned cheerfully in response to Kitty—"you acted as a kind of clerk for him."

There was a note in her voice which she might better not have used. If she but knew it, she needed this girl's friendship very badly; and she might have remembered that she would not have been here in her husband's room had it not been for the letter Kitty had written—a letter which had made her heart beat so hard when she received it, that she had sunk helpless to the floor on one of those soft rugs, representing the soft comfort which money can bring.

The reply was like a slap in the face.

"I acted for him in any way at all that he wished me to," Kitty answered with quiet boldness and shining face.

Mona's hand fell away from the green baize desk, and her eyes again lost their sight for a moment. Kitty was not savage by nature. She had been goaded as much by the thought of the letter Crozier's wife had written to him in the hour of his ruin as by the presence of the woman in this house, where things would never be as

they had been before. She had struck hard, and now she was immediately sorry for it: for this woman was here in response to her own appeal; and, after all, she might well be jealous of the fact that Crozier had had close to him for so long and in such conditions a girl like herself, younger than his own wife—and prettier—yes, certainly prettier, she admitted to herself.

"He is that kind of a man. What he asked for, any good woman could do and not be sorry," Kitty added presently when the knife had gone deep enough.

"Yes, he was that kind of a man," responded the other gently now, and with a great sigh, of relief. Suddenly she came nearer and touched Kitty's arm. "And thank you for saying so," she added. "He and I have been so long parted, and you have seen so much more of him than I have of late years! You know him better—as he is. If I said something sharp just now, please forgive me. I am—oh, indeed, I am grateful to you and your mother!"

She paused. It was hard for her to say what she felt she must say, for she did not know how her husband would receive her—he had done without her for so long; and she might need this girl and her mother sorely. The girl was a friend in the best sense, or she would not have sent for her. She must remind herself of this continually lest she should take wrong views.

Kitty nodded, but for a moment she did not reply. Her hand was on the baize-covered desk. All at once, with determination in her eyes, she said: "You didn't use him right or you'd not have been parted for five years. You were rich and he was poor,—he is poor now, though he may be rich any day—and he wouldn't stay with you because he wouldn't take your money to live on. If you had been a real wife to him he wouldn't have seen that he'd be using your money; he'd have taken it as though it was his own, out of the purse which was always open and belonged to both, just as if you were partners. You must feel—"

"Hush, for pity's sake, hush!" interrupted the other.

"You are going to see him again," Kitty persisted. "Now, don't you think it

just as well to know what the real truth is?"

"How do you know what is the truth?" asked the trembling little stranger with a last attempt to hold her position, to conceal from herself the actual facts.

"The Young Doctor and my mother and I were with him all the time he was ill after he was shot, and the trial had only told half the truth. He wanted us, his best friends here, to know the whole truth, so he told us that he left you because he couldn't bear to live on your money. It was you made him feel that, though he didn't say so. All the time he told his story he spoke of you as though you were some goddess, some great queen—"

A look of hope, of wonder, of relief came into the tiny creature's eyes. "He spoke like that of me; he said—?"

"He said what no one else would have said, probably; but that's the way with people in love—they see what no one else sees, they think what no one else thinks. He talked with a sort of hush in his voice about you till we thought you must be some stately, tall, splendid Helen of Troy kind of person with a soul like an ocean, instead of"—she was going to say something that would have seemed unkind, and she stopped herself in time—"instead of a sort of fairy, one of the little folk that never grow up; the same as my father used to tell me about."

"You think very badly of me, then?" returned the other with a sigh. Her courage, her pride, her attempt to control the situation had vanished suddenly, and she became for the moment almost the child she looked.

"We've only just begun. We're all his friends here, and we'll judge you and think of you according to what happens between you and him. *You wrote him that letter!*"

She suddenly placed her hand on the desk as the inspiration came to her to have this matter of the letter out now, and to have Mrs. Crozier know exactly what the position was, no matter what might be thought of herself. She was only thinking of Shiel Crozier and his future now.

"What letter did I write?" There was real surprise and wonder in her tone.

"That last letter you wrote to him—the letter in which you—in which you gave him fits for breaking his promise, and talked like a proud, angry angel from the top of the stairs!"

"How do you know of that letter? He, my husband, told you what was in that letter; he showed it to you?" The voice was indignant, low, and almost rough with anger.

"Yes, your husband showed me the letter—unopened."

"Unopened—I do not understand." Mona steadied herself against the foot of the bed and looked in a helpless way at Kitty. Her composure was gone, though she was very quiet, and she had that look of a vital absorption which possesses human beings in crises of their lives.

Suddenly Kitty took from behind a book on a shelf a key, opened the desk, and took out the letter which Crozier had kept sealed and unopened all the years; which he had never read.

"Do you know that?" Kitty said, and held it out for Mrs. Crozier to see.

Two dark-blue eyes stared confusedly at the letter—at her own handwriting. Kitty turned it over. "You see it is sealed as it was when you sent it to him. He has never opened it. He does not know what is in it."

"He has—kept it—five years—unopened," Mona said in broken phrases scarce above a whisper.

"He has never opened it, as you see."

"Give—give it to me," the wife said, stepping forward to stay Kitty's hand as she opened the lid of the desk to replace the letter.

"It's not your letter—no, you shall not," said Kitty firmly as she jerked aside the hand laid upon her wrist, and threw one arm on the lid, holding it down as Mrs. Crozier tried to keep it open. Then with a swift action of the other hand she locked the desk and put the key in her pocket.

"If you destroyed this letter he would never believe but that it was worse than it is; and it is a bad enough letter, Heaven knows, for any woman to have written to her husband—or to any one else's husband! You thought you were the centre of the world when you wrote that letter.

Without a penny, he would be a great man, with a great future, but you are only a pretty little woman with a fortune, who has thought a great lot of herself, and far too much of herself only, when she wrote that letter."

"How do you know what is in that letter?" There was agony and challenge at once in the other's voice.

"Because I read it—oh, don't look so shocked! I'd do it again. I knew just how to act when I'd read it. I steamed it open and closed it up again. Then I wrote to you. I'm not sorry I did it. My motive was a good one. I wanted to help him. I wanted to understand everything, so that I'd know best what to do. Though he's so far above us in birth and position, he seemed in one way like our own. That's the way it is in new countries like this. We don't think of lots of things that you finer people in the old countries do, and we don't think evil till it trips us up. In a new country all are strangers among the pioneers, and they have to come together. This town is only twelve years old, and scarcely anybody knew each other at the start. We had to take each other on trust, and we think the best as long as we can. Mr. Crozier came to live with us, and soon he was just part of our life—not a boarder, not some one staying the night who paid you what he owed you in the morning. He was a friend you could say your prayers with, or eat your meals with, or ride a hundred miles with, and just take it as a matter of course; for he was part of what you were part of, all this out here—don't you understand?"

"I am trying hard to do so," was the reply in a hushed voice. Here was a world, here were people of whom Mona Crozier had never dreamed. They were so much of an antique time—far behind the time that her old land represented; not a new world, but the oldest world of all. She began to understand the girl also, and her face took on an understanding look, as with eyes like bronze suns Kitty continued:

"So, though it was wrong—wicked—in one way, I read the letter, as a mother would read a letter written to her child, to do the child some good by it, if it could be done. If I hadn't read that letter you

wouldn't be here. Was it worth while my doing it?"

At that moment there was a knock at the outer door of the other room, or, rather, on the lintel of it. Mona started. Suppose it was her husband—that was her thought.

Kitty read the look. "No, it isn't Mr. Crozier. It's the Young Doctor. I know his knock. Will you come and see him?"

The wife was trembling, she was very pale, her eyes were rather staring, but she fought to control herself. It was evident that Kitty expected her to do so. It was also quite certain that Kitty meant to settle things now, in so far as it could be done and in so far as the wife was concerned.

"He knows as much as you do?" asked Mrs. Crozier.

"He has not read the letter and I haven't told him what's in it; but he knows that I read it, and what he doesn't know he guesses. He is Mr. Crozier's honest, clever friend. I've got an idea—an invention to put this thing right. It's a good one. You'll see. But I want the Young Doctor to know about it. He never has to think twice. He knows what to do the very first time."

A moment later they were in the other room, with the Young Doctor smiling down at "the little spot of a woman," as he called Crozier's wife.

CHAPTER XIV

AWAITING THE VERDICT

"You look quite settled and at home," the Young Doctor remarked, as he offered Mrs. Crozier a chair.

She took it, for never in her life had she felt so small physically since coming to the great, new land. The islands where she was born were in themselves so miniature that the minds of their people, however small, were not made to feel insignificant. But her mind, which was, after all, vastly larger in proportion than the body enshrining it, felt suddenly that both were lost in a universe. Her impulse was to let go and sink into the helplessness of tears, to be overwhelmed by an unconquerable loneliness; but the Celtic courage in her,

added to that ancient native pride which prevents one woman from giving way before another woman towards whom she bears jealousy or a desire to dominate, prevented her from showing the weakness she felt. Instead, it roused her vanity and made her choose to sit down, so disguising perceptibly the disparity of height which certainly gave Kitty an advantage over her and made the Young Doctor like some menacing Polynesian god.

Both these people had an influence and authority in Mona Crozier's life which was infinitely greater than her fortune. Her fortune had not kept her husband beside her when her delicate and perfumed tyranny began to flutter its banners of control over him. Her fortune had driven Shiel Crozier forth when her beauty and her love ought to have kept him close to her, no matter what fate brought to their door, or what his misfortune or the catastrophe falling on him. It was all deeply humiliating, and the inward dejection made her now feel that her body was the last effort of a failing creative power. So she sat down instead of standing up in a vain effort at retrieval.

The Young Doctor sat down also, but Kitty did not, and she seemed Amazonian to Mona's eyes. It must be said for Kitty that she remained standing only because she felt she could not stay fixed to one spot. A restlessness seized her which did not exist when she was in Crozier's room with Mona. It was now as though something was going to happen which she must face standing; as though something was coming out of the unknown and forbidding future and was making itself felt before its time. Her eyes were almost painfully bright as she moved about the room doing little things. Presently she began to lay a cloth and place dishes silently on the table—long before the proper time, as her mother, with a chiding look, reminded her when she entered for a moment and then quickly passed on into the kitchen, at a warning glance from Kitty that the Young Doctor and Mona were not to be disturbed.

"Well, Askatoon is a place where one feels at home quickly," added the Young Doctor, as Mona did not at once respond to his first remark. "Every one who

comes here always feels as if he—or she—owns the place. It's the way the place is made. The trouble with most of us is that we want to put the feeling into practise and take possession of 'all and sundry.' Isn't that true, Miss Tynan?"

"As true as most things you say," retorted Kitty, as she flicked the white tablecloth. "If mother and I hadn't such wonderful good health I suppose you'd come often enough here to give you real possession. Do you know, Mrs. Crozier," she added, with her wistful eyes vainly trying to be merely mischievous, "he once charged me five dollars for torturing me like a red Indian. I had put my elbow out of joint, and he put it in again with his knee and both hands, as though it was the wheel of a wagon and he was trying to put on a tire."

"Well, you were running round soon after!" answered the incorrigible joker. "But as for the five dollars, I only took it to keep you quiet. So long as you had a grievance you would talk in spite of everything, and you never were so surprised as when I took that five dollars."

"I've taken care never to dislocate my elbow since."

"No, not your *elbow*!" remarked the Young Doctor dryly and meaningly, and turned to Mona, who had now regained her composure.

"I sha'n't call you in to reduce the dislocation—that's the medical term, isn't it?" persisted Kitty, with fire in her eyes.

"What is the dislocation?" asked Mona, with a subtle, inquiring look, but as socially as though in her own drawing-room.

The Young Doctor smiled. "It's only her way of saying that my mind is unhinged and that I ought to be sent to a private hospital for two."

"No—only one," returned Kitty.

"Marriage means common catastrophe, doesn't it?" he asked quizzically.

"Generally it means that one only is permanently injured," replied Kitty, lifting a tumbler and looking through it at him as though to see if the glass were properly polished.

Mona was mystified. At first she thought there had been oblique references to her husband, but these remarks about marriage would certainly exclude him.

Yet, would they exclude him? During the time in which Shiel's history was not known might there not have been—but no, it could not have been so, for it was Kitty who had sent the letter which had brought her to Askatoon.

"Are you going to be married—soon?" she asked of Kitty, with a friendly yet trembling smile, for her agitation was, after all, troubling every nerve.

"I've thought of it quite lately," responded Kitty calmly, seating herself now and looking straight into the eyes of the woman, who was suggesting more truth than she knew.

"May I congratulate you? Am I justified on such slight acquaintance? I am sure you have chosen wisely," was the smooth rejoinder.

Kitty did not shrink from looking Mona in the eyes. "I'm not ready to receive congratulations yet, and I'm not sure I've chosen wisely. Some of my family strongly disapprove. I can't help that, of course, and I may have to elope and take the consequences."

"It takes two to elope," interposed the Young Doctor, who thought that Kitty, in her humorous extravagance, was treading very dangerous ground indeed. He only thought of Crozier and Kitty; but Kitty was thinking of Crozier, but meaning John Sibley. Somehow she could not help playing with this torturing thing in the presence of the wife of the man who was the real "man in possession" so far as her life was concerned.

"But he is waiting on the door-step," replied Kitty daringly and referring only to John Sibley.

At that minute there was the crunch of gravel on the pathway and the sound of a quick footstep. Kitty and Mona were on their feet at once. Both recognized the step of Shiel Crozier. Presently the Young Doctor also recognized it, but in the presence of a situation so suddenly matured he rose with more deliberation.

At that instant a voice calling from the road arrested Crozier's steps to the open door of the room where they were. It was Jesse Bulrush asking a question. Crozier paused in his progress, and in the moment's time it gave, Kitty, with a swift look of inquiry and with a burst of the real soul

in her, caught the hand of Crozier's wife and gave it a swift pressure. Then, with a face flushed and eyes that determinedly looked straight ahead of her, she left the room as the Young Doctor advanced to the doorway and stepped outside. Within ten feet of the door he met Crozier.

"How goes it, patient?" he said, standing in Crozier's way. Being a man who thought much and wisely for other people, he wanted to give the wife time to gather herself together.

"Right enough in your sphere of operations," answered Crozier.

"And not so right in other fields, eh?"

"I've come back after a fruitless hunt. They've got me, the thieves!" said Crozier, with a look which gave his long face an almost tragic austerity. Then suddenly the look changed, the mediæval remoteness passed, and a thought flashed up into his eyes which made his expression alive with humor.

"Isn't it wonderful that just when a man feels he wants a rope to hang himself with, the rope isn't to be had?" he exclaimed. "Before he can lay his hands on it he wants to hang somebody else, and then he has to pause whether he will or no. Did I ever tell you the story of the old Irishwoman who lived down at Kenmare, in County Kerry? Well, she used to sit at her doorway and lament the sorrows of the world with a depth of passion that you'd think never could be assuaged. 'Oh, I fale so bad, I am so wake—oh, I do fale so bad,' she used to say. 'I wish some wan would take me by the ear and lade me round to the ould shebeen, and set me down, and fill a noggen of whisky and make me dhrink it—whether I would or no!' Whether I would or no I have to drink the cup of self-denial," Crozier continued, "though Bradley and his gang have closed every door against me here, and I've come back without what I went for at Aspen Vale, for my men were away. I've come back without what I went for, but I must just grin and bear it." He shrugged his shoulders and gave a great sigh.

"Perhaps you will find what you went for here," returned the Young Doctor meaningly.

"There's a lot here—enough to make a

man think life worth while"—inside the room the wife shrank at the words, for she could hear all—"but I'm not thinking the thing I went to look for is here just the same."

"You never know your luck," was the reply. "'Ask and you shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you'!"

The long face blazed up with humor again. "Do you mean that I haven't asked *you* yet?" Crozier remarked, with a quizzical look, which had still that faint hope against hope which is a painful thing for a good man's eyes to see.

The Young Doctor laid a hand on Crozier's arm. "No, I didn't mean that, patient. I'm in that state when every penny I have is out to keep me from getting a fall. I'm in that Starwhon coal mine down at Bethbridge, and it's like a suction-pump. I couldn't borrow a thousand dollars myself now—I can't, or I'd stand in with you, Crozier. No, I can't help you a bit; but step inside. There's a room in this house where you got back your life by the help of a knife. There's another room in there where you may get back your fortune by the help of a wife."

Stepping aside he gave the wondering Crozier a slight push forward into the doorway, then left him and hurried round to the back of the house, where he hoped he might see Kitty.

The Young Doctor found Kitty pumping water on a pail of potatoes and stirring them with a broom-handle.

"A most unscientific way of cleaning potatoes," he said, as Kitty did not look at him. "If you put them in a trough where the water could run off, the dirt would go with the water, and you wouldn't waste time and intelligence, and your fingers would be cleaner in the end."

The only reply Kitty made was to flick the broom-head at him. It had been dipped in water and the spray from it slightly spattered his face.

"Will you never grow up?" he exclaimed as he applied a handkerchief to his ruddy face.

"I'd like you so much better if you were younger—will you never be young?" she asked.

"It makes a man old before his time

to have to meet you day by day and live near you."

"Why don't you try living *with* me?" she retorted.

"Ah, then, you meant me when you said to Mrs. Crozier that you were going to be married? Wasn't that a bit 'momentary,' as my mother's cook used to remark. I think we haven't 'kept company'—you and I."

"It's true you haven't been a beau of mine—but I'd rather marry you than be obliged to live with you," was the paradoxical retort.

"You have me this time," he said, trying in vain to solve her reply.

Kitty tossed her head. "No, I haven't got you this time, thank Heaven, and I don't want you; but I'd rather marry you than live with you, as I said. Isn't it the custom for really nice-minded people to marry to get rid of each other—for five years, or for ever and ever and ever."

"What a girl you are, Kitty Tynan!" he said reprovingly. He saw that she meant Crozier and his wife.

Kitty ceased her work for an instant and, looking away from him into the distance, said: "Three people said those same words to me all in one day a thousand years ago. It was Mr. Crozier, Jesse Bulrush, and my mother; and now you've said it a thousand years after; as with your inexpensive education and slow mind you'd be sure to do."

"I have an idea that Mrs. Crozier said the same to you also this very day. Did she—come, did she?"

"She didn't say, 'What a girl you are,' but in her mind she probably did say, 'What a vixen you are!'"

The Young Doctor nodded satirically. "If you continued as you began when coming from the station, I'm sure she did; and also I'm sure it wasn't wrong of her to say it."

"I wanted her to say it. That's why I uttered the too, too utter-things, as the comic-opera says. What else was there to do? I had to help cure her."

"To cure her of what, miss?"

"To cure her of herself, doctor-man."

The Young Doctor's look became graver. He wondered greatly at this young girl's sage instinct and penetration.

"Of herself? Ah, yes, to think more of some one else than herself! That is—"

"Yes, that is love," Kitty answered, her head bent over the pail and stirring the potatoes hard.

"I suppose it is," he answered.

"I know it is," she returned.

"Is that why you are going to be married?" he asked quizzically.

"It will probably cure the man I marry of himself!" she retorted. "Oh, neither of us know what we are talking about—let's change the subject!" she added impatiently now, with a change of mood, as she poured the water off the potatoes.

There was a moment's silence in which they were both thinking of the same thing. "I wonder how it's all going inside there?" he remarked. "I hope all right, but I have my doubts."

"I haven't any doubt at all. It isn't going right," she answered ruefully; "but it has to be made go right."

"Whom do you think can do that?"

Kitty looked him frankly and decisively in the eyes. Her eyes had the look of a dreaming pietist for the moment. The deep-sea soul of her was awake. "I can do it if they don't break away altogether at once. I helped her more than you think. I told her I had opened that letter."

He gasped. "Miss Kitty Tynan—oh, my dear girl—that letter—you told her you had done such a thing, such—!"

"Don't *dear* girl me, if you please. I know what I am doing. I told her that and a great deal more. She won't leave this house the woman she was yesterday. She is having a quick cure—a cure while you wait."

"Perhaps he is cured of her," remarked the Young Doctor very gravely.

"No, no, the disease might have got headway, but it didn't," Kitty returned, her face turned away. "He became a little better; but he was never cured. That's the way with a man. He can never forget a woman he has once cared for, and he can go back to her half loving her; but it isn't the case with a woman. There's nothing so dead to a woman as a man when she's cured of him. The woman is never dead to the man, no matter what happens."

The Young Doctor regarded her with a strange, new interest and a puzzled surprise. "Sappho—Sappho, I wonder how it is you know these things," he exclaimed. "You are only a girl at best, or something of a boy-girl at worst, and yet you have, or think you have, got into those places which are reserved for the old-timers in life's game. You talk like an ancient dame."

Kitty smiled, though her eyes had a slumbering look as though she was half-dreaming. "That's the mistake most of you make—men and women. There's such a thing as instinct, and there's such a thing as keeping your eyes open."

"What did Mrs. Crozier say when you told her about opening that five-year-old letter? Did she hate you?"

Kitty nodded with wistful whimsicality. "For a minute she was like an industrious hornet. Then I made her see she wouldn't have been here at all if I hadn't opened it. That made her come down from her high horse, and she said that, considering my opportunities, I was not so much of an aboriginal after all."

"Now, look you, Sapphira, prospective wife of Ananias, she didn't say that, of course. Still it doesn't matter, does it? The point is, suppose he opens that letter now!"

"If he does, he'll probably not go with her. It was a letter that would send a man out with a scalping-knife. Still if Mr. Crozier had his land-deal through he might not read the letter as it really is. His brain wouldn't then be grasping what his eyes saw."

"He hasn't got his land-deal through. He told me so just now before he saw her."

"Then it's *ora pro nobis*—it's pray for us hard," rejoined Kitty sorrowfully. "Poor man from County Kerry!"

At that moment Mrs. Tynan came from the house, her face flushed, her manner slightly agitated. "John Sibley is here, Kitty—with two saddle-horses. He says you promised to ride with him to-day."

"I probably did," responded Kitty calmly. "It's a good day for riding, too. But John will have to wait. Please tell him to come back at six o'clock. There'll be plenty of time for an hour's ride before sundown."

"Are you lame, dear child?" asked her mother ironically. "Because if you're not, perhaps you'll be your own messenger. It's no way to treat a friend—or whatever you like to call him."

Kitty smiled tenderly at her mother. "Then would you mind telling him to come here, mother darling? I'm giving this doctor-man a prescription. Oh, please do what I ask you, mother! It is true about the prescription. It's not for himself; it's for the foreign people quarantined inside." She nodded towards the room where Shiel Crozier and his wife were shaping their fate.

As her mother disappeared with a gesture of impatience and the remark that she washed her hands of the whole Sibley business, the Young Doctor said to Kitty: "What is your prescription, Mademoiselle Sapphira? Suppose they come out of quarantine with a clean bill of health?"

"If they do that you needn't make up the prescription. But if Aspen Vale hasn't given him what he wanted, then Mr. Shiel Crozier will still be an exile from home and the angel in the house."

"What is the prescription? Out with your Sibylline leaves!"

"It's in that unopened letter. When the letter is opened you'll see it effervesces like a seidlitz powder."

"But suppose I am not here when the letter is opened?" he questioned.

"You must be here—you must. You'll stay now, if you please."

"I'm afraid I can't. I have patients waiting."

Kitty made an impetuous gesture of command. "There are two patients here who are at the crisis of their disease. You may be wanted to save a life any minute now."

"I thought that with your prescription you were to be the Esculapius."

"No, I'm only going to save the reputation of Esculapius by giving him a prescription got from a quack and given to a goose."

"Come, come, no names, slanderer. You are incorrigible. I believe you'd have your joke on your death-bed."

"I should if you were there. I should die laughing," Kitty retorted.

"There will be no death-bed for you,

miss. You'll be translated—no, that's not right—no one could translate you."

"God might—or a man I loved well enough not to marry him!"

There was a note of emotion in her laugh as she uttered the words. It did not escape the ear of the Young Doctor, who regarded her fixedly for a moment before he said: "I'm not sure that even He would be able to translate you. You speak your own language, and it's surely original. I am only just learning its alphabet. No one else speaks it. I have a fear that you'll be terribly lonely as you travel along the trail, Kitty Tynan."

A light of pleasure came into Kitty's eyes, though her face was a little drawn. "You really do think I'm original—that I'm myself and not like anybody else?" she asked him with a childlike eagerness.

"Almost more than any one I ever met," answered the Young Doctor gently; for he saw that she had her own great troubles, and he also saw now fully what this comedy or tragedy inside the house meant to her. "But you're terribly lonely—and that's why: because you are the only one of your kind."

"No, that's why I'm not going to be lonely," she said, nodding towards the corner of the house where John Sibley appeared.

Suddenly, with a gesture of confidence and almost of affection, she laid a hand on the Young Doctor's breast. "I've left the trail, doctor-man. I'm cutting across the prairie. Perhaps I shall reach camp and perhaps I sha'n't; but anyhow I'll know that I met one good man on the way. And I also saw a rest-house that I'd like to have stayed at; but the blinds were drawn and the door was locked."

There was a strange, eerie look in her face again as her eyes of soft umber dwelt on his for a moment; then she turned with a gay smile to John Sibley, who had seen her hand on the Young Doctor's chest without dismay; for the joy of Kitty was that she hid nothing, and, anyhow, the Young Doctor had a place of his own; and also, anyhow, Kitty did what she pleased. Once when she had visited the Coast the Governor had talked to her with great gusto and friendliness; and she had even gone so far as to touch his arm while,

chuckling at her whimsicality, he listened to a story she told him of life at the railroad. And the Governor had patted her fingers in quite a fatherly way—or not, as the mind of the observer saw it; while subsequently his secretary had written verses to her.

"So you've been gambling again—you've broken your promise to me," she said reprovingly to Sibley, but with that wonderful, wistful laughter in her eyes.

Sibley looked at her in astonishment. "Who told you?" he asked. It had only happened the night before, and it didn't seem possible she could know.

He was quite right. It wasn't possible she could know, and she didn't know. She only divined.

"I knew when you made the promise you couldn't keep it; that's why I forgive you now," she added. "Knowing what I did about you, I oughtn't to have let you make it."

The Young Doctor saw in her words a meaning that John Sibley could never have guessed or understood, for it was a part of the story of Crozier's life reproduced—and with what a different ending!

CHAPTER XV

"MALE AND FEMALE CREATED HE THEM"

WHEN Crozier stepped out of the bright sunlight into the shady living-room of the Tynan home, his eyes were clouded by the memory of his conference with Studd Bradley and his financial associates, and by the desolate feeling that the five years since he had left England had brought him nothing—nothing at all except a new manhood. But that he did not count an asset, because he had not himself taken account of this new capital. He had never been a vain or an introspective man in the philosophic sense, and he never had thought that he was of much account. He had lived long on his luck, and nothing had come of it—"nothing at all, at all," as he said to himself when he stepped inside the room where, unknown to him, his wife awaited him. So abstracted was he, so disturbed was his gaze (fixed on the inner thing) that he did not see the figure in blue and white over against the wall, her

hand on the big armchair once belonging to Tyndall Tynan, and now used always by Shiel Crozier, "the white-haired boy of the Tynan sanatorium," as Jesse Bulrush had called him.

There was a strange timidity, and a fear not so strange, in Mona's eyes as she saw her husband enter with that quick step which she had so longingly remembered after he had fled from her; but of which she had taken less account when he was with her at Lammis long ago—when Crozier of Lammis was with her long ago. How tall and shapely he was! How large he loomed with the light behind him! How shadowed his face and how distant the look in his eyes!

Somehow the room seemed too small for him, and yet he had lived in this very house for four years and more, he had slept in the next room all that time, had eaten at this table and sat in this very chair—Mrs. Tynan had told her that—for this long time, like the master of a household. With that far-away, brooding look in his face, he seemed in one sense as distant from her as when she was in London in those dreary, desolate years with no knowledge of his whereabouts, a widow in every sense save one; but in her acts—that had to be said for her—a wife always and not a widow. She had not turned elsewhere, though there had been temptation enough to do so.

Crozier advanced to the centre of the room, even to the table laid for dinner, before he was conscious of some one in the room, of a figure by the chair. For a moment he stood still, startled as though he had seen a vision, and his sight became blurred. When it cleared, Mona was a step nearer to him, and then he saw her clearly, and he caught his breath as though life had burst upon him with some staggering revelation. If she had been a woman of genius, as in her way Kitty Tynan was, she would have spoken before he had a chance to do so. Instead, she wished to see how he would greet her, to hear what he would say. She was afraid of him now. It was not her gift to do the right thing by perfect instinct; she had to think things out; and so she did now. But it has to be said for her that she also had a strange, deep sense of apprehension and anxiety in

the presence of the man whose arms had held her fast, and then let her go for so bitter a length of time, in which her pride was lacerated and her heart brought low. She did not know how she was going to be met now, and a womanly shyness held her back. If she had said one word—his name only—it might have made a world of difference to them both at that moment; for he was tortured by failure, and at the moment when hope was gone, here was the woman whom he had left in order to force gifts from fate to bring himself back to her.

"You—you here!" he exclaimed hoarsely. He did not open his arms to her or go a step nearer to her. The look on his face was that of blank amazement, of confusion, of mingled memory and stark realization. This was a turn of affairs for which he had made no calculation. There had ever been the question of his return to her, but never of her coming to him. Yet here she was *débonnaire* and fresh and perfectly appointed—and ah, so terribly neat and spectacularly finessed! Here she was with all that expert formality which, in the old days, had been a reproach to his loosely-swung life and person, to his careless, almost slovenly but well-brushed, cleanly and polished ease—not like his wife, as though he had been poured out of a mould and set up to dry. He was not tailor-made, and she had even been so exact that it was as though she had been crystallized, clothes and all—a perfect crystal, yet a crystal. It was this very perfection, so charming to see, but in a sense so inhuman, which had ever dismayed him. "What should I be doing in the home of an angel!" he had exclaimed to himself in the old home at Lammis.

Truth is, he ought never to have had such a feeling, and he would not have had it, if she had diffused the radiance of love, which would have made her outer perfectness mere slovenliness beside her inner charm and magnetism. Very little of all this passed through Crozier's mind, as with confused vision he looked at her. He had borne the ordeal of the witness-box in the Logan Trial with superb coolness; he had been in physical danger over and over again, and had kept his head; he had never been faced by a human being who embarrassed him—except his own wife!

"There is no fear like that of one's own wife," was the saying of an ancient philosopher, and Crozier had proved it true; not because of errors committed, but because he was as sensitive as a girl of sensibility; because he felt that his wife did not understand him, and he was ever in fear



"YOU—YOU HERE, MONA!" HE EXCLAIMED
HOARSELY

of doing the wrong thing, while eager beyond telling to please her. After all, during the past five years, parted from her while loving her, there had still been a feeling of relief unexplainable to himself in not having to think whether he was pleasing her or not, or to reproach himself constantly that he was failing to conform to her standard.

"How did you come—why? How did you know?" he asked helplessly, as she made no motion to come nearer, as she kept looking at him with an expression in her eyes wholly unfamiliar to him—yet not wholly unfamiliar, for it appeared to be-

long somehow to the days when he courted her, when she seemed to have got nearer to him than in the more intimate relations of married life.

"Is—is that all you have to say to me, Shiel?" she asked, with a swelling note of feeling in her voice; while there was also emerging in her look elusive pride which might quickly become sharp indignation. That her deserter should greet her so after five years of such offense to a woman's pride, as might entitle her to become a rebel against man and matrimony, was too cruel to be borne. This feeling suddenly became alive in her, in spite of a joy in her heart different from that which she had ever known; in defiance of the fact that now that they were together once more, what would she not do to prevent their being driven apart again!

"After abandoning me for five years, is that all you have to say to me, Shiel? After I have suffered before the world—"

He threw up his arms with a passionate gesture. "The world," he exclaimed—"the devil take the world! I've been out of it for five years, and well out of it. What do I care for the world!"

She drew herself up in a spirit of defense. "It isn't what you care for the world, but I had to live in it—alone, and because I was alone, I was sneered at. It has been easy enough for you—you were where no one knew you. You had your freedom"—she advanced to the table and, as though unconsciously, he did the same, and they gazed at each other over the white linen and its furnishings—"and no one was saying that your wife had left you for this or that, because of her bad conduct or of yours. Either way it was not what was fair and just; yet I had to bear and suffer, not you. There is no pain like it. There I was in misery and—"

A bitter smile came to his lips. "A woman can endure a good deal when she has all life's luxuries in her grasp. Did you ever think, Mona, that a man must suffer as much as can be endured when he goes out into a world where he knows no one, penniless, with no trade, no profession, nothing except his own helpless self? He might have stayed behind among the luxuries that belonged to another, and eaten from the hand of his wife's charity,

but" (all the pride and pain of the old situation rose up in him, impelled by the brooding of the years of separation, heightened by the fact that he was no nearer to his goal of financial independence of her than he was when he left London five years before) "why, do you think, no matter what I've done, broken a pledge or not, been in the wrong a thousand times as much as I was, that I'd be fed by the hand of one to whom I had given a pledge and broken it? Do you think that I'd give her the chance to say aloud or to herself, day by day, 'I forgive you; I will give you your food and clothes and board and bed, but if you are not good in the future, I will be very, very angry with you.' Do you think—?"

His face was flaming now. The pent-up-flood of remorse and resentment and pride and love—the love that tore itself in pieces because it had not the pride and self-respect which independence as to money gives—broke forth in him, fresh as he was from a brutal interview with the gang whom he had given the chance to make much money, and who were now, for a few thousand dollars, trying to cudgel him out of his one opportunity to regain a lost place in his lost world.

"I live—I live like this," he continued, with a gesture that embraced the room where they were, "and I have one room to myself where I have lived over four years"—he pointed to it. "Do you think I would choose this and all it means, its poverty and its crudeness, its distance from all I ever had and all my people had, if I could have stood the other thing—a pauper taking pennies from his own wife? I had had taste enough of it while I had a little something left; but when I lost everything on Flamingo, and I was a beggar, I knew I could not stand the whole thing. I could not, would not, go under the poor-law and accept you, with the lash of a broken pledge in your hand, as my guardian. So that's why I left, and that's why I stay here, and that's why I'm going to stay here, Mona."

He looked at her firmly, though his face had that illumination which the spirit in his eyes—the Celtic fire drawn through the veins of his ancestors gave to all he did and felt; and now as in a dream he saw

little things in her he had never seen before. He saw that a little strand of her beautiful dark hair had broken away from its ordered place and hung prettily against the rosy, fevered skin of her cheek just beside her ear. He saw that there were no rings on her fingers save one, and that was her wedding-ring—and she had always been fond of wearing rings! He noted involuntarily that in her agitation the white tulle at her breast had been disturbed into pretty disarray, and that there was neither brooch nor necklace at her breast or throat.

"If you stay, I am going to stay, too," she declared in an even yet almost passionate voice, and she spoke with deliberation and a look which left no way open to doubt. She was now a valiant little figure making a fight for happiness.

"I can't prevent that," he responded stubbornly.

She made a quick, appealing motion of her hands. "Would you prevent it? Aren't you glad to see me? Don't you love me any more? You used to love me. In spite of all, you used to love me. Even though you hated my money and I hated your gambling—your betting on horses. You used to love me—I was sure you did then. Don't you love me now, Shiel?"

A gloomy look passed over his face. Memory of other days was admonishing him. "What is the good of one loving when the other doesn't? And, anyhow, I made up my mind five years ago that I would not live on my wife. I haven't done so, and I don't mean to do so. I don't mean to take a penny of your money. I should curse it to damnation if I was living on it. I'm not, and I don't mean to do so."

"Then I'll stay here and work, too, without it," she urged, with a light in her eyes which they had never known.

He laughed mirthlessly. "What could you do?—you never did a day's work in your life!"

"You could teach me how to work, Shiel."

His jaw jerked in a way it had when he was incredulous. "You used to say I was only—mark you, *only* a dreamer and a sportsman. Well, I'm no longer a dreamer and a sportsman; I'm a practical man.

I've done with dreaming and sportsmanship. I can look at a situation as it is, and—"

"You are dreaming—but yes, you are dreaming still," she interjected. "And you are a sportsman still, but it is the sport of a dreamer, and a mad dreamer, too. Shiel, in spite of all my faults in the past, I come to you, to stay with you, to live on what you earn if you like, if it's only a loaf of bread a day. I—I don't care about my money. I don't care about the luxuries which money can buy; I can do without them if I have you. Am I not to stay, and won't you—won't you kiss me, Shiel?"

She came close to him—came round the table till she stood within a few feet of him.

There was one trembling instant when he would have taken her hungrily into his arms, but as though some evil spirit interposed with malign purpose, there came the sound of feet on the gravel outside, and the figure of a man darkened the doorway. It was Augustus Burlingame, whose face as he saw Mona Crozier took on an ironical smile.

"Yes—what do you want?" inquired Crozier quietly.

"A few words with Mr. Crozier on business, if he's not too much occupied?"

"What business?"

"I am acting for Messrs. Bradley, Willingden, Baxter, and Simmons."

The cloud darkened on Crozier's face. His lips tightened, his face hardened. "I will see you in a moment—wait outside, please," he added, as Burlingame made as though to step inside. "Wait at the gate," he added quietly, but with undisguised antipathy.

The moment of moments for Mona and himself had passed. All the bitterness of defeat was on him again. All the humiliation of undeserved failure to accomplish what had been the dear desire of five years bore down his spirit now. Suddenly he had a suspicion that his wife had received information of his whereabouts from this very man, Burlingame. Had not the Young Doctor said that Burlingame had written to lawyers in the old land to get information concerning him? Was it not more than likely that he had given his

wife the knowledge which had brought her here?

When Burlingame had disappeared he turned to Mona. "Who told you I was here? Who wrote to you?" he asked darkly. The light had died away from his face. It was ascetic in its lonely gravity now.

"Your doctor cabled to Castlegarry and Miss Tynan wrote to me."

A faint flush spread over Crozier's face. "How did Miss Tynan know where to write?"

Mona had told the truth at once because she felt it was the only way. Now, however, she was in a position where she must either tell him that Kitty had opened that still sealed letter from herself to him which he had carried all these years; or else tell him an untruth. She had no right to tell him what Kitty had told her. There was no other way save to lie.

"How should I know? It was enough for me to get her letter," she replied.

"At Castlegarry?"

What was there to do? She must keep faith with Kitty, who had given her this sight of her husband again.

"Forwarded from Lammis," she said.

"It reached me before the doctor's cable."

So it was Kitty—Kitty Tynan—who had brought his wife to this new home from which he had been trying so hard to get back to the old home. Kitty—Kitty, the angel of the house!

"You wrote me a letter which drove me from home," he said heavily.

"No—no—no," she protested. "It was not that. I know it was not that. It was my money—it was that which drove you away. You have just said so."

"You wrote me a hateful letter," he persisted. "You didn't want to see me. You sent it to me by your kind, sweet young brother!"

Her eyes flashed. "My letter did not drive you away. It couldn't have. You went because you did not love me—that and my money—not the letter, not the letter."

Somehow she had a curious feeling that the very letter which contained her bitter and hateful reproaches might save her yet. The fact that he had not opened it—well, she must see Kitty again. Her husband

was in a dark mood. She must wait. She knew that her fortunate moment had passed when the rogue Burlingame appeared. She must wait for another.

"Shall I go now? You want to see that man outside. Shall I go, Shiel?" She was very pale now, very quiet, steady, and gentle.

"I must hear what that fellow has to say. It is business—important," he replied. "It may mean—anything—everything, or nothing."

As she left the room he had an impulse to call her back, but he conquered it.

CHAPTER XVI

"'Twas FOR YOUR PLEASURE YOU CAME
HERE, YOU SHALL GO BACK FOR MINE"

FOR a moment Crozier stood looking at the closed doorway through which Mona had gone, with a look of repentant affection in his eyes; but as the thought of his own helpless insolvency and broken hopes flashed across his mind, a look of dark and harassed reflection shadowed his face. He turned to the front doorway with a savage gesture. The mutilated dignity of his manhood, the broken pride of a lifetime, the bitterness in his heart need not be held in check in dealing with the man who waited to give him a last thrust of enmity.

He left the house. Burlingame was seated on the stump of a tree which had been made into a seat.

"Come to my room if you have business with me," Crozier said sharply.

As they went Crozier swung aside from the front door toward the corner of the house.

"The back way?" asked Burlingame with a sneer.

"You ought to feel that familiar," was the smarting reply. "In any case, you are not welcome in Mrs. Tynan's part of the house. My room is my own, and I should prefer you within four walls while we do our business."

Burlingame's face changed color slightly, for the tone of Crozier's voice, the grimness of his manner, suggested an abnormal condition. Burlingame was not a brave man physically. He had never lived the outdoor life, though he had lived so much

among outdoor people. He was that rare thing in a new land, a decadent, a connoisseur in vice, a lover of opium and morphia and of liquor. He was young enough yet not to be incapacitated by it. His face and hands were white and a little flabby, and he wore his hair rather long, which, it is said, accounts for much weakness in some men, on the assumption that long hair wastes the strength! But Burlingame quickly remembered the attitude of the lady—Crozier's wife, he was certain—and her husband in the dining-room a few moments before, and to his suspicious eyes it was not characteristic of a happy family party. No doubt this grimness of Crozier was due to domestic trouble and not wholly to his own presence. Still, he felt softly for the tiny pistol he always carried in his big waistcoat-pocket, and it comforted him.

Beyond the corner of the house Crozier paused and took a key from his pocket. It opened a side-door to his own room, seldom used, since it was always so pleasant in this happy home to go through the main living-room, which every one liked so much that, though it was not the dining-room, it was constantly used as such, and though it was not the parlor, it was also its constant substitute. Opening the door Crozier stepped aside to let Burlingame pass. It was over two years since Burlingame had been in this room, and then it had been without invitation. His inquisitiveness had led him to enter it in the old days when he lived in the house—before he was ejected from it.

Entering now, he gave it quick scrutiny. It was clear that he was looking for something in particular. He was, in fact, looking for signs of its occupancy by another than Shiel Crozier—tokens of a woman's presence. There was, however, no sign at all of a woman's presence, though there were signs of a woman's care and attention in a number of little things—homelike, solicitous, perhaps affectionate care and attention. Certainly the spotless pillows, the pretty curtains, the pincushion, and charmingly valanced bed and shelves, cheap though the material was, showed a woman's very friendly care. When he lived in that house there were no such little attentions paid to him! It was his experience that where such attentions went other

things accompanied them. A sensualist himself, it was not conceivable to him that men and women could be under the same roof without "passages of sympathetic friendship and tokens of affinity"—that was a phrase which he had often used when pursuing his own sort of happiness.

His swift scrutiny of the room showed that Crozier's wife had no habitation here, and that gave him his cue for what the French call "the reconstruction of the crime." It certainly was clear that, as he had suggested at the Logan Trial, there was serious trouble in the Crozier family of two, and the offender must naturally be the man who had flown, not the woman who had stayed. Here was the logic of facts.

His suggestive glance, the look in his face, did not escape the eye of Crozier, who read it all aright; and a primitive expression of natural antipathy passed across his medieval face, making it almost inquisitorial in its dominant effect.

"Will you wish to sit?" he said, however, with the courtesy he could never avoid; and he pointed to a chair beside the little table in the centre of the room.

As Burlingame sat down he noticed on the table a crumpled handkerchief. It had lettering in the corner. He spread it out slightly with his fingers, as though abstractedly thinking of what he was about to say. The initial in the corner was K. Kitty had left it on the table while she was talking to Mrs. Crozier a half-hour before. No matter what Burlingame actually thought or believed, he could not now resist picking up the handkerchief and looking at it with a mocking smile. It was too good a chance to miss. He still hugged to his evil heart the humiliating remembrance of his expulsion from this house, the share which Crozier had had in it, and the things which Crozier had said to him then. He had his Crozier now between the upper and the nether mill-stones, and he meant to grind him to the flour of utter abasement. It was clear that the arrival of Mrs. Crozier had brought him no relief, for Crozier's face was not that of a man who had found and opened a casket of good fortune.

"Rather 'dangerous' that, in the bedroom of a family man!" he said, picking

up the handkerchief and looking suggestively from the lettering in the corner to Crozier. He laid it down again, smiling detestably.

Crozier calmly picked up the handkerchief, saw the lettering, then went quietly to the door of the room and called Mrs. Tynan's name once or twice. Presently she appeared. Crozier beckoned her into the room. When she entered he closed the door behind her.

"Mrs. Tynan," he said, "this fellow found your daughter's handkerchief on my table, and he has said regarding it, 'Rather dangerous that, in the bedroom of a family man.' What would you like me to do with him?"

Mrs. Tynan walked up to Burlingame with the look of a woman of the Commune and said: "If I had a son I would disown him if he didn't mangle you till your wife would never know you again, you loathsome thing. There isn't a man or woman in Askatoon who would believe your sickening slanders, for every one knows what you are. How dare you enter this house? If the men of Askatoon had any manhood in them they would tar-and-feather you. My girl is as good as any girl that ever lived, and you know it. Now go out of here—now!"

Crozier intervened quietly. "Mrs. Tynan, I asked him in here because it is my room. I have some business with him. When it is over, then he shall go, and we will fumigate the place. Regarding the tar-and-feathers, you might leave that to me. I think I can arrange it."

"I'll turn the hose on him as he goes out, if you don't mind," the irate mother exclaimed as she left the room.

Crozier nodded. "Well, that would be appropriate, Mrs. Tynan, but it wouldn't cleanse him. He is the original leopard whose spots are there for all time."

By this time Burlingame was on his feet, and a look of craft and fear and ugly meaning was in his face. Morally he was a coward, physically he was a coward, but he had in his pocket a weapon which gave him a feeling of superiority in the situation, and after a night of extreme self-indulgence, he was in a state of irritation of the nerves which gave him what the searchers after excuses for ungoverned in-

instincts and acts call "brain-storms." He had always had sense enough to know that his amorous escapades would get him into trouble one day, and he had always carried the little pistol which was now so convenient to his hand. It gave him a fictitious courage which he would not have had unarmed against almost any man—or woman—in Askatoon.

Take out of your pocket the pistol you carry and give it to me," Crozier growled. "You are not to be trusted. The habit of thinking you would shoot somebody sometime—somebody you had injured—might become too much for you to-day, and then I should have to kill you, and for your wife's sake I don't want to do that. I always feel sorry for a woman with a



"PUT IT IN MY HAND," INSISTED CROZIER

"You get a woman to do your fighting for you," he said hatefully. "You have to drag her in. It was you I meant to challenge, not the poor girl young enough to be your daughter." His hand went to his waistcoat pocket. Crozier saw and understood.

Suddenly Crozier's eyes blazed. The abnormal in him—the Celtic strain always at variance with the normal, an almost ultra-natural attendant of it—awoke like a storm in the tropics. His face became transformed, alive with a passion uncanny in its recklessness and purpose. It was a brain-storm indeed, but it had behind it a normal power, a moral force which was not to be resisted.

"None of your sickly melodrama here.

husband like you. You could never shoot me. You couldn't be quick enough, but you might try. Then I should end you, and there'd be another trial; but the lawyer who defended me would not have to cross-examine any witness about your character. It is too well known, Burlingame. Out with it—the pistol!" he added, standing menacingly over the cowardly lawyer.

In a kind of stupor under the storm that was breaking above him Burlingame slowly drew out of a capacious waistcoat-pocket his tiny but powerful pistol of the most modern make.

"Put it in my hand," insisted Crozier, his eyes on the other's.

The flabby hand laid the weapon in

Crozier's lean and strenuous fingers. Crozier calmly withdrew the cartridges and then tossed the weapon back on the table.

"Now we have equality of opportunity," he remarked quietly. "If you think you would like to repeat any slander you have uttered, do it now; and in a moment or two Mrs. Tynan can turn the hose on the floor of this room."

"I want to get to business," said Burlingame sullenly, as he took from his pocket a paper.

Crozier nodded. "I can imagine your haste," he remarked. "You need all the fees you can get to pay Belle Bingley's bills."

Burlingame did not wince. He made no reply to the challenge that he was the chief supporter of a certain wanton thereabouts.

"The time for your option to take ten thousand dollars' worth of shares in the syndicate is up," he said; "and I am instructed to inform you that Messrs. Bradley, Willingden, Baxter & Simmons propose to take over your unpaid shares and to complete the transaction without you."

"Who informed Messrs. Bradley, Willingden, Baxter & Simmons that I am not prepared to pay my share?" asked Crozier sharply.

"The time is up," surlily replied Burlingame. "It is assumed you can't take up your shares, and that you don't want to do so. The time is up," he added emphatically, and he tapped the paper spread before him on the table.

Crozier's eyes half closed in an access of stubbornness and hatred. "You are not to assume anything whatever," he declared. "You are to accommodate yourself to actual facts. The time is not up. It is not up till midnight, and any action taken to-day on any other assumption will give grounds for damages."

Crozier spoke without passion and with a cold-blooded insistence not lost on Burlingame. Taking down a calendar from the wall, he laid it beside the paper on the table before the too eager lawyer. "Examine the dates," he said. "At twelve o'clock to-night Messrs. Bradley, Willingden, Baxter & Simmons are free to act, if the money is not at the disposal of the

syndicate by then; but till then my option is indefeasible. Does that meet the case or not?"

"It meets the case," said Burlingame in a morose voice, rising. "If you can produce the money before the stroke of midnight, why can't you produce it now? What's the good of bluffing! It can do no good in the end. Your credit—"

"My credit has been stopped by your friends," interrupted Crozier, "but my resources are not."

"Midnight is not far off," viciously remarked Burlingame as he made for the door.

Crozier intercepted him. "One word with you on a more difficult business before you go," he said. "The tar-and-feathers for which Mrs. Tynan asks will be yours at any moment that I raise my hand in Askatoon. There are enough women alone who would do it."

"Talk of that after midnight," sneered Burlingame desperately as the door was opened for him by Crozier.

"You had better not go out by the front gate," remarked Crozier scornfully. "Mrs. Tynan is a woman of her word, and the hose is handy."

A moment later, with contemptuous satisfaction, he saw Burlingame climb the picket-fence at the side of the house.

Turning back into the room he threw up his arms. "Midnight—midnight—my God, where am I to get the money! I must—I must have it. I'll never, never take it from *her*. I'll fight it through alone. It's the only way back."

Sitting down at the table he dropped his head into his hands and shut his eyes in utter dejection.

"Mona—by Heaven, no!" he said once, and clenched his hands at his temples and sat on and on unmoving.

CHAPTER XVII

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT?

For a full half hour Crozier sat buried in dark reflection, then he slowly raised his head, and for a minute looked round dazedly. His absorption had been so great that for a moment he was like one who had awakened upon unfamiliar things.

As when in a dream of the night the history of a year will flash past like a ray of light, so for the bad half hour in which Crozier had given himself up to despair, his mind had travelled through an incongruous series of incidents of his past life, and had also revealed pictures of solution after solution of his present troubles.

He had that gift of visualization which makes life an endless procession of pictures which allure, or which wear the nature into premature old age. The last picture flashing before his eyes, as he sat there alone, was of himself and his elder brother, Garnett, now master of Castlegarry, racing ponies to reach the lodges before they closed for the night, after a day of disobedience and truancy. He remembered how Garnett had given him the better pony of the two, so that the younger brother, who would be more heavily punished if they were locked out, should have the better chance. And Garnett, if odd in manner and character, had always been a true sportsman though not a lover of sport.

If—if—why had he never thought of Garnett? Garnett could help him and he would do so. He would let Garnett stand in with him—take one-third of the profits in the syndicate. Yes, he must ask Garnett to see him through. Then it was that he lifted his head from his hands, and his mind awakened out of a dream as real as though he had actually been asleep. Garnett—alas! Garnett was thousands of miles away, and he had not heard from him for five years. Still, he knew the master of Castlegarry was alive, for he had seen him mentioned in a chance number of *The Morning Post* lately come to his hands. What avail! Garnett was at Castlegarry, and at midnight his chance of fortune and a new life would be gone. Then, penniless, he would have to face Mona again; and what would come of that he could not see, would not try to see. There was an alternative he would not attempt to face until after midnight, when this crisis in his life would be over. Beyond midnight was a darkness which he would not now try to pierce. As his eyes again became accommodated to his surroundings a look of determination, the determination of the true fatalist, the true

gambler, came into his face. The real gambler never gives in till all is gone; never gives up till after the last throw of the last penny of cash or credit; for he has seen such innumerable times the thing come right and good fortune extend a friendly hand with the last throw of all.

Suddenly he remembered—saw—a scene in the gambling rooms at Monte Carlo on the only visit he had ever paid to the place. He had played constantly, and had won each day more or less. Then his fortune turned and he lost and lost each day. At last, one evening, he walked up to a table and said to the croupier: "When was zero up last?" The croupier answered, "Not for an hour." Forthwith he began to put money on zero and on nothing else. For two hours he put money at each turn of the wheel on zero. For two hours he lost. Increasing his stake, which had begun at five francs and had risen at length to five louis, he still coaxed the unresponsive zero. Finally midnight came, and he was the only person playing at the table. All others had gone or had ceased to play. These stayed to watch the "mad Inglesi," as a foreigner called him, knocking his head against the footstool of an unresponsive god of chance. The croupiers watched also with somewhat disdainful, somewhat pitying interest, this last representative of a class who have an insane notion that the law of chances is in their favor if they can stick it out long enough. And how often had they seen the stubborn challenger of a black demon, who would not appear according to the law of chances, leave the table ruined forever.

Smiling, Crozier had played on till he had but thirty louis left. Counting them over with a cheerful exactness, he rose up, lit a cigarette, placed the thirty louis on zero with a cynical precision, and with a gay smile kissed his hand to the refractory Nothing and said, "You've got it all, Zero—*bon soir! Bon soir, Zero!*" Then he had buttoned his coat and turned away to seek the cooler air of the Mediterranean. He had gone but a step or two, his head half-playfully turned to the table where the dwindling onlookers stood watching the wheel spin round, when suddenly he heard the croupier cry, "Zero!"

Smilingly he came back to the table and picked up the thousand and more louis he had won—won by his last throw and with his last available coin.

As the scene passed before him now he got to his feet and, with that look of the visionary in his eyes, which those only know who have watched the born gamester, said, "I'll back my hand till the last throw!"

Then it was, as his eyes gazed in front of him dreamily, he saw the card on his mirror bearing the words, "Courage, soldier!"

With a deepening flame in his eyes he went over and gazed at it long. At length he reached out and touched the writing with a caressing finger.

"Kitty—Kitty, how great you are!" he said. Then as he turned to the outer door a softness came into his face, stole up into his brilliant eyes and dimmed them with a tear. "What a hand to hold in the dark—the dark of life!" he said aloud. "Courage, soldier," he added as he opened the door by which he had entered, through which Burlingame had gone, and strode away towards the town of Askatoot, feeling somehow in his heart that before midnight his luck would turn.

From the dining-room Kitty had watched him go. "Courage, soldier!" she whispered after him, and she laughed; but almost immediately she threw her head up with a gasping sigh, and when it was lowered again two tears were stealing down her cheeks.

With an effort she conquered herself, wiped away the tears, and said aloud with a whimsical but none the less pitiful self-reproach, "Kitty—Kitty Tynan, what a fool you are!"

Entering the room Crozier had left, she went to the desk with the green-baize top, opened it, and took out the fateful letter which Mona Crozier had written to her husband five years ago. Putting it into her pocket she returned to the dining-room. She stood there for a moment with her chin in her hands and deep reflection in her eyes, and then, going to the door of her mother's sitting-room, she opened it and beckoned. A moment later Mrs. Crozier and the Young Doctor entered the

dining-room and sat down at a motion from her. Presently she said:

"Mrs. Crozier, I have here the letter your husband received from you five years ago in London."

Mrs. Crozier flushed. She had been masterful by nature, and she had had her way very much in life. To be dominated in the most intimate things of her life by this girl was not easy to be borne; but she realized that Kitty had been a friend indeed, even if not obviously conventional. In response to Kitty's remark now she inclined her head.

"Well, you have told us that you and your husband haven't made it up. That is so, isn't it?" Kitty continued.

"If you wish to put it that way," answered Mona, stiffening a little in spite of herself.

"Pr'aps I don't put it very well, but it is the stony fact, isn't it, Mrs. Crozier?"

Mona hesitated a moment, then answered: "He is very upset concerning the land syndicate, and he has a quixotic idea that he cannot take money from me to help him carry it through."

"I don't quite know what quixotic means," rejoined Kitty dryly. "If it wasn't understood while you lived together that what was one's was the other's, that it was all in one purse, and that you shut your eyes to the name on the purse and took it as you wanted, I don't see how you could expect him, after your five years' desertion, to take money from you now."

"My five years' desertion!" exclaimed Mona. Surely this girl was more than reckless in her talk.

Kitty was not to be put down. "If you don't mind plain speaking, he was always with you, but you weren't always with him in those days. This letter showed that." She tapped it on her thumb-nail. "It was only when he had gone and you saw what you had lost, that you came back to him—in heart, I mean. Well, if you didn't go away with him when he went, and you wouldn't have gone unless he had ordered you to go—and he wouldn't do that—it's clear you deserted him, since you did that which drove him from home, and you stayed there instead of going with him. I've worked it out,

and it is certain you deserted him five years ago. Desertion doesn't mean a sea of water between, it means an ocean of self-will and love-me-first between. If you hadn't deserted him, as this letter shows, he wouldn't have been here. I expect he told you so, and if he did, what did you say to him?"

The Young Doctor's eyes were full of decorous mirth and apprehension, for such logic and such impudence as Kitty's was like none he had ever heard. Yet it was commanding, too.

Kitty caught the look in his eyes and blazed up. "Isn't what I said correct? Isn't it all true and logical? And if it is why do you sit there looking so superior?"

The Young Doctor made a gesture of mock and deprecating apology. "It's all true, and it's logical, too, if you stand on your head when you think it. But whether it is logical or not, it is your conclusion, and as you've taken the thing in hand to set it right, it is up to you now. We can only hold hard and wait."

With a shrug of her graceful shoulders, Kitty turned again to Mrs. Crozier, who intervened hastily, saying: "I did not have a chance of saying to him all I wished. Of course he could not take my money, but there was his own money! I was going to tell him about that, but just then the lawyer, Mr. Burlingame—"

"They all call him 'Gus' Burlingame. He doesn't get the civility of *Mr.* here in Askatoon," interposed Kitty.

Mona made an impatient gesture. "If you will listen, I want to tell you about Mr. Crozier's money. He thinks he has no money, but he has. He has a good deal."

She paused, and the Young Doctor and Kitty leaned forward eagerly. "Well, but go on," said Kitty. "If he has money he must have it to-day, and now. Certainly he doesn't know of it. He thinks he is broke—dead broke—and there'd be a hundred and fifty thousand dollars for him if he could put up ten thousand dollars to-night. If I were you I wouldn't hide it from him any longer."

Mona got to her feet in anger. "If you would give me a chance to explain, I would do so," she said, her lips trembling. "Unfortunately, I am in your hands, but

please give me credit for some intelligence—and some heart. In any case I shall not be bullied."

The Young Doctor almost laughed outright, despite the danger of the situation. He was not prepared for Kitty's reply and the impulsive act that marched with it. In an instant Kitty had caught Mona Crozier's hand and pressed it warmly. "I was only doing what I've seen lawyers do," she said eagerly. "I've got something that I want you to do, and I've been trying to work up to it. That's all. I'm not as mean and bad-mannered as you think me. I really do care what happens to him—to you both," she hastened to add.

Struggling to keep back her tears, and in a low voice Mona rejoined: "I meant to have told him what I'm going to tell you now. I couldn't say anything about the money belonging to him till I had told him how it came to be his."

After a moment's pause she continued: "He told you all about the race which Flamingo lost, and about that letter." She pointed to the letter which Kitty still carried in her hand. "Well, that letter was written under the sting of bitter disappointment. I was vain. I was young. I did not understand as I do now. If you were not such good friends—of his—I could not tell you this. It seemed to me that by breaking his pledge he showed he did not care for me; that he thought he could break a sacred pledge to me, and it didn't matter. I thought it was treating me lightly—to do it so soon after the pledge was given. I was irritated, angry. I felt we weren't as we might be, and I felt, too, that I must be at fault; but I was so proud that I didn't want to admit it, I suppose, when he did give me a grievance. It was all so mixed. I was shocked at his breaking his pledge, I was so vexed that our marriage hadn't been the success it might have been; and I think I was a little mad."

"That is not the monopoly of only one of your sex," interposed the Young Doctor dryly. "If I were you I wouldn't apologize for it. You speak to a sister in like distress."

Kitty's eyes flamed up, but she turned her head, as though some licensed libertine of speech had had his say, and looked

with friendly eyes at Mona. "Yes, yes—please go on," she urged.

"When I wrote that letter I had forgotten what I had done the day before the race. I had gone into my husband's room to find some things I needed from the drawer of his dressing-table; and far at the back of a drawer I found a crumpled-up roll of ten-pound notes. It was fifty pounds altogether. I took the notes—"

She paused a moment and the room became very still. Both her listeners were sure that they were approaching a thing of deep importance.

In a lower voice Mona continued: "I don't know what possessed me, but perhaps it was that the things he did of which I disapproved most had got a hold on me in spite of myself. I said to myself: 'I am going to the Derby. I will take the fifty pounds, and I'll put it on a horse for Shiel.' He had talked so much to my brother about Flamingo and I had seen him go wrong so often, that I had a feeling if I put it on a horse that Shiel particularly condemned, it would probably win. He had been wrong nearly every time for two years. It was his money, and if it won, it would make him happy; and if it didn't win, well, he didn't know the money existed—I was sure of that, and, anyhow, I could replace it. I put it on a horse he condemned utterly, but which one or two people spoke well of. You know what happened to Flamingo. While at Epsom I heard from friends that Shiel was present at the race, though he had said he would not go. Later I learned that he had lost heavily. Then I saw him in the distance paying out money and giving bills to the bookmakers. It made me very angry. I don't think I was quite sane. Most women are like that at times."

"As I said," remarked the Young Doctor, his face mirthfully alive. Here was a situation indeed.

"So I wrote him that letter," Mona went on. "I had forgotten all about the money I put on the outsider which won the race. As you know, I was called away to my sick sister that evening, and the money I won with Shiel's fifty pounds was not paid to me till after Shiel had gone."

"How much was it?" asked Kitty breathlessly.

"Four thousand pounds."

Kitty exclaimed so loudly that she smothered her mouth with a hand. "Why, he only needs for the syndicate two thousand pounds—ten thousand dollars!" she said excitedly. "But what's the good of it, if he can't lay his hand on it by midnight to-night!"

"He can do so," was Mona's quick reply. "I was going to tell him that, but the lawyer came, and—"

Kitty sprang up and down in excitement. "I had a plan. It might have worked without this. It was the only way then. But this makes it sure—yes, most beautifully sure! It shows that the thing to do is to follow your convictions. You say you actually have the money, Mrs. Crozier?"

Mona took from her pocket an envelope, and out of it she drew four Bank of England notes. "Here it is—here are four one-thousand-pound notes. I had it paid to me that way five years ago, and here—here it is!" she added with almost a touch of hysteria in her voice, for the excitement of it all acted on her like an electric storm.

"Well, we'll get to work at once," declared Kitty, looking at the notes admiringly, then taking them from Mona and smoothing them out with tender firmness. "It's just the luck of the wide world, as my father used to say. It actually is. Now you see," she continued, "it's like this. That letter you wrote him"—she addressed herself to Mona—"it has to be changed. You have got to rewrite it, and you must put into it these four bank-notes. Then when you see him again you must have that letter opened at exactly the right moment, and—oh, I wonder if you will do it exactly right!" she added dubiously to Mona. "You don't play your cards very well, and it's just possible that, even now, with all the cards in your hands, you will throw them away as you did in the past. I wish that—"

Seeing Mona's agitation changing to choler, the Young Doctor intervened quickly. He did not know Kitty was purposely stinging Crozier's unhappy little consort, so that she should be put upon her mettle to do the thing without bungling.

"You can trust Mrs. Crozier to use dis-



"HERE IT IS—HERE ARE FOUR ONE THOUSAND POUND NOTES"

cretion and act carefully; but what exactly do you mean? I judge that Mrs. Crozier does not see more distinctly than I do," he remarked inquiringly to Kitty, and with admonishment in tone and emphasis.

"No, I do not understand quite—will you explain?" interposed Mona with inner resentment at being managed, but feeling that she could not do without Kitty even if she would.

"As I said," continued Kitty, "I will open that letter, and you will put in another letter and these bank-notes; and when he repeats what he said about the way you felt and wrote when he broke his pledge, you can blaze up and tell him to open the letter. Then he will be so sorry that he'll get down on his knees, and you will be happy ever after."

"But it will be a fraud, and dishonest and dishonorable," protested Mona.

Kitty almost sniffed, but she was too agitated to be scornful. "Just leave that to me, please. It won't make me a bit more dishonorable to open the letter again—I've opened it once, and I don't feel any

the worse for it. I have no conscience, and things don't weigh on my mind at all. I'm a light-minded person."

Looking closely at her the Young Doctor got a still further insight into the mind and soul of this prairie girl, who used a lid of irony to cover a well of deep feeling. Things did not weigh on her mind! He was sure that pain to the wife of Shiel Crozier would be mortal torture to Kitty Tynan.

"But I felt exactly what I wrote that Derby Day when he broke his pledge, and he ought to know me exactly as I was," urged Mona. "I don't want to deceive him—to appear a bit better than I am."

"Oh, you'd rather lose him!" said Kitty almost savagely. "Knowing how hard it is to keep a man under the best circumstances, you'd willingly make the circumstances as bad as they can be—is that it? Besides, weren't you sorry afterwards that you wrote that letter?"

"Yes, yes, desperately sorry."

"And you wished often that your real self had written on Derby Day and not the scratch-cat you were then?"

Mona flushed, but answered bravely, "Yes, a thousand times."

"What business had you to show him your cat-self, your unreal, not your real self on Derby Day five years ago? Wasn't it your duty to show him your real self?"

Mona nodded helplessly. "Yes, I know it was."

"Then isn't it your duty to see that your real self speaks in that letter now?"

"I want him to know me exactly as I am, and then—"

Kitty made a passionate gesture. Was ever such an uncomprehending woman as this diamond-button of a wife?

"And then you would be unhappy ever after instead of being happy ever after. What is the good of prejudicing your husband against you by telling the unnecessary truth. He is in a desperate mood, and besides, he has been away from you for five years, and we all change somehow—particularly men, when there are so many women in the world, and very pretty women of all ages and kinds and colors and tastes, and dazing and dazzling deceitful hussies too. It isn't wise for any woman to let her husband or any one at all see her exactly as she is; and only the silly ones do it. They tell what they think is the truth about their own wickedness, and it isn't the truth at all, because I suppose women don't know how to tell the exact truth; and they can be just as unfair to themselves as they are to others. Besides, haven't you *any* sense of humor, Mrs. Crozier? It's as good as a play, this. Just think, after five years of desertion, and trouble without end, and it all put right by a little sleight-of-hand. Shall I open it?"

She held the letter up. Mona nodded almost eagerly now, for come of a subtle, social world far away, she still was no match for the subtlety of the wilds—or was it the cunning that the wild things know?

Kitty left the room, but in a moment afterward returned with a letter open. "The kettle on the hob is the friend of the family," she said gaily. "Here it is all ready for what there is to do. You go and keep watch for Mr. Crozier," she added to the Young Doctor. "He won't be gone long, I should think, and we don't

want him bursting in on us before I've got that letter safe back into his desk. If he comes, you keep him busy for a moment. When we're quite ready I'll come to the front door, and then you will know it is all right."

"I'm to go while you make up your prescription—all right!" said the Young Doctor, and with a wave of the hand he left the room.

Instantly Kitty brought a lead pencil and paper. "Now sit down and write to him, Mrs. Crozier," she said briskly. "And use discretion; don't gush; slap his face a little for breaking his pledge, and afterwards tell him that you did at the Derby what you had abused him for doing. Then tell him about this four thousand pounds—twenty thousand dollars—my, what a lot of money, and all got in one day! Tell him that it was all won by his own cash. It's as easy as can be, and it will be a certainty now."

So saying she lit a match. "You hold this wicked old cat-fish letter into the flame, please, Mrs. Crozier, and keep praying all the time, and please remember that 'our little hands were never made to tear each other's eyes.'"

Mona's small fingers were trembling as she held the fateful letter into the flame, and then in silence both watched it burn to a cinder. A faint, hopeful smile was on Mona's face now.

"What isn't never was to those that never knew," said Kitty briskly, and pushed a chair up to the table. "Now sit down and write, please."

Mona sat down. Taking up a sheet of note-paper she looked at it dubiously.

"Oh, what a fool I am!" said Kitty, understanding the look. "And that's what every criminal does—he forgets something. I forgot the note-paper. Of course you can't use that note-paper. Of course not. He'd know it in a minute. Besides, the sheet we burned had an engraved address on it. I never thought of that—good gracious!"

"Wait—wait," said Mona, her face lighting. "I may have some sheets in my writing-case. It's only a chance, but I had some when I left home. I'll go and see."

While she was gone to her bedroom Kitty stood still in the middle of the room

lost in reflection, as completely absorbed as though she was seeing things thousands of miles away. In truth, she was seeing things millions of miles away; she was seeing a Promised Land. It was a gift of hers, or a penalty of her life, perhaps, that she could lose herself in reverie at a moment's notice—a reverie as complete as though she was subtracted from life's realities. Now, as she looked out of the door, far over the prairie to a tiny group of pine-trees in the vanishing distance, lines she once read floated through her mind:

"Away and beyond the point of pines,
In a pleasant land where the glad grapes be,
Purple and pendent on verdant vines,
I know that my fate is awaiting me."

What fate was to be hers? There was no joy in her eyes as she gazed. Mrs. Crozier was beside the table again before she roused herself from her trance.

"I've got it—just two sheets, two solitary sheets," said Mona in triumph. "How long they have been in my case I don't know. It is almost uncanny that it should be there just when it was most needed."

"Providential, we should say out here," was Kitty's response. "Begin, please. Be sure you have the right date. It was—"

Mona had already written the date, and she interrupted Kitty with the words, "As though I could forget it!" All at once Kitty put a restraining hand on her arm.

"Wait—wait, you mustn't write on that paper yet. Suppose you didn't say the real wise thing—and only two sheets of paper and so much to say!"

"How right you always are!" said Mona, and took up one of the blank sheets which Kitty had just brought her.

Then she began to write. For a minute she wrote swiftly, nervously, and had nearly finished a page when Kitty said to her, "I think I had better see what you have written. I don't think you are the best judge. You see, I have known him better than you for the last five years, and I *am* the best judge—please, I mean it in the rightest, kindest way," she added, as she saw Mona shrink. It was like hurting a child, and she loved children—so much. She had always a vision of children at her knee.

Silently Mrs. Crozier pushed the sheet towards her. Kitty read the page with a strange, eager look in her eyes. "Yes, that's right as far as it goes," she said. "It doesn't gush. It's natural. It's you as you are now, not as you were then, of course."

Again Mona bent over the paper and wrote till she had completed a page. Then Kitty looked over her shoulder and read what had been written. "No, no, no, that won't do," she exclaimed. "That won't do at all. It isn't in the way that will do what we want done. You've gone quite, quite wrong. I'll do it. I'll dictate it to you. I know exactly what to say, and we mustn't make any mistake. Write, please—you must!"

Mona scratched out what had been written without a word. "I am waiting," she said submissively.

"All right. Now we go on. Write. I'll dictate."

"And look here, dearest," she began, but Mona stopped her.

"We do not say 'look here' in England. I would have said 'and see.'"

"And see—dearest," corrected Kitty, with an accent on the last word, "while I was mad at you for the moment for breaking your promise—"

"In England we don't say 'mad' in that connection," Mona again interrupted. "We say 'angry' or 'annoyed' or 'vexed.'" There was real distress in her tone.

"Now I'll tell you what to do," said Kitty cheerfully, "I'll speak it, and you write it my way of thinking, and then when we've finished you will take out of the letter any words that are not pure, lovely, noble, classic English. I know what you mean, and you are quite right. Mr. Crozier never says 'look here' or 'mad,' and he speaks better than any one I ever heard. Now, we certainly must get on."

After an instant she began again.

"—While I was angry at you a moment for breaking your promise, I cannot reproach you for it, because I, too, bet on the Derby, but I bet on a horse that you had said as much against as you could. I did it because you had had very bad luck all this year and lost, and also the year before, and I thought—"

For several minutes, with greater deliberation than was usual with her, Kitty dictated, and at the end of the letter she said, "I am, dearest, your—"

Here Mona sharply interrupted her. "If you don't mind I will say that myself in my own way," she said flushing.

"Oh, I forgot for the moment that I

found the solution of the troubles of Shiel and Mona Crozier, for Crozier would now have his fortune, and the return to his wife was a matter of course. Was she altogether sure? But yes, she was altogether sure. She remembered, with a sudden, swift plunge of blood in her veins, that early dawn when she bent over him as he



KITTY THRUST THE LETTER INTO
ITS PIGEON-HOLE IN THE DESK,
AND IN A MOMENT WAS
BACK AGAIN

was speaking for you!" responded Kitty, with a strange, lurking, undermeaning in her voice. "I threw myself into it so. Do you think I've done the thing right?" she added.

With a direct, honest friendliness Mona looked into Kitty's eyes. "You have said the exact right thing as to meaning, I am sure, and I can change an occasional word here and there to make it all conventional English."

Kitty nodded. "Don't lose a minute in copying it. We must get the letter back in his desk as soon as possible."

As Mona wrote Kitty sat with the envelope in her hand, alternately looking at it and into the distance beyond the point of pines. She was certain that she had

lay beneath the tree, and as she kissed him in his sleep he had murmured, "My darling!" That had not been for her, though it had been her kiss which had stirred his dreaming soul to say the words. If they had only been meant for her, then—oh, then life would be so much easier in the future! If—if she could only kiss him again and he would wake and say—

She got to her feet with an involuntary exclamation. For an instant she had been lost in a world of her own—a world of the impossible.

"I almost thought I heard a step in the other room," she said in explanation to Mona. Going to the door of Crozier's room she appeared to listen for a moment, and then she opened it.

"No, it is all right," she said.

In another few minutes Mona had finished the letter. "Do you wish to read it again?" she asked Kitty, but not handing it to her.

"No, I leave the words to you. It was the right meaning I wanted in it," she replied.

Suddenly Mona came to her and laid a hand on her arm.

"You are wonderful—a wonderful, wise, beloved girl," she said, and there were tears in her eyes.

Kitty gave the tiny fingers a spasmodic clasp, and said: "Quick, we must get them in!" She put the bank-notes inside the sheets of paper, then hastily placed both in the envelope and sealed the envelope again.

"It's just a tiny bit damp with the steam yet, but it will be all right in five minutes. How soiled the envelope is!" Kitty added. "Five years in and out of the desk, in and out of his pocket—but all so nice and unsoiled and sweet and bonny inside," she added. "To say nothing of the bawbees, as Mr. Crozier calls money. Well, we are ready. It all depends on you now, Mrs. Crozier."

"No, not all."

"He used to be afraid of you; now you are afraid of him," said Kitty, as though stating a commonplace.

There was no more shrewishness left in the little woman to meet this chastisement. The forces against her were too many. Loneliness and the long struggle to face the world without her man; the determination of this masterful young woman who had been so long a part of her husband's life; and, more than all, a new feeling altogether—love, and the dependence a woman feels, the longing to find rest in strong arms, which comes with the first revelation of love, had conquered what Kitty had called her "bossiness." She was now tremulous before the crisis which she must presently face. Pride in her fortune, in her independence, had died down in her. She no longer thought of herself as a woman especially endowed and privileged. She took her fortune now like a man; for she had been taught that a man could set her aside just because she had money, could desert her to be independent of it. It had

been a revelation to her, and she was chastened of all the termagancy visible and invisible in her. She stood now before Kitty of "a humble and a contrite heart," and made no reply at all to the implied challenge. Kitty, instantly sorry for what she had said, let it go at that. She was only now aware of how deeply her arrows had gone home.

As they stood silent there was a click at the gate. Kitty ran into Crozier's room, thrust the letter into its pigeonhole in the desk, and in a moment was back again. In the garden the Young Doctor was holding Crozier in conversation, but watching the front door. So soon, however, as Kitty had shown herself, as she had promised, at the front door and then disappeared, he turned Crozier towards the house again by an adroit word, and left him at the doorstep.

Seeing who was inside the room Crozier hesitated, and his long face, with paleness added to its asceticism, took on a look which could have given no hope of happiness to Mona. It went to her heart as no look of his had ever gone. Suddenly she had a revelation of how little she had known of what he was, or what any man was or could be, or of those springs of nature lying far below the outer lives which move in orbits of sheltering convention. It is because some men and women are so sheltered from the storms of life by wealth and comfort that these piercing agonies which strike down to the uttermost depths so seldom reach them.

Shiel half turned away, not sullen, not morose, but with a strange apathy settled on him. He had once heard a man say, "I feel as though I wanted to crawl into a hole and die." That was the way he felt now, for to be beaten in the game which you have played like a man yourself and have been fouled into an unchallenged defeat, without the voice of the umpire, is a fate which has smothered the soul of better men than Crozier.

Mona's voice stopped him. "Do not go, Shiel," she urged gently. "No, you must not go. I want justice from you, if nothing else. You must play the game with me. I want justice. I have to say some things I had no chance to say before, and I want to hear some things I have a right

to hear. Indeed, you must play the game."

He drew himself up. Not to be a sportsman, not to play the game—to accuse him of this would have brought him back from the edge of the grave in protest.

"I'm not fit to-day. Let it be to-morrow, Mona," was his hesitating reply; but he did not leave the doorway.

She shook her head and made a swift little childlike gesture towards him. "We are sure of to-day; we are not sure of to-morrow. One or the other of us might not be here to-morrow. Let us do to-day the thing that belongs to to-day."

That note struck home, for indeed the black spirit which whispers to men in their most despairing hours to end it all had whispered to him.

"Let us do to-day the thing that belongs to to-day," she had just said, and, strange to say, there shot into his mind words that belonged to the days when he went to church at Castlegarry and thought of a thousand things other than prayer or praise, but yet heard with the acute ears of the young, and remembered with the persistent memory of youth. "*For the night cometh when no man can work*," were the words which came to him. He shuddered slightly. Suppose that this indeed was the beginning of the night! As she said, he must play the game—play it as Crozier of Lammis would have played it.

He stepped inside the room. "Let it be to-day," he said.

"We may be interrupted in this room," she replied. Courage came to her. "Let us talk in your room," she added, and going over she opened the door of it and walked in. The matured modesty of a lost five years was not about her now. She was a woman fighting for her happiness, and she had been so beaten by the rods of scorn, so smothered by the dust of humiliation, that she had now the courage of those who can bear no more and would rather die fighting than in the lethargy of despair.

It was like her old self to take the initiative, but she did it now in so different a way—without masterfulness or assumption. It was rather like saying, "I will do what I know you wish me to do; I will lay all reserve aside for your sake; I will be bold because I love you."

He shut the door behind them and motioned her to a chair.

"No, I will not sit," she said. "That is too formal. You ask any stranger to sit. I am at home here, Shiel, and I will stand."

"What was it you wanted to say, Mona?" he asked, scarcely looking at her.

"I should like to think that there was something you wished to hear," she replied. "Don't you want to know all that has happened since you left us—about me, about your brother, about your friends, about Lammis? I bought Lammis at the sale you ordered: it is still *ours*." She gave emphasis to "*ours*." "You may not want to hear all that has happened to me since you left, still I must tell you some things that you ought to know, if we are going to part again. You treated me badly. There was no reason why you should have left and placed me in the position you did."

His head came up sharply and his voice became a little hard. "I told you I was penniless, and I would not live on you, and I could do nothing in England—I had no trade or profession. If I had said good-by to you, you would probably have offered me a ticket to Canada. As I was a pauper I preferred to go with what I had out of the wreck—just enough to bring me here. But I've earned my own living since."

"Penniless—just enough to bring you out here!" Her voice had a sound of honest amazement. "How can you say such a thing! You had my letter—you said you had my letter!"

"Yes, I had your letter," he answered. "Your kind young brother brought it to me! You had told him all the dear womanly things you had said or were going to say to your husband, and he passed them on to me with the letter."

"Never mind what he said to you, Shiel. It was what I said that mattered." She was getting bolder every minute. The comedy was playing into her hands.

"You said the same things in the letter you wrote me," he replied.

Her protest sounded indignantly real. "I said nothing in the letter I wrote you that any man would not wish to hear. Is it so unpleasant for a man who thinks he is penniless to be told that he has made the year's income of—of a cabinet minister?"

"I don't understand," he returned helplessly.

"You talk as though you had never read my letter."

"I never have read your letter," he replied in bewilderment.

"Then what did you do with it? Gave it to some one else to read—to some other woman, perhaps."

He was really shocked and greatly pained. "Hush! You shall not say that kind of thing, Mona. I've never had any-



THE BANK-NOTES FELL TO THE FLOOR AS HE TOOK OUT THE SHEET INSIDE

Her face had the flush of honest anger. "You do not dare to tell me you destroyed my letter without reading it—that you destroyed all that letter contained simply because you no longer cared for your wife; because you wanted to be rid of her, wanted to vanish and never see her any more, and so go and leave no trace of yourself. You have the courage here to my face"—the comedy of the situation gained much from her mock indignation—she no longer had any compunctions—"to say that you destroyed my letter and what it contained—a small fortune it would be out here!"

"I did not destroy your letter, Mona," was the embarrassed response.

thing to do with any woman but my wife since I married her."

"Then what did you do with the letter?"

"It's there," he said, pointing to the high desk with the green-baize top.

"And you say you have never read it?"

"Never."

She raised her head with dainty haughtiness. "Then if you have still the same sense of honor that made you keep faith with the bookmakers—you didn't run away from them!—read it now, here in my presence. Read it, Shiel. I demand that you read it now. It is my right. You are in honor bound—"

It was the only way. She dare not give

him time to question, to suspect; she must sweep him along to conviction. She was by no means sure that there wasn't a flaw in the scheme somewhere—something that would betray her, and she could hardly wait till it was over, till he had read the letter.

In a moment he was again near her with the letter in his hand.

"Yes, that's it—that's the letter," she said with wondering and reproachful eyes. "I remember the little scratchy blot from the pen on the envelope. There it is just as I made it five years ago. But how disgracefully soiled the envelope is! I suppose it has been tossed about in your saddlebag, or with your old clothes, and only kept to remind you day by day that you had a wife you couldn't live with—kept as a warning never to think of her except to say, 'I hate you, Mona, because you are rich and heartless and not bigger than a pinch of snuff.' That was the kind way you used to speak of her even when you were first married to her—contemptuously, contemptuously always in your heart, no matter what you said out loud. And the end showed it—the end showed it: you deserted her!"

He was so fascinated by the picture she made of passion and incensed declamation that he did not attempt to open the letter, and he wondered why there was such a difference between the effect of her temper on him now and the effect of it those long years ago. He had no feeling of uneasiness in her presence now, no sense of irritation. In spite of her tirade, he had a feeling that it didn't matter, that she must bluster in her tiny teacup if she wanted to do so.

"Open the letter at once," she insisted. "If you don't, I will." She made as though to take the letter from him, but with a sudden twist he tore open the envelope. The bank-notes fell to the floor as he took out the sheet inside. Wondering, he stooped to pick them up.

"Four thousand pounds!" he exclaimed, examining them. "What does it mean?"

"Read," she commanded.

He devoured the letter. His eyes swam; then there rushed into them the flame which always made them illumine his medieval face like the light from "the burn-

ing bush." He did not question or doubt, because he saw what he wished to see, which is the way of man. It all looked perfectly natural and convincing to him.

"Mona—Mona—heaven above and all the gods of hell and Hellas, what a fool, what a fool I've been!" he exclaimed. "Mona—Mona, tell me, can you forgive me? I didn't read this letter because I thought it was going to slash me on the raw—on the raw flesh of my own lacerating. I simply couldn't bear to read what your brother said was in the letter. Yet I couldn't destroy it, either. It was you. I had to keep it. Mona, tell me, is it too late?"

He held out his arms with a passionate exclamation.

"I asked you to kiss me yesterday and you wouldn't," she protested. "I tried to make you love me yesterday, and you wouldn't. When a woman gets a rebuff like that, when—"

She could not bear it any longer. With a cry of joy she was in his arms.

After a moment he said. "The best of all was, that you—you vixen, you bet on that Derby and won, and—"

"With your money, remember, Shiel."

"With my money!" he cried exultingly.

"Yes, that's the best of it—the next best of it. It was your betting that was the best of all—the best thing you ever did since we married—that is, except your coming here!"

"It's in time to help you, too—with your own money, isn't it?"

He glanced at his watch. "Hours—I'm hours to the good! That crowd—that gang of thieves—that bunch of highway-men! I've got them—got them, and got a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, too, to start again at home—at I mmis, Mona, back on the—but no, I'm n t sure that I can live there now after this big life out here."

"I'm not so sure, either," Mona replied, with a light of larger understanding in her eyes. "But we'll have to go back and stop the world talking, and put things in shape before we come here to stay."

"To stay here—do you mean that?" he asked eagerly.

"Somewhere in this big land," she replied softly; "anyhow, to stay here till

I've grown up a little. I wasn't only small in body in the old days, I was small in mind, Shiel."

"Anyhow, I've done with betting and racing, Mona. I've just got time left—I'm only thirty-nine—to start and really do something with myself."

"Well, start now, dear man. What is it you have to do before twelve o'clock to-night?"

"What is it? Why, I have to pay over two thousand of these"—he flourished the bank-notes—"and even then I'll still have two thousand left. But wait—wait. There was the original fifty pounds. Where is that fifty pounds, little girl alive? Out with it. This is the profit. Where is the fifty you bet with?" His voice was gay with raillery.

She could look him in the face now and prevaricate without any shame or compunction at all. "That fifty pounds—that! Why, I used it to buy my ticket for Canada. My husband ought to pay my expenses out to him."

He laughed greatly. All Ireland was rioting in his veins now. He had no logic or reasoning left. "Well, that's the way to get into your old man's heart, Mona. To think of that! I call it tact divine. Everything has spun my way at last. I was right about that Derby, after all. It was in my bones that I'd make a pot out of it, but I thought I had lost it all when Flamingo went down."

"You never know your luck—you used to say that, Shiel."

"I say it again. Come, we must tell our friends—Kitty, her mother, and the Young Doctor. You don't know what good friends they have been to me, mavourneen."

"And to me also!" said Mona, opening the door to the outer room.

Then Crozier called with a great, cheery voice—what Mona used to call his tally-ho voice. Mrs. Tynan appeared smiling greatly. She knew at a glance what had happened. It was so interesting, that she could even forgive Mona.

"Where's Kitty?" asked Crozier almost boisterously.

"She has gone for a ride with John Sibley," answered Mrs. Tynan.

"Look, there she is!" said Mona, lay-

ing a hand on Crozier's arm, and pointing with the other out over the prairie.

Crozier looked out toward the north-western horizon, and in the distance was a woman riding as hard as her horse could go, with a man galloping hard after her. It seemed as though they were riding into the sunset.

"She's riding the horse you won that race with years ago when you first came here, Mr. Crozier," said Mrs. Tynan. "John Sibley bought it from Mr. Brennan."

Mona did not see the look which came into Crozier's face as, with one hand shading his eyes and the other grasping the bank-notes which were to start him in life again, independent and self-respecting, he watched the girl riding on and on ever ahead of the man.

It was at that moment the Young Doctor entered the room, and he distracted Mona's attention for a moment. Going forward to him Mona shook him warmly by the hand. Then she went up to Mrs. Tynan and kissed her.

"I would like to kiss your daughter, too, Mrs. Tynan," Mona said. "What are you looking at so hard, Shiel?" she presently added to her husband.

He did not turn to her. His eyes were still shaded by his hand.

"That horse still goes well," he said in a low voice. "As good as ever—as good as ever."

"He loves horses so," remarked Mona, as though she could tell Mrs. Tynan and the Young Doctor anything about Shiel Crozier that they did not know!

"Kitty rides well, doesn't she?" asked Mrs. Tynan of Crozier.

"What a pair—girl and horse!" Crozier exclaimed. "Thoroughbred—absolutely thoroughbred!"

Kitty had ridden away with her secret, her very own, as she thought: but Shiel Crozier knew—the man that mattered knew.

EPILOGUE

GOLDEN, all golden, save where there was a fringe of trees at a watercourse; save where a garden, like a spot of emerald, made a button on the royal garment

wrapped across the breast of the prairie. Above, making for the trees of the foothills far away, a golden eagle floated, a prairie-hen sped affrighted from some invisible thing; and in the far distance a railway train slipped down the plain like a serpent making for a covert in the first hills of the first world that ever was.

At first glance the vast plain seemed uninhabited, yet here and there were men and horses tiny in the vastness, but conquering. Here and there also—for it was July—a haymaker sharpened his scythe and the sound came singing through the air, as radiant as it was stirring with life.

Seated in the shade of a clump of trees a girl sat with her chin in her hands looking out over the prairie, an intense dreaming in her eyes. Her horse was tethered near by, but it scarcely made a sound. It was a horse which had once won a great race, with an Irish gentleman on his back. Long time the girl sat absorbed, her golden color, her brown-gold hair in harmony with the universal stencil of gold. With her eyes drowned in the distance, she presently murmured something to herself, and as she did so the eyes deepened from a gold-brown to a nameless umber tone, deeper than gold, warmer than brown—such a color as only can be found in a jewel or in a leaf that the frost has touched.

The frost had touched the soul which gave the color to the eyes of the girl. Yet she seemed all summer, all glow, and youth and gladness. Her voice was golden, too, and the words which fell from her lips were as though tuned to the sound of falling water. The tone of the voice would last when the gold of all else became faded or tarnished. It had its origin in the soul:—

"Whereaway goes my lad? Tell me, has he gone alone!

Never harsh word did I speak; never hurt I gave;

Strong he was and beautiful; like a heron he has flown—

Hereaway, hereaway will I make my grave."

The voice lingered on the words till it trailed away into nothing, like the vanishing note of a violin which seems still to pulse faintly after the sound has ceased.

"But he did not go alone, and I have not made my grave," the girl said, and

raised her head at the sound of approaching footsteps. With an effort she emerged from the half-trance in which she had been, and smiled at the man approaching.

"Dear bully," bulbous being—how that word 'bully' would have made *her* cringe!" she said as the man ambled towards her. He could not go as fast as his mind urged him.

"I've got news—news, news!" he said as he waded through his own perspiration toward her.

"I can guess what it is," the girl remarked smilingly, as she reached out a hand to him, but remained seated. "It's a real, live baby born to Lydia, wife of Methuselah, the woman also being of goodly years. It is, isn't it?"

"The fattest, finest, most 'scrumpshus' son of all the ages, that ever—"

Kitty laughed happily and very whimsically. "Like none since Moses was found among the bulrushes! Where was this one found, and what do you intend to call him—Jesse, after his 'pa'?" The old mockery was in the fluted voice.

"No—nothing so common. He's to be called Shiel—Shiel Crozier Bulrush, that's to be his name."

The face of the girl became a shade pensive now. "Oh! And do you think you can guarantee that he will be worth the name? Do you never think what his father is?"

"I'm starting him right with that name. I can do that, anyway," laughed the imperturbable one.

"And Mrs. Bulrush, after her great effort—how is she?"

"Flying—simply flying! Earth not good enough for her. Simply flying. But here—here is more news. Guess what it is—it's for you. I've just come from the post-office, and they said there was an English letter for you, so I brought it."

He handed it over. She laid it in her lap and waited as though for him to go.

"Can't I hear how he is? He's the best man that ever crossed my path," he said.

"It happens to be in his wife's, not his, handwriting—did ever such a scrap of a woman write so sprawling a hand!" she replied, holding the letter up.

"But she'll let us know in the letter how *he* is, won't she?"

Kitty had now recovered herself, and slowly she opened the envelope and took out the letter. As she did so something fluttered to the ground.

Jesse Bulrush picked it up. "That looks nice," he said, and he whistled in surprise. "It's a money-draft on a bank."

Kitty, whose eyes were fixed on the big, important handwriting, answered calmly and without apparently looking, as she took the paper from his hand: "Yes, it's a wedding present—five hundred dollars—to buy what I like best for my home. So she says."

"Mrs. Crozier, of course."

"Of course."

"Well, that's magnificent. What will you do with it?"

Kitty rose and held out her hand. "Go back to your flying partner, happy man, and ask her what she would do with five hundred dollars if she had it."

"She'd buy her lord and master a present with it, of course," he answered.

"Good-by, Mr. Roly-poly," she responded, laughing. "You always could think of things for other people to do; and have never done anything yourself until now. Good-by, *father!*"

Her laughter rang after him provokingly.

When he was gone and out of sight her face changed, and with sudden anger she crushed and crumpled up the draft for five hundred in her hand. "A token of affection from both!" she exclaimed, quoting the letter. "One lone leaf of Irish shamrock from him would—"

She stopped. "But he will send a message of his own," she continued. "He will—he will. Even if he doesn't, I'll know that he remembers just the same. He does—he does remember."

She drew herself up with an effort, and, as it were, shook herself free from the memories which dimmed her eyes.

Not far away a man was riding toward the clump of trees where she was. She saw, and hastened to her horse.

"If I told John all I feel he'd understand. I believe he always has understood," she added with a far-off look.

The draft was still crushed in her hand when she mounted the beloved horse, whose name now was Shiel.

Presently she smoothed out the crumpled paper. "Yes, I'll take it; I'll put it by," she murmured. "John will keep on betting. He'll be broke some day and will need it, maybe."

A moment later she was riding hard to meet the man who, before the corn harvest came, would call her wife.

THE END

NEXT MONTH'S NOVEL

Next month—May—we shall give you another fine novel, a complete long book, entitled:

"THE WHITE HOPE"

BY P. G. WODEHOUSE

"The White Hope" will appeal to everybody, amuse each member of the family, and release a wave of laughter that will linger long in the hearts of our countrymen.

It is rare indeed to find a story so admirably proportioned, one in which humor, pathos, sentiment and human interest are so equally divided. One cannot read this novel without feeling the influence of its alluring qualities. Literature at its best is life as we understand it.

"The White Hope," from any viewpoint, is destined to be a great success; first in THE MUNSEY as a complete novel at 15 cents, next as a book at \$1.50, and in conclusion as a play on the stage. It will be a success in triplicate.

LIGHT VERSE

AT THE OPERA

PERCHED in topmost gallery,
Downward fondly gazing,
I behold Penelope—
Maid of charms amazing.
E'en should she espy me there,
Scarcely could she know me;
In the glittering parterre
She's too far below me!

Vainly for thy help I've cried,
Mighty goddess Venus;
Yawns a cruel gulf and wide
Evermore between us.
Yes, my hapless fate is sure—
Never can she love me;
She's an heiress, I am poor—
She's too far above me!

Douglas Hemingway

A LATE DISCOVERY

CLASPED in a close embrace were they
Heedless alike, of time and space,
Knowing of naught that could betray
To prying eyes their hiding place.

They cared not that the hour was late,
And in the sky the moon hung low,
Each in the other found a mate,
(And can this life more bliss bestow?)

But I discovered their retreat,
And madly wrested them apart;
Then, only, was my joy complete,
And exultation filled my heart.

For I had toiled with weary sighs,
And torn my evening gown, alack—
In search of those wee hooks and eyes,
Just in the middle of the back!

Grace E. Mott

THE DÉBUTANTE

OH, beat your drums and ring your
brass,
You wonder-world of sham,
I've found out in my looking-glass,
How beautiful I am!
So what's the use of deeper things—
Of thinking wrong or right—
For I have found a songbird's wings,
And know a songbird's flight!

Go nature! Blow your breezes high
And fan my cheeks to rose,
And light the sparkle in my eye
To please a hundred beaux;
For I have beaux to trample down
And beaux to love and hate—
I've courtiers all about the town
From which to choose my mate!

So sing me in and sing me out,
The earth's a lovely place,
And all the loveliness about
Is mirrored in my face.
Oh, beat your drums and ring your
brass,
You wonder-world of sham,
I've found out in my looking-glass
How beautiful I am!

Janie Burr

PISCATORIAL PHILOSOPHY

I MARVELED that he would sit in his boat,
From sunrise till oncreep of night,
And seem quite as happy to fish with no luck
As he was when he did get a bite!

I asked him to tell me the why of it all,
(And now for his humor I'm wishing!)
He said: "While it's fun to catch a big fish,
The best fun of all is—just fishing!"

Amanda B. Hall

A TRUE POET

ABOU BEN POET, (May his tribe increase,) Awoke from pipe dreams of the Isles of Greece

And saw, within his attic, cold and bare
A Vision, sitting in a broken chair.

"Hail!" Abou chanted; "hast thou come this way

To offer me a classic wreath of bay?

Have I at last won glory and renown?

Have I by toil achieved the Poet's Crown?"

"Nay," said the Vision, "I'm the Voice of Fame;
I look for Poets worthy of the name."

"That's me!" cried Abou. "No; I grieve to state,"

The Vision said, "you are not really great."

"All right," he answered, "we will leave it so.

But let me tell you this before you go

Though I am not a Bard or anything,

I've never written Poems To The Spring!"

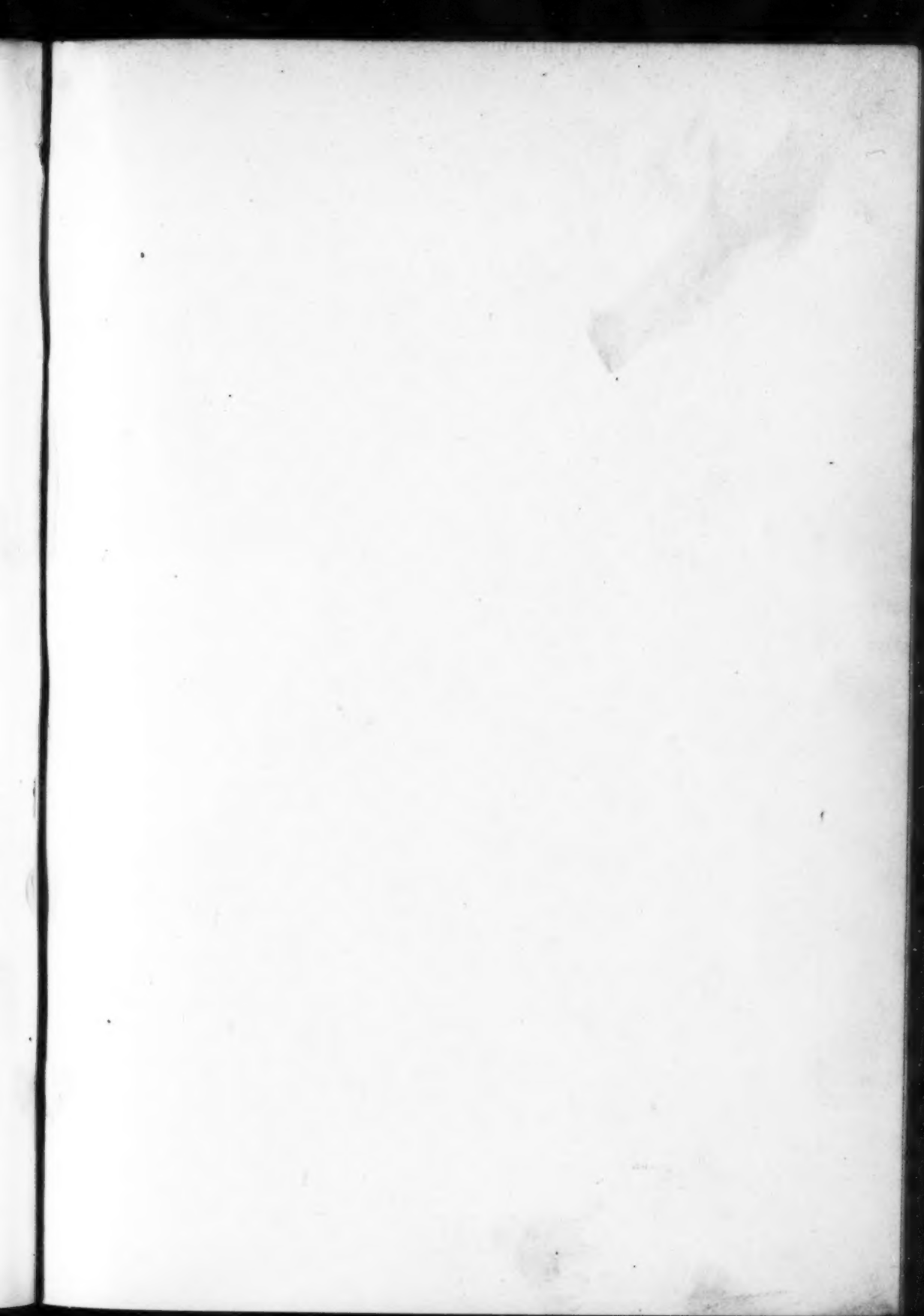
The Vision looked at him with startled eyes,

And gave a gesture of intense surprise.

And when that list was published in the fall,

Abou Ben Poet's name o'ertopped them all!

Carolyn Wells





"I'VE PLAYED SQUARE WITH YOU FOR FIVE YEARS, AND TREATED YOU AS I'VE TREATED
NO OTHER WOMAN IN THE WORLD"

Drawn by C. D. Williams

[See short story, "Bob Corrigan's Fight with a Memory"]